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Volume 9

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The
Columbia University Course
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Literature



The German Mind



New York

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INTRODUCTION

LITERATURE, even lyric poetry, is in its essence a social art and develops through the interchange of ideas. No poet or thinker can do without these impulses from without, unless he is to become as unfruitful as the bud without the fertilizing pollen. Nor can any national literature do without them. Some periods in European history have been especially rich in such interchanges, for example the post-Hellenic period, the Crusades, and the Renaissance, while in others the literatures of the European nations have been less hospitable to impulses from without.

In these interchanges Germany has always played an active part, due in some measure to its geographical position, and also to the ancient tendency of the Germanic peoples, observable since the earliest migrations, to seek the exotic and foreign. Thus the development of German literature has been marked from its beginning by a series of impulses from abroad. Italy gave it the alphabet and the religious symbols for its earliest efforts. France at the time of the crusades delivered the patterns of chivalry which inspired the courtly epics of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Hartmann von Aue and the lyrics of the Minnesingers. Italy and Spain supplied the models for the baroque lyrics and novels of the seventeenth century, and England's Milton and Addison awakened a new life in the stilted forms of the following age. Shakespeare and the sentimental British authors of the eighteenth century were the stars which guided the young revolutionists who opened Germany's classical period, and finally the Scandinavians Ibsen and Strindberg, the Frenchman Zola and the Russian Tolstoy stood beside the cradle of the naturalistic movement at the end of the nineteenth century. Thus German ears have always been open to the voices of foreign poets and philosophers, and not a few writers like Macpherson-Ossian, Poe, Whitman, Oscar Wilde and even Shakespeare have found greater fame in Germany than among their own countrymen.

This eager interest in foreign letters which self-critical Germans often deplore is in reality a very great source of strength for the literature of their fatherland. It betokens no lack of originality, rather a great intellectual curiosity, a keen quest for ideas that has enriched Germany with innumerable works stimulated by a foreign content and style, as far apart as Grimms-hausen's 'Simplicissimus,' inspired by the realistic cleverness of the Spanish "Picaro," and Goethe's 'West-Eastern Divan,' an excursion into the epicurean world of the Persian poet Hafiz.

Wherever the German has found his material, he has marked it quite clearly with two characteristics: a tendency to search for universal, basic ideas and an endeavor to establish ethical relationships. Even his lyric poetry shows a fundamentally reflective element, and it cannot be forgotten that ever since the novel first appeared in modern dress the German ideal for this genre has been the *Bildungsroman*, the novel which traces the inner development of character in its battle with life's realities and illusions. A poet as essentially lyric in his nature as Heine racks his tortured soul amid the very agony of misprized love in the search for an explanation that will fit the whole riddle of human unhappiness, and singers of the eternal beauties of nature, like Hölderlin, Annette von Droste, and Lenau, never cease to puzzle over a *Weltanschauung*.

It is this tendency toward the abstract and universal that explains the incurable idealism of German poet and philosopher. It is only rarely that he is genuinely realistic or satisfied to dwell in a world of mere beauty. By nature a Platonist, he builds up within his soul a system of ideas and forges these into a unity which becomes for him a reality, to which he holds henceforth with the tenacity and zeal of a religious fanatic. Thus Wolfram in his 'Parsifal' erects a sublime ideal of Christian chivalry. Thus Hans Sachs creates ideals of contemporary types — the roving scholar, the burgher craftsman, the quarrelsome wife, and other figures of Nuremberg's streets and market-place. Thus Lessing builds his own ideal of classical antiquity based on Winckelmann's pattern, which was already a poetic idealization of the culture of the ancients; thus Arnim and Fouqué idealize the Middle Ages, and Grillparzer, the Austrian Habsburgs.

In creating his ideals the German poet never quite forgets ethical values. No people was ever less satisfied with the thesis "art for art's sake." Every great German writer, even in periods of the crudest naturalism, like the last decade of the nineteenth century, has always felt an irrestrainable urge to build a bridge that will lead from the beautiful to the good, as Schiller did on so sublime a scale. For that reason Germany has produced so many stirring tragedies and so few good comedies, not as Madame de Staël says, because conversation is an art which the Germans do not understand, but because the tragedy is the field on which ethical problems can best be unfolded. Every great German poet, Goethe once remarked, is also a great teacher.

The beginning of literature in Germany came with the early Carolingians and flowed out of the necessity for consolidating the missionary conquest which had begun under their Merovingian predecessors. Charlemagne, with his militant missionary zeal, gave a strong impetus to the use of German for religious formulas, and the ninth century saw a brief period of flowering, when the great monasteries of southern and central Germany produced translations and paraphrases from sacred and ecclesiastical writings, and original

poems glowing with religious fervor. Like the whole culture of the Carolingian period, these were monastic, learned, and aristocratic in character. When the dynasty of Charlemagne had been succeeded by the Saxon Ottos, and the missionary zeal of the great monasteries and bishoprics had given place to the cultivation of political and economic power, a new Renaissance of Latin culture set in and crowded German poetry out of monastic library and cell. For a century and a half, monk and wandering scholar sang ancient German legends and modern roadside adventures in the language and manner of Vergil or Ovid or set Christian heroes and heroines into Latin plays, like those which the learned Abbess Roswitha of Gandersheim wrote under the influence of Terence.

A new birth of German literature grew out of the monastic reforms which preceded the Crusades. Unlike the earlier period, the eleventh century created a literature which was democratic in character: warnings of the wrath to come, paraphrases of the Old and New Testament, hymns to the Virgin, all in crudely rhymed couplets, without regard to regularity of accent, but charged with a profound and vigorous religiosity. The Crusades brought a rapid development. Saints' legends embellished with wondrous adventures led the way to profane themes which were borrowed from classical sources or imported from France, and by the middle of the twelfth century the clergy had ceased to be the leading interpreters of national ideals. The minstrel had found his way to the court of lord and bishop and sang of ancient heroes, like King Rother, a Lombard chieftain of the Age of the Migrations, or Duke Ernest, a popular German figure of a younger age, who were now sent to seek brides in the eastern Mediterranean among wonders culled from the pages of Herodotus and Pliny and decorated by weird tales told by returning crusaders.

These minstrel epics were the overture for the great symphony of literary production which marked the last decade of the twelfth and the first half of the thirteenth century throughout Southern and Central Germany. The knights were its authors, its theme was chivalry, whether in the courtly epics of King Arthur's paladins or of passionate lovers like Tristan or seekers for a mystic ideal like Parsifal, or in the love songs of the Minnesingers. The themes were borrowed from classical antiquity and from France, the lyrical forms were Provençal in origin, but the German knight re-created all in his own fashion. The heroes of chivalry in the works of Wolfram and his great contemporaries are not brilliant knights-errant in search of adventure, like their French prototypes in the poems of Chrétien de Troyes, but are marked by a reflective and mystical quality that has come down to succeeding generations in such types of Christian knighthood as the seeker for the Holy Grail in Wolfram's 'Parsifal' and the penitent leper in Hartmann's 'Poor Henry.' The lyrics of Walther von der Vogelweide display a profound joy in nature's moods and a simple directness, in love songs addressed to

maids of low degree, that shake off the stilted and artificial trappings of Troubadour inheritance.

The creative impulse which had seized German knighthood did not exhaust itself with themes from abroad. It also brought to the surface legends of early Germanic heroes which had been cultivated beneath the threshold of literature for more than six centuries. Mythical characters like Siegfried, historical personalities like Theodoric, the Gothic conqueror of Italy, or the ill-fated chieftains of the Burgundian kingdom on the Upper Rhine which fell under the attacks of the Huns in the fifth century, became now the heroes of epics of chivalry. The 'Song of the Nibelungen,' the epic of 'Gudrun' and the poems of the Dietrich Saga are the courtly forms of ancient legends which had lived among the peoples of Germany since the migrations. Owing to the destructive zeal of a fanatic clergy the earlier stages in ballad and crude epic poem are entirely lost: all that is left of them are rugged forms like that of the wild Hagen in the 'Song of the Nibelungen,' who slakes his thirst on the blood of fallen enemies in the corpse-strewn hall of Attila's castle.

With the passing of the Crusades the great era of medieval German literature passed also. The energy of German knighthood now found its outlet in carrying the sword and the cross to the Slavic peoples across the Vistula and the Memel, along the eastern coast of the Baltic, and into the forests of Lithuania. German settlers from the lower Rhine and Holland followed, and planted farmsteads and built cities along the rivers and on the coast. By the year 1400 there lay between the Baltic and the Alps two thousand German cities, pulsing with a vigorous commercial and social life. Gradually the old forms of the literature of chivalry changed to accord with this new environment. Epic tales of courtly or popular origin were spun out to include a whole cycle or family of heroes and were retold in prose romances of unending length. The city burghers, who were the new authors and the audience for literature, showed an insatiable appetite for didactic forms and found delight in the beast epic or the farcical adventures and homely wisdom of heroes like Till Eulenspiegel or in coarsely satirical tales of peasant life. Sebastian Brant, a Strassburg lawyer, met exactly the taste of his contemporary burghers at the end of the fifteenth century by mustering into his 'Ship of Fools' all the weaknesses of the age in cap and bells and garb of motley. The Minnesong gave way to the Mastersong, stilted compositions of handicraftsmen who cultivated the lyric art according to rules as complex and rigid as those which governed the working-men's guilds. The old refinement of verse was gone. In its place burgher and monk counted the syllables on their fingers and wrote a rough-and-ready doggerel that was vigorous but altogether inartistic. New forms arose to correspond to the ideals of an increasingly social age: the folk-song, which by the beginning of the sixteenth century had become a vehicle for the whole emotional life of the lower

classes, and the religious drama, which about the same epoch completed the development from the simple Christmas and Easter plays into the great cyclical dramas containing the whole plan of salvation, of which the present Oberammergau Passion Play is a direct though much abbreviated descendant.

Slowly humanistic influences filtered through the Alpine passes and across the border from Holland, their coming heralded by translations of the classical authors and of Italian story-tellers. Already in the fourteenth century the Protestant Reformation had sent forerunners in the mystical fathers, Eckhart and Tauler, who sought God on the direct path of rapt contemplation and pictured in eloquent prose the love-life of the soul. With Luther all German literature became for a time theological and polemical, and in dramas, satires, and mastersongs religious opponents continued to pillory and ridicule each other until late in the century. Although often coarse in word and picture, the literature of the early sixteenth century, like Luther's stirring tractates and martial hymns and the powerful satires of the Strassburg Franciscan, Thomas Murner, has a genuinely national and popular tone such as it does not show again in Germany until the Napoleonic wars. The invention of printing had made possible numerous chap-books like those about such popular heroes as Doctor Faust and Till Eulenspiegel, and collections of humorous and grotesque stories multiplied, in verse and prose. Many of the tendencies of the day united in Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet of Nuremberg, who absorbed the popularized humanism current in the busy South German metropolis and put into rough but virile verse stories of classical origin, old German heroic legends, folk-tales, and quaint fancies of his own, in master-song or rhyming tale or in Shrovetide dramas.

Hans Sachs most nearly united the learned and popular streams of German literature, as nearly perhaps as was possible in a country of many capital cities and in a time of distracting religious conflict. After him the streams flowed on side by side until the frightful destruction wrought on city and rural population by the Thirty Years' War quite took away all voice for expression from popular poetry. Henceforth for a century and a half German literature dwelt in the libraries and cabinets of the learned. It was a period of schooling in the stylistic forms which had been developed in Italy and France as a result of the Renaissance. The sweeping metrical reforms initiated by Martin Opitz in the early years of the great religious war finally banished the sturdy doggerel of the preceding age and made use of the critical theories of Martin Scaliger and Pierre Ronsard to train German poets in the refinements of Renaissance prosody and diction. The popular strain is heard only in the hymns with which Paul Gerhard and a host of other devout souls enriched in so remarkable a fashion the anthologies of every shade of religious faith through the seventeenth century.

In the main, however, German literature in the age of the baroque is far from devoid of strength and vigor, although these are often lost in the search

for the novel and bizarre in figure and diction. Literature and life seldom joined hands. The plays of the learned and gifted Gryphius could not find their way to a stage which was devoted to blood-and-thunder melodramas or degenerate translations from English and French playwrights. The novel showed itself the most vigorous product of the time. With the help of Spanish and French models it began to free itself from satirical elements and to fall into the true epic stride, which is apparent even under the fantastic and overlaid plots of the vast four-deckers of the end of the century. Under the realistic hand of the Baden magistrate Grimmelshausen, the autobiographical novel united the learned and popular streams of German literary tradition and rises in 'Simplicissimus' to a significance in the history of the European novel unchallenged between Cervantes and Richardson.

The first half of the eighteenth century saw a clarification of German style from two directions: a campaign through a critical press in the style of Addison's *Spectator* for a refinement of taste based on a sound moral philosophy, and a rise of interest in classical studies. In these new models the poets of Germany saw a new life springing up, and in imitation they too sought a style in which simplicity and good sense should take the place of baroque fancies and wild exaggerations. A powerful force in the battle for good taste was waged by the hundreds of "moral weeklies" which sprang up first in Hamburg and later in Leipzig and Zurich and other German cities. Leadership in the movement fell to the Leipzig professor of poetry Gottsched, who finally in his 'Critical Art of Poetry' codified the rules for rhetorical figures, for the forms of verse and for comedy and tragedy, and thereby established the norms based on common sense which were so dear to the Age of Enlightenment. The effects of the critical campaign for reform were immediately apparent in the work of Berlin and Leipzig poets, who about the middle of the century, in light and polished verse, gave voice to the pedagogical ideals of a rationalistic age in lyrical and satirical poems and in fables. In the meantime, the spirit of the classical poets Anacreon and Horace was revived in graceful songs of love and wine, like those in which the "friendly canon" Gleim chants the praises of Amor and Bacchus.

A powerful lyrical current had, however, already come to the surface, which was to give a more noble content to German poetry than songs of stolen kisses or sprightly fables. The young Leipzig student Klopstock burst all the bonds of tradition when in 1748 he issued the first three cantos of his 'Messiah' in the hexameters of Homer, marked by a rhapsodical strain of sublime pathos which proclaimed a new freedom for the emotions. With Klopstock German literature marks its full assimilation of the spirit of the Renaissance. Henceforth for two generations classical patterns of thought and style were never far absent from Germany's great poets. Classical ideals in art and in the tragedy inspired Lessing to break with French rules and seek in the "noble simplicity and silent grandeur" of the Greeks the standards for his critical

essays and tragedies, and it was chiefly from classical writers that he developed the noble conception of humanity, the finest flower of the Age of Enlightenment, which appears in his moral essays and in 'Nathan the Wise.' His contemporary Wieland presents the spirit of Enlightenment from another side in his epics and novels, seeking to portray virtue in its pleasing aspects and marking in graceful and mellifluous verse the final conquest over the spirit of the baroque.

Rationalism had won the day, but ere it could consolidate its position it was confronted by a new revolution in which the ever-present irrational elements in the human soul were to dispute its authority. This began in East Prussia, in Königsberg, where Kant was already beginning to set limits to human reason. It opened with a demand that the primitive, the original genius within man be permitted to express itself according to its own laws of being, a demand which was translated into formulas of literary criticism by Herder and brought by him to Western Germany. Here the new gospel was seized by the young student Goethe, who proclaimed the right of the individual to feel and act in accord with his own genius in his first great drama, 'Götz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand,' and his first great novel, the 'Sorrows of Young Werther.' The stormy demand for a new realism in literature, the insistence on the right of the individual to set his own standards in life inspired a host of dramas and lyrics, including the early dramas of Schiller. Gradually, however, a deepening enthusiasm for classic models and for the fine humanity which the German idealists built upon these created the imperishable forms of beauty which are to be found in Goethe's 'Iphigenia' and his maturer lyrics and in Schiller's great series of historical dramas. Concurrently with this development of German classic literature came the classic period of German philosophy. Here too the Age of Enlightenment had begotten a spirit which was to put an end to its creator. Kant marked off the limits within which pure reason may operate and flashed a light of hypothesis upon what lay beyond its ken. His younger contemporaries Fichte and Schelling pushed, like bold explorers, farther into the noumenal world and found an explanation of the riddle of the universe, the former in the all-creative activity of the ego, the latter in the identity of matter and spirit.

At this juncture a group of young writers made its appearance, the early Romantic School, fired with the same enthusiasm for the irrational which Goethe had experienced a quarter of a century earlier and sharing his enthusiasm for Greek ideals, but hard bitten by philosophy and eager to establish a synthesis of art and life which should satisfy alike metaphysical definitions and mystical impulses. They sought, like Ludwig Tieck, the harmony of spirit and nature in the religious mysticism of the Middle Ages and the art enthusiasms of the Renaissance. They glorified, like Novalis, the mysterious powers of the night and the seductions of death in lyrics of exquisite beauty and in the glittering prose of their Märchen transformed the real

world into a magic world of dreams. They laid the foundation for modern criticism in discursive reviews and essays. From the Romantic group there poured forth in the early years of the nineteenth century a stream of creative impulses in the fields of literature and art which has not ceased to flow to the present day. The folk-tales of the later Middle Ages fertilized drama and novel with new themes; the study of the German past opened the road to a growth in nationalism which was stimulated by the Napoleonic wars and soon found in medieval Germanic history and saga the richest mine for all forms of literature. The interest in the demoniacal powers of nature inspired profound and wild Märchen like those of E. T. A. Hoffmann, and the search for the lost harmony between art and life led to the literature and philosophy of southern Europe and Persia and India. Folk-song and folk-tale were enticed forth from their hiding-places in the tavern, the spinning-room, and the harvest-field and from beside the cottage fireside to cast their spell over poetic hearts throughout the following century. Deep religious impulses welled up from the German past and in a dozen years transformed the indifferentism of German poets into a glowing faith. From the loins of Romantic critical theory sprang the impulse to a scientific study of the early literatures and dialects of Europe. The search for unity in a world of atomistic experience finally brought forth the grandiose philosophical system of Hegel, which saw in all human history the record of the march of the Absolute through the ages, the unhalting progress of man toward spiritual freedom.

A reaction against moonlight mysticism and medievalism in religion and politics, which were outgrowths of Romantic theory, began with the disappointments of the Congress of Vienna and was immensely stimulated by the Paris Revolution of 1830. Heine and the writers of the thirties demanded that poetry interpret life as it is and found their inspiration, not in the Crusades and misty cathedrals of the twelfth century, but in the socialized present. The theories of the French socialist Saint-Simon and the rationalistic interpretation of the story of the gospel in Strauss's 'Life of Jesus' were at the elbows of the pamphleteers of Young Germany and prepared the way for the political lyricists whose radical tones ushered in the Revolution of 1848.

This unsuccessful attempt to bring about unity and a liberal constitution in Germany put an end to political poetry. Poets and novelists turned from the problems of society to picture human fates on a provincial canvas, the life of the peasant of the Black Forest or the Mecklenburg farmstead. The great representatives of the tragedy in the period of the mid-century, Hebbel and Ludwig, and of the short story, the Swiss Gottfried Keller, guided these forms into realistic channels where they reflected the problems and conflicts of the modern man in his struggle with society, even though the historical fetish often continued to dictate the themes. In the disillusioned and materi-

alistic decades which followed the Revolution of 1848, the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, with its contempt for all history, came into its own, and first attracted and then repelled the last great heir of Romanticism, Richard Wagner, who achieved to a considerable degree the long-sought synthesis of the arts in his music dramas.

The new German empire which came into being in 1871 brought at first no new impulses to literary production. These did not come until the end of the 'eighties, when the growth of industrialism, with the social problems created by the teeming millions which it drew into the cities, gave the impulse for the rise of naturalism.

Its rule was brief, for naturalism at best accords but poorly with German poetic ideals, but its representative works, like those of Hauptmann, are rich in human sympathy and discover sources of poetry and romance even in the workhouse hospital and the hut of the track watchman. Here, as in the impressionism of the first decade of the twentieth century and even in the crudest caricatures which expressionistic art has recently produced, the German writer still shows himself the same incurable idealist, the same seeker for a *Weltanschauung* that shall be ethically as well as artistically satisfying as he was in the days of Walther von der Vogelweide or Sebastian Brant. Especially since the war there runs through all the immensely varied and prolific literature of Germany an interpretation of life which is both metaphysical and prophetic.

ROBERT HERNDON FIFE

BETWEEN DUSK AND DAWN

(1330-1650)

LITERATURE is a flowering of stable society. During the period of 'Chivalry and the Crusades, during the active and genuine life of the Holy Roman Empire, when medieval court life was most brilliant, we have an efflorescence of German literature such as was not surpassed anywhere in Europe, and was not to be equaled in Germany for five hundred years. If this literary lull is longer than elsewhere in Europe, and reaches lower levels of sterility and impotence, the reason is that the upsetting of German society which followed the break-up of medieval civilization struck deeper into the vitals of the land, and was then followed by a catastrophe so frightful as to blast its corporate life for another hundred years.

Medieval society had been controlled by two great powers whose interaction and mutual co-operation was complete and supreme: the secular power of the Princes, grouped together in Germany ever since Charlemagne under the banner of the Holy Roman Empire, and the religious power of the Roman Catholic Church under the leadership of the Papacy. As time went on, both of these powers became undermined, and besides, they ceased to agree; the result was an absolute dissolution of the old system and a wholly new alignment.

What effected the downfall of the secular power was (1) the invention of gunpowder, which rendered futile the mailed armor of the knight and the walled enclosure of his castle; (2) the internecine strife between the Princes, whereby the old control passed out of their hands; (3) the rise to economic power of the cities, presaging an eventual democratic victory which the Princes managed to prevent for a time, but without being able to supply any other stable form of government.

Meanwhile the power of the Papacy was being questioned and shaken. In part this was due to weaknesses within the Church itself: corruption among the clergy, the régime of the anti-Popes, unwarranted interference with purely political affairs—these and other errors laid the Church open to attack; in part, however, it resulted from questionings on the purely religious side, out of which, by little and little, grew the Reformation.

It is not surprising that the entire energy of the nation was absorbed by these great conflicts. What little literature we have falls into three categories: echoes of the Minnesong, late flowers of a waning culture; the outpourings of religious mysticism; and the crude but heartfelt lyric strains of the people,

early manifestations of that talent for folk-song which marks the German people to this day.

By the beginning of the sixteenth century, the transition had been achieved, and the way was clear for a revival of letters such as England witnessed under Elizabeth. Indeed, the forerunners had already appeared: such figures as Erasmus, Dürer, and Luther, to mention no others, are eloquent of the potentialities of the German spirit in that age. But Germany was destined to see the battles of the Reformation fought out on her soil; for thirty long years she was to be ground between the upper and nether millstones of Protestant rebellion and of Rome. Armies marched and countermarched across her, laying waste, pillaging and slaying. When the dreadful conflict was done, Germany emerged like one who has escaped from a flood with his bare life. But the Thirty Years' War had done more than destroy life and annihilate physical values: it had rent the previous political structure limb from limb, leaving only scattered and tiny states and provinces without coherence or even a desire for it.

Two figures rise above the mediocrity of this doleful age: one a simple cobbler who managed, by sheer force of personal character and genius, to coin literary gold at a time when all about him were busily engaged in turning out the empty inanities of the Mastersong (so cleverly pilloried by Wagner in his 'Mastersingers of Nuremberg'); the other a prophet and leader, whose fiery soul kindled the flame that grew into the Reformation, consuming, alas! only too much of his own beloved world in the effort to set it free. Hans Sachs and Martin Luther, poet and preacher, are a sad reminder of hopes that were blasted when Europe flew to arms to establish the right of free conscience.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

HISTORICAL EVENTS

LITERARY DATES

- 1415 John Huss put to death
 1438 Albert II, first Habsburg emperor
 1462 Civil war in Germany

 1493 Maximilian I unites all Habsburg possessions
 1517 Luther posts his *Theses* against the sale of indulgences
 1519 Luther excommunicated
 Charles V emperor
 1521 Diet of Worms condemns Luther's books and doctrine
 1529 Minority protests ("Protestants") at Diet of Speyer's reaffirming edict of Worms
 Turks besiege Vienna
 1530 Augsburg Confession
 1531 Protestants form Schmalkaldic League
 1545-63 Council of Trent

 1552 Treaty of Passau; Lutherans gain freedom of worship
 1555 Peace of Augsburg
 1556 Charles V abdicates
 Philip II and Ferdinand I divide Habsburg realm

 1618 Thirty Years' War begins

 1632 Battle of Lützen; death of Gustavus
 1634 Murder of Wallenstein
 1648 Peace of Westphalia
- 1439(?) Printing invented by John Gutenberg
 1466 Erasmus born
 1471 Albrecht Dürer born

 1483 Luther born
 1494 Hans Sachs born
 1515 *Till Eulenspiegel* published

 1519 Luther, *Address to the German Nobility*

 1546 Death of Luther

 1587 *Faustbuch* published
 1597 Martin Opitz born

 1624 Opitz, *Buch von der deutschen Poeterey*
 1625 Grimmelshausen born

 1669 Grimmelshausen, *Der abenteuerliche Simplicissimus*

LUTHER

THE transition from the medieval to the modern world was not at all violent, although we persist in making the lines of demarcation strangely sharp and abrupt. The forces that produced the changes were not all generated at once, nor did they combine in any visible contemporary or sequential unity. They were at first independent, and had been evolved by many unrelated, pent-up thoughts and far-removed energies. Distinctly greater than the modifications produced in politics, literature, economics, and commerce by the currents of the time, was that introduced into religion. During centuries the desire for freedom, simplicity, and equality had sought expression. Individuals and orders had labored for these in extreme sacrifice within the very heart of the medieval Church. The Separatist fraternities, which had transmitted their beliefs and aspirations from one age to another, now suddenly found the door open. One superior voice gave utterance to that blended longing. Martin Luther felt within himself the ancient ferment, and struggled experimentally to meet the spiritual impulse and need of his day. Those primitive truths, the universal priesthood of believers, the right and responsibility of the individual to think and answer for himself, the immediacy of Divine authority, the direct union with God, the overshadowing superiority of the spiritual community of saints, were the themes which had been agitated all along; but which he discussed afresh, and sought to establish not only as concepts but as realities. He compelled their recognition for all time. The revived ideas became the basis of a new order in society and in the State, as well as in the Church. They infused the spirit of progress and instituted endless controversies in the spheres of literature, education, discovery, and economics.

It was not without significance that Luther was of peasant origin (born November 10, 1483); that he was bred under severe home discipline, against which his sensitive nature revolted; that his academic training was in the central schools of Eisleben, Magdeburg, and Eisenach; that he was familiar with the poverty of student life. The University of Erfurt had felt the breath of the new learning, and was already a pioneer of humanism. It gave him his degrees in the liberal arts and philosophy. Hardly had he begun his legal studies when his religious sentiment, accentuated by a series of external experiences, led him to become a monk of the Augustinian order, in which Von Staupitz was steadily restoring the ancient regimen. Now began his studies in theology, his contact with the Bible, and those spiritual agonies which no official advancement into the priesthood, no teaching chair, could

quiet or satisfy. The solution thereof, however, was found in the simple faith of and in Christ. The journey to Rome was of immense practical importance, for it destroyed many illusions.

His call to Wittenberg and final settlement there, after a temporary return to Erfurt, gave him not only authority in his order, but entrance into the office of preacher, lecturer, and author. Here he found his way to a divine life based purely on the Scriptures. From the controversy concerning indulgences, faith, and good works, and after fruitless efforts to win him back, he came to the disputation at Leipzig to find there the inevitable logic of the movement to a final rupture with the medieval Church. At the Diet of Worms that secession became fixed and political. From this time on there was urgency not only for destructive criticism, but for the reconstruction of Christendom upon the foundation of the spiritual experiences generated and certified by Scriptural authority. In the quiet retreat of the Wartburg, the thought of this rebuilding possessed him. Among many labors he occupied himself mainly with the translation of the New Testament. He finally gave the Bible to his people in a regenerated tongue.

But the unchained thoughts of the day refused to be held in check. For some men the conservative method of reform was too slow. The incursion of radicals, particularly at Wittenberg, led to his voluntary return, and by the simple weight of his personality the iconoclastic movement was for the most part repressed in that center. The social revolution inaugurated by the peasants, involving many noble principles and aims, met with his most violent hostility because it had resorted to the sword. To his mind the juncture of battle was not a time for nice discriminations and balancings. Nor did the efforts at political union on the part of those who adopted his views receive any ardent co-operation from him. For a long time he resisted all thought of even armed defense against hypothetical imperial suppression. Nor would he affiliate with divergent religious standpoints of the Reformation, so as to bring all the moderates into a compromise, in order to widen the Torgau and Schmalkald leagues. The Diet of Augsburg, 1530, witnessed a united public and subscribed Confession with its Apology, on the part of the princes and their representatives who had embraced the Lutheran ideas. Gradually the long agitated purpose of an appeal to a general council was also surrendered by him. He softened in some degree towards the formula by which Bucer sought to interpret the Lord's Supper, so that the Wittenberg Concord might become a basis of union.

Among the reconstructive movements were the propagation of his views in many of the German States, the visitation of the churches, provision for education in the new spirit, the formulation of ecclesiastical polity and worship, and the raising of funds for the support of ministry, parishes, and benevolent institutions. His final breach with monasticism had been certified by his marriage and the creation of a beautiful home life, in which he exercised a hospi-

talities that often overtaxed his resources and the willing heart of his wife. Relatives, students, celebrities from all lands were at his table. Some of his devoted admirers have preserved to us his talks upon leading themes and persons. He was the victim of almost uninterrupted bodily suffering, which accentuated his mental and spiritual conflicts; nor did these tend to diminish the harshness and coarseness of his polemics. Sweet-tempered at home and in his personal intercourse with men, he let go his fiercest passions against those adversaries who were worthy of his steel, or he flooded lesser minds with a deluge of satire and proverbs. He was busy with his pen after he had to restrict his teaching and lecturing. In the larger efforts at reunion with the medieval Church, whether by conference or by council, he of course could take no personal part, and indeed showed little practical sympathy with them. He had gathered about him a body of most able coadjutors, whose hearts he had touched. Spalatin, Melancthon, Bugenhagen, Cruciger, Justus, Jonas, Eber, and others were master minds of whose careers he was the shaping genius; although as a rule he did not seek to exercise any repressive influence upon their liberty of thought and action. His last letters to his wife were as humorous and beautiful as ever. He died in the town of his birth, February 18, 1546, while on a mission to reconcile the Counts Albrecht and Gebhard von Mansfeldt. No man ever received more generous testimony to his worth than did Luther as he was borne to his rest.

His was an extraordinary personality. No one could escape the attraction of his eye or speech. His mighty will conquered his physical ailments. Few men of history have been so prolific in authorship and correspondence. He had a side for Æsop and Terence. He had an ample culture in which the old and the new streams commingled; while it had not the minuteness and polish of the classic models affected by Erasmus and Melancthon, it was pervaded with an essentially original spirit which vivified and deepened every sentence that he wrote or uttered. This culture was also very broad, and sought invigoration and growth from most of the fresher sources of his time, but drew especially from the perennial fountains of the people's thought and life. He was a man of and for the people; and yet his works instructed and stimulated the wisest and noblest of his contemporaries. He was full of cheer and humor, and these kept his style sparkling and vivid. Tenderness, wrath, joy, sorrow, were always commingled. Few whom he had charmed — and he drew to him the most of men young and old — could be repelled by even the extremes of his vehemence, amounting sometimes to arrogant brutality. Whom he once loved he seldom forgot. Two widely divergent dispositions were those of Luther and Melancthon. When his dear Philip proved too pliant, or slowly drifted to another principle of theology, the magnanimity of the lion was not violently disturbed. Even the most advanced spirits readily acknowledged their debt to the great Doctor.

His character had eminently heroic qualities, which he manifested in his

obedience to the pursuit of truth, in spite of halting and deserting friends: in his attitude at Worms; in relieving his princes of all responsibility for him; in his simple leaning upon the protection of God; in his persistent residence at Wittenberg during its frequent visitations by plagues; in his handling of king and princes — Henry VIII, Duke George, and Duke Henry — as he did ordinary mortals. His sublime courage and independence have made him the idol of almost the entire Church and have prevented a true analysis of his character, and the acknowledgment of serious defects in his judgment and conduct.

The salient power of his movement lies in the fact that his entire conception of truth and duty was the result of inward struggle, conviction, and experience. The conscience thus educated was imperative. Step by step he won his way to conclusions, until he attained a rich understanding and appreciation of Jesus Christ as Son of man, Son of God, and Saviour of the world. He spoke from his own heart: no wonder that he could appeal persuasively to the hearts of men. Each process — at Erfurt, Wittenberg, Leipzig, Worms, Coburg — added a new stone to the temple of his life. The entire man underwent a revolution: body, soul, and spirit were devoted singly and unitedly to the one end. He sought to permeate all life with a higher life, of which certain truths were the expression.

It was inevitable that there would occur contradictions of himself both in speech and conduct during the various stages of his career. A deal of the earlier ideality disappears in the fierceness of later disputes, and in the irresponsiveness of human nature. Some features of the purer spirituality which he first inculcated are obscured and almost obliterated, when he failed to discover any substantial sensibility in the students, ministers, lawyers, citizens, and peasants about him. He practically vacated many points of liberty and equality as he came to organize those professing adherence to his principles.

He viewed his work as peculiarly that of a prophet. This was indeed an idea common to reformers of every period; but with him it was not a weak echo of the Old Testament, or an identification with any one of the witnesses of the Apocalypse. He was a real *Vox Clamans*, inspired by the Holy Spirit and by the existing conditions of that Church which he regarded as anti-Christ, by the claims of society and by the confusions of State. Naturally this conception of his call grew into a certain arrogance and dictatorship; for it carried with it the feeling of finality. This accounts for his unbending hostility to every opinion or interpretation that was not in accord with what he deemed must be true. Hence the bitter violence of his letters and treatises against such typical men as Zwingli and Schwenckfeld; and his resistance to every attempt, save one, to bring upon a single platform the various groups of Protestants. It was this lofty spiritual egoism which made him turn from humanism as an ultimate source of renovation. This impelled him to draw swords with Erasmus; this made him refuse the political expedients of the knights as well as the

peasants. Nor would he allow his own Elector to dictate to him the terms and bounds of his duty; not even in cases which involved the most delicate relations, social and political. His scorn was boundless at every suggestion of surrender or silence.

His influence upon literature was greater than that of any other man of his time: for he did not seek to revive classic models after the method of humanism in its worship of form, nor to use the dead languages as vehicles for the best thought; but endeavored to spiritualize the Renaissance itself, and to build up his vernacular into a strong, fertile, and beautiful language. He distinctly says that he delved into the colloquial patois, into the Saxon official speech (which had a sort of first place), into proverbs, and into the folk literature, to construct out of these sources, under the leadership of the Saxon, one popular, technical, and literary tongue. He laid the basis thereby for the splendid literature of Germany, which not even the classical or French affectations could destroy. It is not easy to overestimate the creative influence on literature of Luther's translation of the Bible. Hardly less potent was his influence in baptizing music and song with the new spirit; for he had a genuine artistic instinct, if little of technical ability. It is no wonder, therefore, that we find him renovating education in all its grades; and with such a radical conception of its value, comprehensiveness, and method as not even Melancthon attained.

The infusion of his principles touched society and the State in ways that he little imagined. He was a devoted patriot, and longed to lift the German people out of their vices, and to remove the occasion for that contempt with which other nationalities regarded them. It was by very slow degrees, and in the end after all somewhat hazily, that the thought of the German nation as greater than the Holy Roman German Empire gained ground in his mind. It was long before his worshipful nature could read Charles V in his true characteristics. The right of defense was denied by him until he came to look upon the Emperor as a tool of the Pope. But the upheavals of the times produced by his single-hearted fight for gospel truth slowly compelled a recognition of the independence of the States, and the claims of some kind of federation. It could not but be that the religious liberty taught by Luther should eventuate in political freedom and constitutional law; although he himself all too frequently forgot his own teaching, in his treatment of Sacramentarians, Anabaptists, and Jews. He too, like all original minds, built better than he knew. It has been the privilege of but few to initiate such penetrative and comprehensive ideas with their corresponding organizations for the regeneration of our race.

CHESTER D. HARTRANFT

REPLY AT THE DIET OF WORMS

ON THE SECOND DAY OF HIS APPEARANCE [Thursday, April 18, 1521]

MOST Serene Lord Emperor, Most Illustrious Princes, Most Clement Lords: I now present myself obediently at the time set yesterday evening for my appearance. By the mercy of God, your Most Serene Majesty and your Most Illustrious Lordships, I pray that you will deign to listen leniently to this my cause, which is I hope one of justice and truth. Should I through my inexperience not accord to any one his just titles, or should I err in any way in the matter of customs and courtly manners, may you benignly overlook such mistakes in a man not brought up in palaces, but in monastic seclusion. As concerns myself, I can bear witness to this point only — that hitherto I have taught and written in simplicity of mind, having in view only the glory of God and the sincere instruction of Christian believers.

Most Serene Emperor, and Most Illustrious Princes: As to the two articles yesterday presented to me by your Most Serene Majesty — namely, whether I would acknowledge the books edited and published in my name as mine, and whether I wished to persevere in their defense or to revoke them — I have given my ready and clear response to the first: in that I still persist, and shall persist forever; to wit, that these books are mine, and have been made public by me, in my name — unless meanwhile, haply, any matter in them has been changed, or has been maliciously extracted, through the cunning or the perverse wisdom of my enemies. For clearly, I cannot acknowledge anything as mine, except what has been written of myself and by myself alone, to the exclusion of any explanation which may be the work of someone else.

To the second point, your Most Serene Majesty and your Lordships, I will reply by asking you to turn your minds condescendingly to this fact — that my books are not all of the same kind: for there is one group in which I have handled religious faith and conduct in a simple evangelical fashion; moreover, this class has been composed in such a spirit that my very adversaries are forced to recognize the works as useful, harmless, and explicitly worthy of a Christian's perusal. Even the Bull, fierce and cruel as it is, considers my books in part at least as harmless; although it condemns them as a whole, with an altogether unusual severity of judgment. Consider what I would be guilty of, were I to begin any revocation of this class of writings. Should I not be the sole one of all mortals to censure that very truth which is acknowledged by friend and foe equally? Should not I alone be contending against the accordant confession of the rest of the world?

There is another group of my books, which inveighs against the papacy, and the teaching of the papists. This class is directed against those who, by their extremely corrupt doctrine and example, lay waste our entire Christendom,

with every evil that spirit and body can invent. For it cannot be denied, nor can any one disguise the fact, attested as it is by the experience of all persons and by the complaints of the entire civilized world, that the consciences of believers are wretchedly entangled, vexed, and tortured, by papal laws and human teachings. Property and substance are devoured by an incredible tyranny, especially in this noble German nation, and will be devoured continuously without end, and by unworthy means. Yet Romanists, by their own edicts, caution us against the papal laws and doctrines which are contrary to the gospel and the opinions of the fathers, and declare that all such variants should be regarded as erroneous and unapproved.

If therefore I should recall these books, I should do nothing else than add to the strength of this tyranny, and should open, not windows only, but doors to this tremendous foe of religion. It would stalk abroad more freely than it has hitherto dared. Yes, from the proof of such a revocation, their wholly lawless and unrestrained kingdom of wickedness would become still more intolerable for the already wretched people; and their rule would be further strengthened and established, especially should it be reported that this evil deed had been done by me in virtue of the authority of your Most Serene Majesty, and of the whole Roman Empire. Good God! what a covert for wickedness and tyranny I should become.

A third series of these books consists of such as I have written against certain private persons, whom people call distinguished; such, namely, as have tried to preserve the Roman tyranny, and to undermine that view of religion which I have inculcated. Toward those individuals I confess that I have been more bitter than befits a churchman and a monk. But then I do not set myself up for a saint; neither am I disputing about my own career, but about the teaching of Christ. It would not then be right for me to recall this class of works, because by such a withdrawal, despotism and irreligion would again obtain sway, and that through my protection. It would rage against the people of Germany more violently than under any previous rule.

Nevertheless, because I am a man and not God, I cannot shield my practices with any other defense than that with which my Lord Jesus Christ himself vindicated his teaching. For when he had been asked about his doctrine before Annas, and had been smitten by the blow of a servant, he said, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil." If our Lord, who was always conscious of his inability to err, yet did not decline to hear any evidence against his doctrine even from the most contemptible menial—how much more ought I, who am of the dregs of the people and powerless in everything save sin, to desire and expect the introduction of testimony against my teaching?

Therefore, your Most Serene Majesty, your Most Illustrious Lordships, I beseech you by the mercy of God, that whoever can, whether high or low, let him bring forward the proof, let him convince me of errors: let the Scriptures of Prophecy and Gospels triumph, for I will be wholly ready to revoke every

error, if I can be persuasively taught; yes, I will be the first to cast my books into the fire.

From these considerations it has become manifest that the crisis and danger on the one hand, the zeal and the controversy on the other, which the occasion of my teaching has excited in the world, have been an object of anxious solicitude on my part, and have been thoroughly weighed. It was about this commotion that I was admonished so bravely and forcibly yesterday. Under these agitations, this to me is the most joyous feature of all — the sight of such zeal and dispute over the Word of God. For the course of that divine Word has just such a fortuity and consequence, in that Christ says: "I came not to send peace, but a sword; for I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

Moreover, we ought to reflect that since our God is wonderful and terrible in his counsels, he is probably testing us by so large an access of zeal, whether we will begin by condemning the Word of God. If so, we shall afterwards be precipitated into a more unendurable flood of evils. We should particularly avoid making the reign of this youthful and noble Prince Charles, in whom after God we place so much hope, unhappy and inauspicious. I could enforce this point very richly, through the examples furnished by Scripture, in the case of Pharaoh, the king of Babylon, and the kings of Israel, who lost most when they were endeavoring to pacify and establish their kingdoms by seemingly the wisest of counsels. Before they are aware, the Lord takes the crafty in their craftiness, and overturns mountains. Therefore we must fear God. I do not say this because it is necessary for such high authorities as you to be instructed by my teaching or admonition, but because I must not withhold the fealty due to my Germany. With these words I commend myself to your Most Serene Majesty, and to your Lordships; humbly begging you not to suffer me to be rendered odious without cause, by the persecution of my adversaries. I have spoken.

[To these words the same imperial orator replied with harshness that he ought not to have made such a response, nor were the subjects formerly condemned and defined by the councils to be called in question; therefore he sought from him a simple answer, and one without horns: would he revoke or not? Then Luther said: —]

Therefore, your Most Serene Majesty and your Lordships, since they seek a simple reply, I will give one that is without horns or teeth, and in this fashion: I believe in neither pope nor councils alone; for it is perfectly well established that they have frequently erred, as well as contradicted themselves. Unless then I shall be convinced by the testimony of the Scriptures or by clear reason, I must be bound by those Scriptures which have been

brought forward by me; yes, my conscience has been taken captive by these words of God. I cannot revoke anything, nor do I wish to; since to go against one's conscience is neither safe nor right: here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen.

A SAFE STRONGHOLD OUR GOD IS STILL

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour —
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can —
Full soon were we down-ridden,
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son —
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore —
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? his doom is writ —
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But spite of hell shall have its course —
'Tis written by his finger.

And though they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small:
 These things shall vanish all —
 The City of God remaineth.

1529. Translated by Thomas Carlyle

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS

The Child Jesus: Luke ii.

FROM heaven down to earth I come
 To bear good news to every home;
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 Whereof I now will say and sing: —

To you this night is born a child
 Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
 This little child, of lowly birth,
 Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
 Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
 Himself will your salvation be,
 Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
 Prepared by God for all below;
 Henceforth his kingdom open stands
 To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,
 The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;
 There shall ye find the young child laid,
 By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
 Follow the shepherds, and draw near
 To see this wondrous gift of God,
 Who hath his only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery:
What can we render, Lord, to thee?

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast thou made thee weak and small,
That thou must choose thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere thy heaven, art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might
Are naught and worthless in thy sight.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must raise with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song.

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

THE VALUE AND POWER OF MUSIC

MUSIC is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God. To it Satan is exceedingly hostile. Thereby many temptations and evil thoughts are driven away; the devil cannot withstand it. Music is one of the best arts: the notes give life to the text; it expels the spirit of sadness, as one observes in King Saul. Some of the nobles and usurers imagine that they have saved for my Gracious Elector three thousand gulden yearly by cutting down music. Meanwhile they spend thirty thousand gulden in useless ways in its place. Kings, princes, and lords must support music, for it is the duty of great potentates and rulers to maintain the liberal arts and laws; and although here and there, ordinary and private persons have pleasure in and love them, still they cannot sustain them.

[When some singers were rendering several fine and admirable motettes of Senfl, Dr. Martin Luther admired and praised them highly. He remarked:] Such a motette I should not be able to compose, even if I were to devote myself wholly to the art. Nor could Senfl, on the other hand, preach on a psalm as well as I. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are manifold; just as in one body the members are manifold. But nobody is content with his gifts; he is not satisfied with what God has given him. All want to be the entire body, not the limbs.

Music is a glorious gift of God, and next to theology. I would not exchange my small musical talent for anything esteemed great. We should accustom the youth to this art, for it produces fine and accomplished people.

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON HANS, AGED SIX

GRACE and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I hear with great pleasure that you are learning your lessons so well and praying so diligently. Continue to do so, my son, and cease not. When I come home I will bring you a nice present from the fair. I know a beautiful garden, where there are a great many children in fine little coats, and they go under the trees and gather beautiful apples and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and run about and are as happy as they can be. Sometimes they ride on nice little ponies, with golden bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man whose garden it is, "What little children are these?" And he told me, "They are little children who love to pray and learn and are good." When I said, "My dear sir, I have a little boy at home; his name is little Hans Luther: would you let him come into the garden, too, to eat some of these nice apples

and pears, and ride on these fine little ponies, and play with these children?" The man said, "If he loves to say his prayers and learn his lessons, and is a good boy, he may come; Lippus [Melanchthon's son] and Jost [Jonas's son] also; and when they are all together, they can play upon the fife and drum and lute and all kinds of instruments, and skip about and play with little crossbows." He then showed me a beautiful mossy place in the middle of the garden for them to skip about in, with a great many golden fifes and drums and silver crossbows. The children had not yet had their dinner, and I could not wait to see them play, but I said to the man: "My dear sir, I will go away and write all about it to my little son John, and tell him to be fond of saying his prayers, and learn well and be good, so that he may come into this garden; but he has a grand-aunt named Lehne, whom he must bring along with him." The man said, "Very well: go write to him."

Now, my dear little son, love your lessons and your prayers, and tell Philip and Jodocus to do so too, that you may all come to the garden. May God bless you. Give Aunt Lehne my love, and kiss her for me. Your dear father, Martinus Luther. In the year 1530.

[Coburg, June 19]

LUTHER'S TABLE-TALK

DR. LUTHER'S wife complaining to him of the indocility and untrustworthiness of servants, he said: — "A faithful and good servant is a real Godsend, but truly, 'tis a 'rare bird in the land.' We find every one complaining of the idleness and profligacy of this class of people: we must govern them Turkish fashion — so much work, so much victuals — as Pharaoh dealt with the Israelites in Egypt."

"Before I translated the New Testament out of the Greek, all longed after it; when it was done, their longing lasted scarce four weeks. Then they desired the Books of Moses; when I had translated these, they had enough thereof in a short time. After that, they would have the Psalms; of these they were soon weary, and desired other books. So will it be with the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which they now long for, and about which I have taken great pains. All is acceptable until our giddy brains be satisfied; afterwards we let things lie, and seek after new."

August 25, 1538, the conversation fell upon witches who spoil milk, eggs, and butter in farm-yards. Dr. Luther said: — "I should have no compassion on these witches; I would burn all of them. We read in the old law that the priests threw the first stone at such malefactors. 'Tis said this stolen

butter turns rancid and falls to the ground when any one goes to eat it. He who attempts to counteract and chastise these witches is himself corporeally plagued and tormented by their master the Devil. Sundry schoolmasters and ministers have often experienced this. Our ordinary sins offend and anger God. What then must be his wrath against witchcraft, which we may justly designate high treason against divine majesty — a revolt against the infinite power of God? The jurisconsults who have so learnedly and pertinently treated of rebellion affirm that the subject who rebels against his sovereign is worthy of death. Does not witchcraft, then, merit death, being a revolt of the creature against the Creator — a denial to God of the authority it accords to the demon?"

Dr. Luther discussed at length concerning witchcraft and charms. He said that his mother had had to undergo infinite annoyance from one of her neighbors, who was a witch, and whom she was fain to conciliate with all sorts of attentions; for this witch could throw a charm upon children which made them cry themselves to death. A pastor having punished her for some knavery, she cast a spell upon him by means of some earth upon which he had walked, and which she bewitched. The poor man hereupon fell sick of a malady which no remedy could remove, and shortly after died.

It was asked: Can good Christians and God-fearing people also undergo witchcraft? Luther replied, "Yes, for our bodies are always exposed to the attacks of Satan. The maladies I suffer are not natural, but devil's spells."

"When I was young, some one told me this story: Satan had in vain set all his craft and subtlety at work to separate a married pair that lived together in perfect harmony and love. At last, having concealed a razor under each of their pillows, he visited the husband, disguised as an old woman, and told him that his wife had formed the project of killing him; he next told the same thing to the wife. The husband, finding the razor under his wife's pillow, became furious with anger at her supposed wickedness, and cut her throat. So powerful is Satan in his malice."

Dr. Luther said he had heard from the Elector of Saxony, John Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the Devil — the founder having been born of a succubus. He added this story: — "A gentleman had a young and beautiful wife, who, dying, was buried. Shortly afterwards, this gentleman and one of his servants sleeping in the same chamber, the wife who was dead came at night, bent over the bed of the gentleman as though she were conversing with him, and after a while went away again. The servant, having twice observed this circumstance, asked his master whether he knew that every night a woman clothed in white stood by his bedside. The master replied that he had slept soundly, and had observed

nothing of the sort. The next night he took care to remain awake. The woman came, and he asked her who she was and what she wanted. She answered that she was his wife. He returned, 'My wife is dead and buried.' She answered, she had died by reason of his sins; but that if he would receive her again, she would return to him in life. He said if it were possible, he should be well content. She told him he must undertake not to swear, as he was wont to do; for that if he ever did so, she should once more die, and permanently quit him. He promised this; and the dead woman, returning to seeming life, dwelt with him, ate, drank, and slept with him, and had children by him. One day that he had guests, his wife went to fetch some cakes from an adjoining apartment, and remained a long time absent. The gentleman grew impatient, and broke out into his old oaths. The wife not returning, the gentleman with his friends went to seek her, but she had disappeared; only the clothes she had worn lay on the floor. She was never again seen."¹

"The Devil seduces us at first by all the allurements of sin, in order thereafter to plunge us into despair; he pampers up the flesh, that he may by-and-by prostrate the spirit. We feel no pain in the act of sin; but the soul after it is sad, and the conscience disturbed."

"The Devil often casts this into my breast: 'How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous, wherewith the pope, the mass, friars and nuns are thus dejected and startled?' at which the sour sweat has drizzled from me. But at last, when I saw he would not leave, I gave him this answer: 'Avoid, Satan: address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it; for the doctrine is not mine but his—he has commanded me to hearken unto this Christ.'"

"Between husband and wife there should be no question as to *meum* and *tuum*. All thing should be in common between them, without any distinction or means of distinguishing."

"St. Augustine said finely: 'A marriage without children is the world without the sun.'"

Dr. Luther said one day to his wife: "You make me do what you will; you have full sovereignty here, and I award you with all my heart the command in all household matters, reserving my rights in other points. Never any good came out of female domination. God created Adam master and lord of living creatures; but Eve spoilt all, when she persuaded him to set himself above God's will. 'Tis you women, with your tricks and artifices, that lead men into error."

¹ Barham has used this story in the 'Ingoldsby Legends' — 'The Blasphemer's Warning.'

"'Tis a grand thing for a married pair to live in perfect union, but the Devil rarely permits this. When they are apart, they cannot endure the separation; and when they are together, they cannot endure always seeing one another. 'Tis as the poet says: 'Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te.' [Neither can I live with thee, nor without thee.] Married people must assiduously pray against these assaults of the Devil. I have seen a marriage where at first, husband and wife seemed as though they would eat one another up; in six months they separated in mutual disgust. 'Tis the Devil inspires this evanescent ardor, in order to divert the parties from prayer."

Dr. Luther said, in reference to those who write satirical attacks upon women, that such will not go unpunished. "If the author be one of high rank, rest assured he is not really of noble origin, but a surreptitious intruder into the family. What defects women have, we must check them for in private, gently by word of mouth; for woman is a frail vessel."

There was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a schoolmaster, a pious and learned man, whose heart was fervently inclined to theology, and who had preached several times with great applause. He was called to the dignity of deacon; but his wife, a violent, fierce woman, would not consent to his accepting the charge, saying she would not be the wife of a minister.

It became a question, what was the poor man to do? which was he to renounce, his preachership or his wife? Luther at first said jocosely, "Oh, if he has married, as you tell me, a widow, he must needs obey her." But after a while he resumed severely: "The wife is bound to follow her husband, not the husband his wife. This must be an ill woman, nay, the Devil incarnate, to be ashamed of a charge with which our Lord and his Apostles were invested. If she were my wife, I should shortly say to her, 'Wilt thou follow me, aye or no? Reply forthwith'; and if she replied, 'No,' I would leave her, and take another wife."

The hair is the finest ornament women have. Of old, virgins used to wear it loose, except when they were in mourning. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight.

SAYINGS OF LUTHER

I HAVE no pleasure in any man who despises music. It is no invention of ours: it is the gift of God. I place it next to theology. Satan hates music: he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us.

The strength and glory of a town does not depend on its wealth, its walls,

its great mansions, its powerful armaments; but on the number of its learned, serious, kind, and well-educated citizens.

Greek and Latin are the scabbard which holds the sword of the Spirit, the cases which inclose the precious jewels, the vessels which contain the old wine, the baskets which carry the loaves and fishes for the feeding of the multitude.

Only a little of the first fruits of wisdom — only a few fragments of the boundless heights, breadths, and depths of truth — have I been able to gather.

My own writings are like a wild forest, compared with the gentle, limpid fluency of his [Brenz's] language. If small things dare be compared with great, my words are like the Spirit of Elijah — a great and strong wind, rending the mountains and breaking in pieces the rocks; and his is the still small voice. But yet God uses also coarse wedges for splitting coarse blocks; and besides the fructifying grain, he employs also the rending thunder and lightning to purify the atmosphere.

I must root out the stumps and trunks, and I am a rough woodsman who must break the road and prepare it: but Magister Philip [Melancthon] goes on quietly and gently, plows and plants, sows and waters joyfully.

Be temperate with your children; punish them if they lie or steal, but be just in what you do. It is a lighter sin to take pears and apples than to take money. I shudder when I think what I went through myself. My mother beat me about some nuts once till the blood came. I had a terrible time of it; but she meant well.

Never be hard with children. Many a fine character has been ruined by the stupid brutality of pedagogues. The parts of speech are a boy's pillory. I was myself flogged fifteen times in one forenoon, over the conjugation of a verb. Punish if you must; but be kind too, and let the sugar-plum go with the rod.

My being such a small creature was a misfortune for the Pope. He despised me too much. What, he thought, could a slave like me do to him — to him who was the greatest man in the world? Had he accepted my proposal he would have extinguished me.

The better a man is, the more clearly he sees how little he is good for, and the greater mockery it is to him to hold the notion that he has deserved reward. Miserable creatures that we are, we earn our bread in sin. Till we are seven years old, we do nothing but eat and drink and sleep and play; from seven to twenty-one we study four hours a day, the rest of it we run

about and amuse ourselves; then we work till fifty, and then we grow again to be children. We sleep half our lives; we give God a tenth of our time; and yet we think that with our good works we can merit heaven. What have I been doing today? I have walked for two hours, I have been at meals three hours, I have been idle four hours: ah, enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!

The barley which we brew, the flax of which we weave our garments, must be bruised and torn ere they come to the use for which they were grown. So must Christians suffer. The natural creature must be torn and threshed. The old Adam must die, for the higher life to begin. If a man is to rise to nobleness, he must first be slain.

The principle of marriage runs through all creation, and flowers as well as animals are male and female.

Praise be to God the Creator, who out of a dead world makes all live again. See those shoots, how they bourgeon and swell on this April day! Image of the resurrection of the dead! Winter is death; summer is the resurrection. Between them the spring and autumn, as the period of uncertainty and change. The proverb says —

“Trust not a day
Ere birth of May.”

Let us pray our Father in heaven to give us this day our daily bread.

We are in the dawn of a new era; we are beginning to think something of the natural world which was ruined in Adam's fall. We are learning to see all around us the greatness and glory of the Creator. We can see the Almighty hand — the infinite goodness — in the humblest flower. We praise him, we thank him, we glorify him; we recognize in creation the power of his word. He spoke, and it was there. The stone of the peach is hard, but the soft kernel swells and bursts when the time comes. An egg — what a thing is that! If an egg had never been seen in Europe, and a traveler had brought one from Calcutta, how would all the world have wondered!

If a man could make a single rose, we should give him an empire; yet roses, and flowers no less beautiful, are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.

HANS SACHS

BETWEEN the brilliant age of Walther von der Vogelweide and the classic period of Goethe, the most national as well as the most winsome figure in the annals of German literature is Hans Sachs. He was a complete abstract of his time, although he lacked the prophetic vision to see that he was living at the dawn of a new era. He combined in himself all the homely virtues and amiable limitations of the burghers, who constituted the democracy in which the modern world took its rise. He was born on November 5, 1494, at Nuremberg. His father was a tailor, and from the first Hans was destined for a trade. In his seventh year, nevertheless, he was sent to a Latin school, and passed through a rigid course of instruction. The knowledge thus acquired kept alive his sympathy with the Humanists, although he was himself deflected into the intellectually reactionary movement of Luther. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and it was from a linen-weaver that he received his first lessons in the mastersinger's art. In 1511 he went forth upon his travels as a journeyman; but upon his return five years later he settled in his native town, and there lived to celebrate his eighty-first birthday. He died on January 19, 1576. During these sixty years he seems never to have left Nuremberg. His life ran the honorable, uneventful course of a citizen diligent in business and prosperous. He became master in his guild in 1517. In 1519 he married Kunigunde Kreuzer, who was so entirely a woman of human mold that in 'The Bitter-Sweet of Wedded Life,' Sachs is obliged to describe her by antitheses—she was all things to him, at once his woe and weal; but the simple pathos of his sorrow when she died, in 1560, is very touching. Untrue, however, to the cautious principles that Wagner has put into his mouth, the real Sachs married, one year and a half after his first wife's death, a widow of twenty-seven, whose charms he celebrates in song with refreshing frankness. He was then a hale and healthy man of sixty-eight. He continued to write with unremitting energy until 1573. His mastersongs numbered between four and five thousand; of tales and farces there were some seventeen hundred, besides two hundred and eight dramas. These writings filled thirty-four manuscript volumes, of which twenty have been preserved. Three volumes of a handsome folio edition of his complete works appeared before his death, and two more afterwards. This in itself is an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. No citizen of Nuremberg except Dürer ever won more honorable distinction in the annals of that ancient city than

"Hans Sachs, the Shoe-
Maker and Poet, too."

The rise of cities, and of the bourgeoisie, had placed Germany in the front rank of commercial nations. For the products of the Orient, coming by way of Venice to the west, Nuremberg had become the market. With material wealth came luxury for merchants as well as nobles, and a higher cultivation in the arts of living. Through the Humanistic movement and the Reformation, Germany also assumed the spiritual leadership of Europe. Everywhere there was a deepening of the national consciousness. Of all these elements in their clearest manifestations, Hans Sachs was the representative. He was the type of the well-to-do, patriarchal citizen of the wealthiest among German cities. He had had glimpses of the austere charms of scholarship, and had himself translated Reuchlin's 'Henno' and Macropedius' 'Hecastus.' The Humanists therefore, although their successors despised the cobbler-bard, spoke to him in an intelligible tongue. And he stood in the forefront of the Reformation. Finally, Sachs was wholly and quintessentially German. In him that "incomprehensible century" found its most complete and characteristic expression.

And yet, although it was in the full flower of that municipal democracy that the seed of our modern civilization lay, Hans Sachs was a medieval man. It is in this respect that he, and even Luther, were inferior to men like Dürer, Hutten, and Reuchlin. The Reformation was a matter of ecclesiastical administration: it marked no important intellectual advance. The man of the sixteenth century was interested in the Here and Now; he delighted in his daily life, and it presented no problems; theology was accepted as a fact, and no questions were asked. It was only in the souls of the Humanists that the future lay mirrored; and it was through them that the revival of the eighteenth century was made possible. Sachs was the last of a passing generation. He did indeed advance the German drama until it far surpassed the contemporary drama of England; but he left behind him only the banal imitator of the English, Jacob Ayrer: while in England, before Sachs died, Shakespeare had been born. In Sachs the literary traditions of three centuries came to an end. Walther von der Vogelweide had lived to deplore the gradual degradation of courtly poetry: the peasants' life and love became the poet's theme. In the years that followed, it sank into hopeless vulgarity. From this it was rescued by Sachs. But the world meanwhile had traveled a long road: poetry had left the court and castle for the cottage and the chapel; the praise of women was superseded by the praise of God. It is a striking contrast between the knightly figure of Walther, with the exquisite music of his love lyrics, and the dignified but simple shoemaker, with the tame jog-trot of his homely couplets. But Walther was chief among the twelve masters whose traditions the mastersingers pretended to preserve; and the mastersong itself was the

mechanical attempt of a matter-of-fact age to reproduce the melodious beauty of the old minnesong. Thus Hans Sachs, the greatest of the mastersingers, was in a sense the last of the minnesingers; and German literature, which had waited three centuries, had two more yet to wait before it should again bloom as in those dazzling days of the Hohenstaufen bards.

Hans Sachs was a most prolific and many-sided poet. Before his twentieth year he had fulfilled the exacting conditions of the mastersingers, and had invented a new air, which, after the affected manner of the guild, he called 'Die Silberweise' [Silver Air]. Sixty years of uninterrupted productivity followed, during which he filled sixteen folios with mastersongs. These he never published, but kept for the use of the guild, of which he was the most zealous and distinguished member. But the strait-jacket of form imposed by the tedious rules of the "Tabulatur" impeded the free movement of the poet. The real Sachs is in the dramas and poetic tales. All are written in rhymed couplets. He read omnivorously, and chose his subjects from all regions of human interest and inquiry. He often treated the same theme in several forms. 'Die ungleichen Kinder Evā' [Eve's Unlike Children], for instance, he took from a prose fable of Melanchthon's and rendered in four different versions. It seeks to account for and justify the existence of class distinctions; and is perhaps the best as it is the most delightfully characteristic of all his compositions. It is one of the chief merits of Sachs that he purified the popular Fastnachtspiele [Shrovetide Plays]. Of these plays Nuremberg was the cradle; and those of Hans Sachs are by far the best that German literature has to show. He shunned the vulgarity that had characterized them; and made them the medium of his homely wisdom, of his humorous and shrewd observation of life, and of his simple philosophy. Each is a delicious *genre* picture of permanent historic interest.

As the Reformation advanced, there came a deeper tone into the poetry of Hans Sachs. He read Luther's writings as early as 1521, and two years later publicly avowed his adherence in the famous poem of 'Die Wittenbergisch Nachtigall' [The Nightingale of Wittenberg]. It was a powerful aid in the spread of Lutheran ideas. The dialogue, so closely allied in form with the drama, was a popular form of propaganda in that age; and the four dialogues that Sachs wrote are among his most important contributions to literature. Their influence was as great as that of Luther's own pamphlets; and in form they were inferior only to the brilliant and incisive dialogues of Hutten.

The impression made by Hans Sachs upon his time was ephemeral: his imitators were few and feeble; all literary traditions were obliterated by the Thirty Years' War. Goethe at last revived the popular interest in him by his poem, 'The Poetical Vocation of Hans Sachs'; and Wagner's beautiful characterization in 'The Mastersingers' has endeared him to thousands that have never read a single couplet from his pen. It is the manifest genuineness

of the man, his amiable roguishness, his shrewd practical sense, that give to his writings their vitality, and to his cheerful hobbling measures their best charm. But the appeal is not direct; one must project oneself back into the sixteenth century, and live the life of Nuremberg in her palmiest days. That city was for Hans Sachs the world; in this concentration of his mind upon his immediate surroundings lay at once his strength and his limitations. He is at his best when he relates what he has himself seen and experienced. His humorous pictures have a sparkling vivacity, beneath which lurks an obvious moral purpose. The popularity of these simply-conceited tales gives point to the description of the German peasant's condition at the time of the Reformation as "misery solaced by anecdote." It was such solace that Hans Sachs supplied in a larger quantity and of a better quality than any other man of his time. A grateful posterity, upon the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth, erected to his memory a stately statue in the once imperial city; and his humbler fame is as indissolubly associated with Nuremberg as is the renown of his greater contemporary.

"Not thy councils, not thy kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard."

CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

THE UNLIKE CHILDREN OF EVE: HOW GOD THE LORD TALKS TO THEM

ACT I

The Herald comes in, bows, and speaks

HEALTH and grace from God the Lord
Be to all who hear his Word,
Who come from far or come from near
This little comedy to hear,
Which first in Latin speech was done
By good Philippos Melanchthon;
And now I put in good plain speech,
That so the common folk it reach;
And thus I go without delay
In brief the Argument to say.

When Adam out of Paradise
Was driven after God's device,

And set to labor in the field,
Then God did of his mercy yield
And came to pay him a visit,
And trust and comfort him a bit;
And specially to better know
If obediently or no
His children feared their heavenly Lord,
And rightly studied in his Word.
And so without more preparation
He came and held examination.
And when the Lord did Abel find,
He and his lads quite pleased his mind,
And straightway blessed He him on earth,
And all who from him should get birth.
But when thereafter did the Lord
His brother Cain see and his herd,
He found them all so stupid dumb
And godless that they ne'er might come
Into his favor, but must live
In hardest toil if they would thrive
At all, and at all times must be
Subject to Abel's mastery.
At this did Cain so angry get,
While Satan stirred still more his fit,
That out he went and Abel slew,
For nothing less his wrath let do.
And then to punish him God said
That wheresoe'er on earth he fled,
He ne'er should find a resting-place.
But when the angels by God's grace
Good Abel's body had interred,
Then came to Adam and Eve the word
That Seth should in his place be born,
Whose death had left them all forlorn,
And comfort them in this world's pain,
And be through loss the greater gain.
And this you all shall straightway see
In speech and act conveniently.

[Here follows the scene in the house of the First Pair. Eve, alone, laments the hardships of her lot, driven from Paradise, and condemned to bear children in pain and to be obedient to her husband. Adam enters and asks the reason for her unhappy looks, and learns that she bemoans their being

doomed to live under the unending curse of the offended God. Adam comforts her with the assurance that after proper penance, God will pardon and restore them to happiness; and indeed that he has just heard from the angel Gabriel that the Lord will on the morrow pay them a visit.]

Tomorrow will the Lord arrive
 To look in and see how we thrive,
 And give us pleasant holiday,
 And leave his promise as I say;
 He'll look around the house to find
 If we do manage to his mind,
 And teach the children as they need
 To say their Bible and their Creed.
 So wash the children well, and dress
 Them up in all their comeliness,
 And sweep the house and strew the floor,
 That it may give him sweet odor,
 When God the Lord, so morn begin,
 With his dear angels shall walk in.

Eve speaks

O Adam, my beloved man,
 I will do all the best I can;
 If God the Lord will but come down,
 And cheer the heart that fears his frown.
 All praise to my Creator be,
 That so in mercy pitieth me.
 Quick will I make the children clean,
 And all the house fit to be seen
 By him who comes by morrow's light,
 That he may find it sweet and right,
 And so his blessing deign to leave.
 That so he'll do I hope and b'lieve.

Adam speaks

And where is Abel, my dear son?

Eve speaks

He out to feed the sheep is gone.
 Pious he is and fears his God,

Obedient to his every nod,
And with him do his children go,
Who are obedient also.

Adam speaks

And where is Cain, our other son,
That wretch for whom the halter's spun?

Eve speaks

Oh, when of him I hopeless think,
Woeful in me my heart does sink.
Belial's child, he's always done
The part of disobedient son.
When told to bring the wood from shed,
He cursed and out the house he fled;
And now with angry words and noise
Out in the street he fights the boys.
I can't endure him in the room:
Above him hangs each day his doom,
And with it I'm near overcome.

[Abel soon enters, and is asked by his mother to go and bring in Cain, from whom Abel fears violence. Encouraged by the news that the Lord is coming to visit them, Abel promises to go, and Adam thus closes the scene: —]

Adam speaks

So in the house we now will go,
And put it all in finest show,
To please God and the angels dear.
Sweet shall it smell and wear good cheer
With wreaths of green and May bedeckt
For the high Guests we dare expect.

[*They all go out.*]

ACT II

[This act represents Abel's interview with Cain; in which, later, Adam and Eve both take part, urging him to come and be washed and ready for the expected Visitor.]

Abel speaks

Cain, Cain, come quickly here with me.
That thou by mother washed mayst be!

Cain speaks

That fellow got well washed by me!
 And could they catch me now, thou'd see
 What sort of washing they'd me give!

Abel speaks

In quarrel wilt thou always live!
 I fear a murderer thou'lt grow!

Cain speaks

And if I should, I'd prove it so
 On thee, thou miserable knave!

Abel speaks

Tomorrow to our house draws near
 The Lord God with his angels dear;
 So come and let thyself be dressed
 To welcome him in all our best!

Cain speaks

The feast may go on high or low:
 I care not for it, but will go
 To play and with my comrades be. . . .
 Who says that God to us will come?

Abel speaks

The mother just sent word from home.

Cain speaks

The Lord stay up there where he is!

Abel speaks

How canst thou blaspheme God that way!
 That he will come do not we pray,
 And keep us safe from every ill?

Cain speaks

I too have prayed, when 'twas my will,
 But never that he should come near.

I take the life God gave us here,
But leave eternity to him.
Who knows what all up there may be!

Abel speaks

How dar'st thou speak so godlessly!
Hast thou no fear of endless hell?

Cain speaks

What thou dost call damnation's spell!
O boy, the father talketh so,
But little of it all I know.

Abel speaks

The more thou'rt likely to be there!

Cain speaks

Poor fool, thou mayest thy teaching spare!
I know quite well what I'll believe.
If God no angel wants to make me,
The Devil's glad enough to take me! . . .

Adam [calls]

Where art thou, Cain? Come quick to me!

Eve speaks

Come, Cain, thy father calls for thee.

Cain speaks

I'm sitting here: where should I be?

Adam speaks

Come, and be washed and combed and clean,
Fit by the Lord God to be seen,
To offer sacrifice and pray,
And hear what the good preachers say.

Cain speaks

Unwashed will I forsooth remain.
Just let those rogues catch me again,
My head will be in such a flood
That mouth and eyes shall run with blood!

Eve speaks

Just hear the idle fellow's speech:
What water can such vileness bleach?

Cain speaks

Yes, mother, there thou sayest truth!
But so I will remain forsooth.

Eve speaks

Then, Abel, come and washèd be
With the other sons, obediently.
And when the Lord God shall come in,
Stand thou before him pure and clean.
And then the Lord will find out Cain,
Where he all careless doth remain,
With those who to rebel incline,
And live as stupid as the swine:
There be they in the straw and rot —
A ragged, miserable lot.

Abel speaks

Mother, unto my God and thee
I ever will obedient be;
With all good children will I strive
To please thee all the days I live.

ACT III

Enter Adam and Eve, and afterward Abel and Cain

Adam speaks

Eva, is the house set right,
So that in the Master's sight
All shall fine and festive stand,
As I gave thee due command?

Eve speaks

In readiness was all arrayed
By time our vesper prayer was said.

Adam speaks

Children, behold the Lord draws near,
Surrounded by the angels dear;
Now stand all nicely in a row,
And when the Lord shall see you so,
Bow low and offer him the hand.
See how at the very end do stand
Cain and his gallows-doomèd herd,
As if to flee before their Lord.

The Lord enters with two Angels, gives Adam his blessing, and speaks

Peace, little ones, be to you all!

Adam raises his hand and speaks

O Father mine, who art in heaven,
We thank thee for this mercy given,
That thou in all our need and pain
Shouldst deign to visit us again.

Eve raises her hand and speaks

O thou true Father and true God,
Wherein have we deserved this lot?
That thou so graciously shouldst come
And visit this our humble home?

[The pious salutations continue; Adam bidding all his sons to offer the word of welcome, beginning with Cain, who offers the Lord his left hand, and forgets to take off his hat. Then follows the greeting of Abel and all the good children, including Seth, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, and Lamech; each one repeating in turn a petition out of the Lord's Prayer, concluding with Lamech's: —]

Deliver us from evil, through
That blessed Seed thou'st promised true: Amen.

The Lord speaks

Abel, what means that word "Amen" ?

Abel speaks

That we may be assurèd then
That God will do our prayer, without
We yield to unbelieving doubt.

The Lord speaks

Seth, tell me how on earth ye know
That all ye pray will be heard so?

Seth speaks

We know it by thy promise sure,
Which ever faithful must endure;
For since the God of truth thou art,
Thy word is done at very start.

The Lord speaks

Jared, when God acts not so swift,
What shall a man do in the rift?

Jared speaks

Hope must he still in God's good word,
And trust him to his gracious Lord,
That in good time he'll find a way
Wherein his mercy to display. . . .

[So continues the catechizing on the Lord's Prayer; which being ended, that on the Ten Commandments is taken up.]

The Lord speaks

Abel, the First Commandment say!

Abel speaks

To one God shalt thou bow and pray,
Nor any strange God have in mind.

The Lord speaks

And in that word what dost thou find?

Abel speaks

God above all we honor must;
Fear him and love, and in him trust.

The Lord speaks

And Seth, how reads the Second Law?

Seth speaks

Thy God's name must thou have in awe,
And never speak in vanity.

[The children rehearse and explain the Ten Commandments in their turn.
Then follows in like manner the recitation and explanation of the Creed.]

The Lord speaks

Your answers are in all ways good;
Ye speak as pious children should.
Ye now may show me if as right
Ye can the holy Creed recite.

[They all say Yes.]

The Lord speaks

Let each in turn his portion say.

Abel speaks

I b'lieve in God of highest worth,
Maker of heaven and the earth.

Seth speaks

The Saviour too in faith I own,
Who was from heaven to earth sent down.
The head of Satan bruised he,
And so the human race set free.

Jared speaks

I trust too in the Holy Ghost,
Who peace and comfort giveth most.

Enoch speaks

And I in holy Church believe,
Who shall in heaven her place receive.

Methuselah speaks

All sins' forgiveness do we know,
For the good Lord hath promised so.

Lamech speaks

And that our bodies shall arise
And live forever in the skies.

The Lord speaks

Abel, what means in God t' have creed?

Abel speaks

That we to him in all our need
Commit ourselves, and on him rest
In heart and soul as Father best. . . .

The Lord speaks

What is the bodies' rising up?

Lamech speaks

When we have drainèd sorrow's cup,
From realm of death we free shall go,
The bliss of endless life to know.

The Lord speaks

Children, right well my Word ye know —
Now take ye heed therein to go.
Thereto shall ye my spirit share,
To teach and keep you free from care,

That so ye come above to live;
And here will I full blessing give:
On earth, health and prosperity,
That ye a mighty folk shall be,
As kings and priests and potentates
And learned preachers and prelates,
So that the world shall know your fame,
And every land admire your name.
Thereto your father's blessing take,
Which nevermore shall you forsake.

The Angel Raphael speaks

To God arise your praises let
With harp and song and glad quintette,
The while his grace and mercy stand
Displayed to man on every hand,
To guide you to the heavenly land.

[They all depart.]

ACT IV

[In this act Cain takes counsel with his evil companions Dathan, Nabal, Achan, Esau, Nimrod the Tyrant, and Satan the Devil, as to how they, who have always held the Lord's name and worship in contempt, shall answer his questions. Satan bids them instead to accept his rule and guidance, and assures them the possession of all worldly goods and pleasures in so doing. The Lord comes, but gets only twisted answers to his questions. After the Lord administers the Divine reproof for such godlessness and indifference, and warns these wicked children of the awful results of their profanity and idleness, he appoints Abel to the duty of instructing these his wicked brothers; and on his accepting the office with meek obedience, the angel Gabriel closes the Act with an exhortation to praise.]

ACT V

Enter Cain with Satan and speaks

My brother Abel is filled with glee
That he will now our bishop be.
The Lord with him will play great rôle
And give him over us control.
Him must we all in worship greet,
And be like slaves beneath his feet.

[Satan shows Cain that he, being the first-born, has the right to rule; and advises him to kill Abel. Cain admits that he has long had it in mind to do this. Abel entering asks Cain if they shall go and offer the sacrifice. As they are offering, the Lord comes and admonishes Cain, and departs. Abel kneels by his sacrifice.]

Cain, his brother, speaks

Brother, in swinging my flail about
My offering's fire have I put out;
But thine with fat of lambs flames high.

Abel speaks

In all be praised God's majesty,
Who life and good and soul doth give,
And by whose grace alone we live!

[Satan gives the sign to Abel; Cain strikes him down; Satan helps to conceal him, and flees. The Lord comes and speaks: —]

Cain, tell me where thy brother is!

Cain speaks

Shall I my brother's keeper be?
What is my brother's lot to me?

The Lord speaks

O Cain! Alas! What hast thou done?
Through heaven the voice of blood has run;
The earth the curse has understood,
In that she drank thy brother's blood!

Satan whispers in Cain's ear, and speaks

Now Cain, forever thou art mine,
And bitter martyr's lot is thine.
Within thy conscience endless pain
And biting grief without refrain.
The world for thee is all too small —
Thou art accursed by one and all.
God and mankind are now thy foe,
And all creation this shall show,

For thou thy brother's blood hast taken:
Hence be thou hated and forsaken;
Thy doom by no deed can be shaken.

Cain speaks

My sin is far too great that I
Should dare for God's forgiveness cry.
So must I wander on and on,
My life the prey of every one.

The Lord speaks

No, Cain: who deals to thee a blow
Shall seven times its misery know.
And so I put a mark on thee,
That none may do thee injury.

Satan leads Cain away, and speaks

Cain, hang thyself upon a tree,
Or else in water drownèd be;
That so thyself from pain thou save,
And I in thee a firebrand have.

[*They both depart.*]

[Adam and Eve now enter, weeping and lamenting the death of their good son. The Lord comforts them by ordering the angels to bury Abel's body, and by assuring them that Seth, who shall now be to them as their first-born, shall be the father of a blessed race.]

The Lord speaks

Till comes that day when shall be born
That holy Seed, of earth forlorn
And cursed with sin — the Saviour,
Whom every one shall bow before —
So ye to heavenly kingdom come,
And find with me eternal home.

[*They all depart.*]

The Herald comes and concludes

So is the Comedy at end,
And four good lessons may it send.

And first, all people that do live
 We see in Adam and in Eve.
 These are the fallen human race,
 Accursed by God and in disgrace,
 E'en as today we see it so.
 We all in misery do go,
 In sorrow eat our daily bread,
 As God the same hath truly said,
 And next in Abel may we see,
 Described and pictured cleverly,
 All people that do fear the Lord,
 And give good heed unto his word.
 And these by Holy Ghost do strive
 In love with fellow-man to live,
 In soul and body so to prove
 What is the heavenly Father's love,
 Whose mercy is to them always:
 That do they to God's thank and praise.
 Thirdly, however, by this Cain,
 The godless people are made plain,
 Who mock and jeer at holy grace,
 And faithless are in every place;
 By their own reason, flesh and blood,
 Taught what is right and what is good.
 And so they know no fear nor shame,
 And cast themselves in passion's flame;
 In sin and blasphemy forget
 What love hath God upon them set.
 To them it is but idle sport
 That men should bid them heed God's Word;
 And so with murder, envy, hate,
 On Satan's wicked will they wait.
 His word into their ear is blown,
 And safe he claims them as his own.
 Fourthly, in God we plainly see
 How great is his benignity;
 How he doth stoop to all mankind
 A way from sin and curse to find,
 Through that same holy Seed foretold
 To Adam and to Eve of old:
 And this is Christ, our Saviour Lord,
 Who by the heavenly Father's word
 From Mary's body has come forth,
 And crushed the serpent's head to earth.

By cruel death upon the cross
 He took away all wrath that was
 'Twixt God and man by Adam's fall,
 That we after earth's pain may all
 Forever come with him to live:
 That God may this in mercy give,
 When endless joy our soul awakes,
 With angels all, so prays Hans Sachs.

Translated by Frank Sewall

TALE. HOW THE DEVIL TOOK TO HIMSELF AN OLD WIFE

ONE day the Devil came to earth,
 To try what is a husband's worth:
 And so an aged wife he wed;
 Rich but not fair, it must be said.
 But soon as they two married were,
 There rose but wretchedness and fear.
 The old wife spent the livelong day
 In nagging him in every way;
 Nor could he rest when came the night,
 For so the fleas and bugs did bite.
 He thought, Sure here I cannot stay —
 To wood and desert I'll away;
 There shall I find the rest I need.
 So fled he out, and with all speed
 Into the wood, and sat him down
 Upon a tree, when passed from town
 A doctor with his traveling-sack
 Of remedies upon his back.
 To him the Devil now did speak: —
 "We both are doctors, and do seek
 Men of their troubles to relieve,
 And in one fashion, I believe."
 "Who are you?" then the doctor said. —
 "The Devil: and woe be on my head,
 That I have taken to me a wife,
 That makes a torment of my life;
 Therefore take me to be your slave,
 And I will handsomely behave."

He showed the doctor then the way
 That he his devilish arts could play.
 In short, they soon agreed, and so
 The Devil said: — "Now I will go
 Unto a burgher in your town,
 Who's rich enough to buy a crown:
 And I will give him such a pain
 That soon as you come by again,
 You enter in, and pray me out;
 That is, upon a ransom stout —
 Some twenty gulden fair laid down,
 At which the rich man will not frown.
 So then between yourself and me
 The money even shared shall be."

[The doctor obtaining thirty instead of twenty gulden for his reward, thought to deceive the Devil, and he offered him the ten gulden as his share, retaining the twenty for himself. The Devil to avenge himself purposes now to go and infest with pain the rich owner of a fortress near by; the doctor being called in to allay the dreadful pain in the baron's stomach, the Devil now refuses to come out. In this unlooked-for emergency, the doctor now bethinks himself of the Devil's wife: and running into the chamber he cries out to the Devil, telling him that his wife is down-stairs with a summons from the court of justice, bidding him return to his marital duty; whereupon the Devil is so frightened that he flees without more delay, and hastens back to hell and to his companions there, where he finds more rest than he could ever hope to in the house of the old woman he had taken as a wife. Thereupon the poet adds this: —]

CONCLUSION

By this tale every one shall know
 How it with man and wife will go,
 When every day there's quarreling,
 And neither yields in the least thing,
 But ever one the other scolds,
 In fear and hate and anger holds,
 With endless fretting and complaining,
 No peace nor sunshine entertaining.
 Truly such married life might be
 Of devils in hell for aught we see.
 From which may God keep us away.

And grant us rather in our day,
In marriage peace and unity,
And kindness's opportunity,
That to this virtue e'er may wax
True wedded love — so prays Hans Sachs.

July 13, 1557.

Translated by Frank Sewall

A NEW DAWN

(1650-1800)

THE termination of the Thirty Years' War left Germany at the lowest stage of political and moral degradation reached by any European nation since the Middle Ages. The crushing of the middle classes resulted in a total extinction of political and religious liberty; hence fashionable literature followed no canons of art, but was simply a means of currying favor with the great, as Opitz and Gottsched unblushingly confess. Yet the very hopelessness of this situation forced men of real feeling to seek their inspiration in nature and in their own souls. It was such men as Brockes, Haller, and Gellert, though their works are now little read, who began in this way the cultivation of the soil from which an incomparable harvest was presently to be reaped.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century, genuine progress toward material recovery and political strength had been made. A series of cultural centers grew up around the courts of art-loving princes; having no native culture that could command respect, they looked almost exclusively to France for their models both of conduct and of spiritual creation, but they at least succeeded in building up traditions of respect for esthetic values and of pride in intellectual achievement.

Meanwhile, a grasping and ambitious race, transplanted to a little northern state, had begun to lay a political foundation on which a new union of the German-speaking peoples was eventually to be erected. The first important ruler of the Hohenzollern dynasty, called the Great Elector (1640-1688), began that striking series of autocratic régimes which came to a close only in 1918. Passionate believers in the divine right of kings, they also cherished a high conception of the monarch's duty toward the State. No more hard-working monarchs ever lived, probably, than that brutal tyrant Frederick William I (1713-1740) and his son Frederick II, called the Great. Moreover, it is probably correct to say that the only salvation for the German people in that age lay in a benevolent autocracy such as the Hohenzollerns embodied.

The great revival of German letters—the most striking literary phenomenon of the eighteenth century—will, however, be forever associated with the name of Frederick, despite the fact that he himself spoke and wrote only French, expressed nothing but contempt for the best German writers of his day, and remained personally wholly aloof from the development which he was powerless to direct or to check. But it was he who by the signal mili-

tary and political triumphs which he wrested from a world leagued against him heightened the patriotism and self-esteem of Germans everywhere. Frederick's first political triumph, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was achieved in the very year (1748) in which the youthful Klopstock published the first three cantos of his 'Messias' — that work which signalized the emancipation of German letters from the leading-strings of French pseudo-classicism. Soon Wieland and Lessing added their voices to the swelling chorus of truly national utterance: the way was clear for the free unfolding of the German spirit in the deathless creations of Goethe and Schiller.

HISTORICAL EVENTS

- 1658 Leopold I emperor
- 1664 Germans win the battle of St. Gotthard against the Ottomans
- 1674 War between Austria and France
- 1683 Turks and Hungarians besiege Vienna and are defeated
- 1688 Louis of France declares war on the Empire
- 1690 Joseph I elected King of the Romans
- 1697 Battle of Zenta: Prince Eugene defeats Mustapha
- 1699 Peace of Karlowitz: Ottoman power broken
- 1701 Prussia made kingdom: beginning of Hohenzollern dynasty
- 1711 Charles VI emperor
- 1713 Frederick William I ascends Prussian throne

LITERARY DATES

- 1700 Gottsched born
- 1724 Kant and Klopstock born
- 1729 Haller, *Die Alpen*
Lessing born
- 1730 Gottsched, *Versuch einer kritischen Dichtkunst*
- 1733 Wieland born

HISTORICAL EVENTS

LITERARY DATES

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1740 Maria Theresa succeeds to Austrian crown; War of Austrian Succession; Frederick II ascends the throne of Prussia</p> <p>1756 Seven Years' War begins: Prussia and England against Austria and France</p> <p>1763 Peace of Paris</p> <p>1776 Hessian mercenaries sent to America</p> <p>1786 Death of Frederick II</p> <p>1792 War with France begins</p> <p>1797 Napoleon's campaign in Austria</p> | <p>1748-73 Klopstock, <i>Messias</i>
 1749 Goethe born
 1756-72 Gessner, <i>Idyls</i></p> <p>1759 Schiller born
 1762-66 Wieland, translation of Shakespeare</p> <p>1766 Lessing, <i>Laocoön</i>
 1767 Lessing, <i>Minna von Barnhelm</i>
 1773 Goethe, <i>Götz von Berlichingen</i>
 1774 Goethe, <i>Sorrows of Werther</i>
 Bürger, <i>Lyrics</i></p> <p>1779 Lessing, <i>Nathan the Wise</i>
 1780 Wieland, <i>Oberon</i>
 1781 Kant, <i>Critique of Pure Reason</i>
 Schiller, <i>The Robbers</i>
 Voss, translation of the <i>Odyssey</i></p> <p>1784 Schiller, <i>Love and Intrigue</i>
 1784-91 Herder, <i>Philosophy of History</i></p> <p>1787 Goethe, <i>Iphigenie</i>
 Schiller, <i>Don Carlos</i>
 1788 Herder, <i>Folk-songs</i>
 1790 Goethe, <i>Torquato Tasso</i></p> <p>1796 Goethe, <i>Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship</i></p> <p>1799 Schiller, <i>Wallenstein</i>
 1800 Schiller, <i>Mary Stuart</i></p> |
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FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK¹

IT is from Friedrich Klopstock, born at Quedlinburg on July 2, 1724, that we may justly date the revival of German letters, the growth of national consciousness in the German-speaking lands, and the emancipation of German poetry from slavish dependence on foreign models. As early as his school-days at Schulpforta he conceived the grandiose plan of an epic that should restore to German literature its long-lost glory.

It was in 1748, the year in which Frederick the Great, in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, achieved his first political triumph, that Klopstock, in the first three cantos of his 'Messias,' sounded that morning call of joyous idealism and exalted individualism which was to be the dominant note of the best in all modern German literature. The magic spell which the name of Klopstock exercised upon all aspiring minds of the middle of the eighteenth century has been vividly described by Goethe, in Werther's account of the thunder-storm which he and Lotte observed together. "In the distance the thunder was dying away; a glorious rain fell gently upon the land, and the most refreshing perfume arose to us out of the fullness of the warm air. She stood leaning upon her elbow; her glance penetrated the distance, she looked heavenward and upon me; I saw her eyes fill with tears; she laid her hand upon mine, and said — 'Klopstock!' I at once remembered the beautiful ode 'Die Frühlingsfeier' [The Spring Festival] which was in her mind, and lost myself in the torrent of emotions which rushed over me with this name."

On the other hand, Schiller has well expressed the limitations of Klopstock's genius, when in trying to define his place among modern poets he says: "His sphere is always the realm of ideas, and he makes everything lead up to the infinite. One might say that he robs everything that he touches of its body in order to turn it into spirit, whereas other poets seek to clothe the spiritual with a body." It is undoubtedly this lack of plastic power, this inability to create living, palpable beings, which prevented Klopstock from attaining the high artistic ideal which his first great effusions seemed to prophesy. The older he grew, the more he withdrew from the actual world, the more he surrounded himself with the halo of superhuman experiences, the more he insisted on describing the indescribable and expressing the inexpressible; until at last the same man whose first youthful utterances had set free mighty forces of popular passion was intelligible only to a few adepts initiated into the mysteries of his artificial, esoteric language.

¹ A portion of this sketch is drawn from the author's work, 'Social Forces in German Literature,' by the kind permission of its publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. of New York.

And yet it is easy to see that it was precisely through this exaggerated and overstrained spirituality that Klopstock achieved the greatest of his work. He would never have produced the marvelous impression upon his contemporaries which he did produce, had he attempted to present life as it is. That task had been done by the realistic comedy and novel of the seventeenth century. What was needed at Klopstock's time was a higher view of human existence, the kindling of larger emotions, the pointing out of loftier aims. A man was needed who should give utterance to that religious idealism which, though buried under the ruins of popular independence, was nevertheless the one vital principle of Protestantism not yet extinct; a man who, through an exalted conception of nationality, should inspire his generation with a new faith in Germany's political future; a man who, by virtue of his own genuine sympathy with all that is human in the noblest sense, and through his unwavering belief in the high destiny of mankind, should usher in a new era of enlightened cosmopolitanism. It was Klopstock's spirituality which enabled him to assume this threefold leadership; and the immeasurable services rendered by him in this capacity to the cause of religion, fatherland, and humanity may well make us forget the artistic shortcomings by which they were accompanied.

Klopstock led German literature, from the narrow circle of private emotions and purposes to which the absolutism of the seventeenth century had come near confining it, into the broad realm of universal sympathy. He was the first great freeman since the days of Luther. He addressed himself to the whole nation; nay, to all mankind. And by appealing to all that is grand and noble; by calling forth those passions and emotions which link the human to the divine; by awakening the poor down-trodden souls of men who thus far had known themselves only as the subjects of princes to the consciousness of their moral and spiritual citizenship, he became the prophet of that invisible republic which now for over a century and a half was the ideal counterpart in German life of a stern monarchical reality.

From the esthetic point of view, Klopstock is above all a master of musical expression. His odes — in which he celebrates nature, friendship, freedom, fatherland — remind us of Richard Wagner in the boldness of their rhythmic effects and in their irresistible appeal to passionate emotion. Even his great religious epic, 'Der Messias' [The Messiah], is not so much an epic as a high-pitched musical composition. Reality of events, clearness of motive, naturalness of character, directness of style — these are things for which in most parts of the poem we look in vain. Throughout its twenty cantos we constantly circle between heaven, hell, and earth, without at any given moment seeming to know where we are; and instead of straightforward action we often must be satisfied with a portentous glance, an effusive prayer, or a mysterious sigh. But these defects of the 'Messiah' as an epic poem are offset by an extraordinary wealth of lyric motives. Indeed, the narrative part of the poem should be looked upon merely as the recitative element of an oratorio, connecting those

passages with each other in which the composition rises to its height — the arias and choruses. Nearly every important speech in the 'Messiah' is a lyric song, and at least one entire canto — the twentieth — is given over to choral effects: from beginning to end this canto is a succession of crowds of jubilant souls thronging about the Redeemer, as he slowly pursues his triumphal path through the heavens, until at last he ascends the throne and sits at the right hand of the Father. It would be hard to imagine a more impressive *finale* than this bursting of the universe into a mighty hymn of praise echoing from star to star, and embracing the voices of all zones and ages; and it is indeed strange that a poet who was capable of such visions as these should have been taken to task by modern critics for not having concerned himself more closely with actual conditions.

Klopstock's withdrawal from the world of present-day reality was in part due to the Francophile tendencies of Frederick the Great, who had no understanding of his genius, and whose indifference Klopstock felt with increasing bitterness. So it was not without significance that the generosity of a foreign prince, Frederick V of Denmark, gave the poet that leisure and freedom from pecuniary anxiety which the completion of the 'Messiah' required. The last cantos were published in 1773, a quarter of a century later than its beginning. They added little to his fame or reputation, for his great work was already done. In his odes he had broken away from the pedantic rhyming of the poetasters, and had shown the possibilities of the classic rhythms; in the 'Messiah' he had adapted the classical hexameter to the German tongue, and paved the way for Voss's Homer and Goethe's 'Hermann und Dorothea.'

Always conscious of the high calling of the poet, Klopstock also aroused the German people to an appreciation of their past and to their glorious hopes for the future, showed them the beauties and capacities of their own language, in the very teeth of Frederick's neglect and contempt, and was a potent force in that bloodless revolution which found expression in the 'Storm and Stress' and in German Romanticism. Though he had lived the life of a recluse at Hamburg for many years before his death on March 14, 1803, the entire nation rose in his honor, and gave him a final tribute of esteem and affection that is almost unparalleled in the history of German letters.

Klopstock was a true liberator. He was the first among modern German poets who drew his inspiration from the depth of a heart beating for all humanity. He was the first among them greater than his works. By putting the stamp of his own wonderful personality upon everything that he wrote or did — by lifting himself, his friends, the objects of his love and veneration, into the sphere of extraordinary spiritual experiences — he raised the ideals of his age to a higher pitch; and although his memory has been dimmed through the greater men who came after him, the note struck by him still vibrates in the finest chords of the life of today.

KUNO FRANCKE

THE ROSE-WREATH

I FOUND her by the shady rill;
 I bound her with a wreath of roses:
 She felt it not, but slumbered on.

I looked on her; and in that look
 My life with hers forever blended:
 I felt it, but I knew it not.

I spoke some lispings, broken words,
 And rustled light the wreath of roses:
 Then from her slumber she awoke.

She looked on me; and in that look
 Her life with mine forever blended,
 And round us it was Paradise.

1753

THE SUMMER NIGHT

WHEN o'er the woods that sleep below,
 The moonbeam pours her gentle light,
 And odors of the lindens flow
 On the cool airs of night—

Thoughts overshadow me of the tomb,
 Where my beloved rest. I see
 In the deep forest naught but gloom;
 No blossom breathes to me.

Such nights, ye dead, with you I passed!
 How cool and odorous streamed the air!
 The moonbeams then, so gently cast,
 Made Nature's self more fair!

THE 'MESSIAH'

Canto I, lines 395-568

SEVEN times now had the thunder the sacred darkness divided;
 Softly earthward descended the voice of the Father Eternal:
 "God is love. For Myself preceded the life of My creatures;
 When I created the worlds, I was God. And now in completing

This my sublimest, mysterious act, I am God the Creator.
But ye shall through the death of My Son, the Judge of all nations,
Wholly learn to know Me, and pray new prayers to the Awesome.
Did not the arm of the Judge uphold you, in merely beholding
This great Death, ye would yield up your lives: because ye are mortal.”

Silent then was the placable God. And deep admiration
Folded before Him its holy hands. Now he beckoned Eloa,
And that seraph, aware of the words in the face of Jehovah,
Turned and spake to the hosts of heavenly hearers assembled:

“Gaze upon God eternal, ye fore-ordained ones, ye righteous,
Born to salvation. O read His heart, for ye were the dearest
Thought of His thoughts, when first He conceived of the Saviour’s redemption.
Heartily have ye desired, and God Himself is your witness,
Long to behold the day of salvation, to see His Messiah.
Blessings on you, beloved of the Lord and born of the Spirit!
Shout, O children, ye view the Father, the Being of beings!
Lo, he is Alpha, Omega, the God of eternal compassion!
He who exists from eternity, passeth all men’s understanding,
God, Jehovah, descends to speak with you here like a father.
For this message of peace, sent forth by Christ the Redeemer,
Has for your sake come hither, descended upon the high altar.
Were ye not chosen to see and witness this mighty atonement,
O, then had they decreed it afar, in remotest seclusion,
Secret, alone, and inscrutable. But, O ye earth-born children,
Ye shall accomplish the days with rapture, with shouting eternal;
We with you. We fain would behold, in its hidden completeness,
All your divine salvation, and with much more illumined perception
We shall receive these mysteries than your Redeemer’s disciples,
Pious, loud-weeping friends, who still are astray in the darkness.
As for his lost persecutors! Be sure, long since the Almighty
Rubbed their names from the books of the blest; but to His redeemed ones
Light divine doth He send. And they shall the blood of redemption
See no more with tear-streaming eyes. Nay, they shall behold it,
See how its stream, before them, is lost in the life-stream unending.
O, then shall they enjoy, in the bosom of peace, consolation,
Celebrate feasts of the light and of infinite rest in their triumph.
Ye, Seraphim, and ye souls, the ransomed sires of the Saviour,
Do ye commence eternity’s feasts! They begin from this moment
On into endless time. Those children of earth still unransomed,
Race upon race of them, all unto you will together be gathered,
Till one day in perfection, and brightly robed in new bodies,
After the Judgment is spoken they meet in a bliss never-ending.
Go meanwhile from our midst, ye exalted throne-dwelling angels,

Say to the rulers of God's creations that they shall prepare them
 Now to take part in the feast of these days, sublime and mysterious.
 Pious ones of the races of men, ye sires of the Saviour —
 For from that frame of mortality, left by you to corruption
 As ye mature for the Resurrection, is born the Messiah,
 He who is God and man — to you is that joy also given
 Which alone in Himself, from out His feeling of Godhead,
 God can perfectly feel; to the sun haste, spirits immortal,
 For he illumines the sphere of creation! From hence in the distance
 Shall ye behold your Son's and Redeemer's acts of atonement.
 Down the sun-path make your descent! From all of her regions
 Far-flung Nature will greet your sight with fresh-blooming beauty.
 For Jehovah Himself, on the lapse of these centuries traversed,
 Wishes a day of God's peace, a second and loftier Sabbath,
 For His refreshment. Far more sublime than that other and former
 Sabbath hallowed in song by yourselves, ye spirit creations,
 Hosts of the Seraphs, that day which ye, at the close of Creation,
 Once did celebrate all as a rest-day. Ye know it, O Spirits,
 How all Nature in new and lovely charm of appearance
 Rose to view, how together with you the stars of the morning
 Bowed down before Him, their Maker. But now behold, His Messiah,
 E'en His immortal Son, much greater deeds will accomplish.
 Haste, proclaim it to all Creation! His Sabbath arises
 Now with the free obedience, the passion and death of the Saviour.
 God proclaims it the day of His covenant, deathless forever."

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Now had the Cherubim all from Heaven in triumph departed,
 Taking their several ways with speed through the regions celestial.
 Gabriel floated alone to descend on this dwelling of mortals,
 Which the environing cluster of transient, bright constellations
 Greeted with silent salute in the light of their morning eternal.
 Round about him resounded the while its new appellations.
 Gabriel heard them, these names: "Thou queen of terrestrial dwellings,
 Center of mortal gaze, beloved friend of high Heaven,
 Second abode of the glory of God, thou witness immortal
 Destined to view those deeds of Messiah, sublime and transcendent!"
 Thus resounded the void and re-echoed the voices of angels.
 Gabriel heard, yet to earth with swift-winged flight he descended.

Slumber and coolness refreshing as yet was abroad in the valleys,
 Silent, darksome, clustering clouds still were veiling the mountains.
 Gabriel strode through the night and sought with glances of longing
 God the Redeemer. At last he found Him in humble surroundings,

There in a valley between the heights of the Mountain of Olives.
Buried deep in reflection here, the Man of Atonement
Finally sank to repose, the steep rock forming His pillow.
Gabriel saw Him lying in peaceful slumber before him,
Stood there wondering still and steadily gazed on His beauty,
Beauty born of the union of mortal form with the Godhead.
Peaceful love, and the traces of smiles divine, full of mercy,
Gentle grace, and the tears of ever steadfast compassion
Showed in His face, as He slumbered, the spirit that loveth its children;
Yet through the gestures of sleep this vivid impression was clouded.
Thus doth a wandering seraph behold the earth in its blooming,
Half-unrecognized, lying beneath him in evenings of springtime,
E'en when the evening-star ascends its lone course through the heavens,
Luring the sage from his twilight bower to go forth and admire it.
Now after long contemplation the seraph at last thus addressed him:

“O Thou God, whose omniscience spreads far and wide through the
heavens,
Thou who hearest my voice, though Thy body of earth lie in slumber,
All Thy commandments I swiftly performed with devoted attention.
And as I did so, behold, the first of all men did inform me
How he Thy face to behold, immortal Redeemer, was longing.
Now therefore will I haste, for so Thy great Father commanded,
Leaving this place, to return and to join in the joy of atonement.
Silent remain, meanwhile, O near Creation! the fleeting
Moments of this brief space, the while your Creator is by you,
Must be more precious to you than all those centuries, during
Which ye served mankind with zeal and with busy devotion.
Hush, ye clamors of air, in this desolation of grave-mounds,
Or ye must softly arise with quiet and quivering murmur.
And thou, proximate cloud, O drop with a quiet more peaceful
Into the cooling shadows the balm from thy health-giving bosom.
Rustle not, cedar, and hush, O grove, by the sleeping Creator!”

Thus died away with its tones of concern the voice of the seraph.
And he hurried to join yon assembly of hallowèd watchers,
Who, with the counsel of God and in His great providence secret,
All in mystic stillness with Him o'er the earth are commanding.
These even now he would tell, ere yet to the sun upward soaring,
Tell that desire of the spirits blest, the approaching atonement,
Also proclaiming the Sabbath ordained by the Saviour, the Victim.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

IMMANUEL KANT

THE external events of the life of Immanuel Kant are neither numerous nor startling. He was born in Königsberg in East Prussia, April 22, 1724. He died in his native place on February 12, 1804. He never traveled beyond about a distance of sixty miles from the city; was never occupied except as scholar, private tutor, university official, and writer. He saw very little of the great world at any time. He was not celebrated, in any national sense, until he was nearly sixty years of age. His personal relations were for the most part, and until his later years, almost as restricted as his material circumstances. He was in all the early part of his life decidedly poor. By dint of very strict economy he acquired a moderate amount of property before his death, but he was never rich. He carefully avoided all roads to purely worldly position or power. Yet by dint of intellectual prowess, fortified by a profound moral earnestness — although one somewhat coldly austere — he acquired an influence over the thought, first of his country, and then of Europe, which has been in many ways transforming. Amongst philosophical thinkers he stands in the first rank in the very small group of those philosophers who can be regarded as genuine originators. As an original thinker, in fact, he is the only modern philosopher who can be put beside Plato and Aristotle. Other modern thinkers have represented individual ideas of more or less independence and importance; Kant alone has the honor of having transformed by his work some of the most fundamental tendencies of modern speculation.

Of Kant the man, numerous characterizations have been given by his friends and admirers. Most of these accounts relate especially to his appearance and life in his later years. Of his youth we know much less. On his father's side Kant was of Scottish descent, his grandparents having emigrated from Scotland to East Prussia. Kant's parents were members of the Pietistic party in the Lutheran Church, and Kant's early education was thus under influences decidedly emotional in their religious character — although the poverty, the hard labor, and the sterling character of his parents prevented the wasting of time in devotional extravagances such as often characterized the Pietistic movement; and the philosopher later looked back upon his early training not only with a deep feeling of devotion, but with a genuine intellectual respect. The family was large. There were three sons and seven daughters. One of Kant's brothers later became a minister. One of the sisters survived the philosopher. But six of the children died young; and Immanuel himself inherited a delicate constitution which had a great deal to do, in later years, both with the sobriety and with the studious contemplativeness of his life's

routine. At eight years of age, Kant attended the *gymnasium* called the Fredericianum, in Königsberg. Here he spent eight years and a half, much under the eye and the influence of the director of the *gymnasium*, Dr. F. A. Schultz — Pietist, professor of theology, and pastor. Schultz was a scholarly, independent, and extremely active man, severe as a disciplinarian, stimulating as a thinker and worker. As Kant himself grew into youth, he formed literary ambitions, showed skill as a Latin writer and reader, but gave no evidences as yet of philosophical tendencies. He was not regarded as an especially promising boy: he is said to have been sensitive; he was certainly weak in body and small in stature. He entered the University in 1740; struggled with poverty and pedantry for about four years; was influenced by the philosophical teaching, especially of Martin Knutzen; and earned some necessary means as private tutor. A familiar anecdote of his university period relates that Kant occasionally was obliged to borrow clothing from his friends while his own was mending; and the story adds that on such occasions the friend might be obliged to stay at home himself. In any case, Kant's university life is described as one of few recreations and of pretty constant labor. Its result was seen at once after graduation, however, in the somewhat ambitious publication with which Kant's literary career opened. This was a study of the then current problem of the theory of kinetic forces—or "living forces," as in the terminology of that time the title-page of this essay calls them. The essay was at once philosophical and quasi-mathematical. It was not in any positive sense an important contribution to the discussion; but it was obviously the work of a man in earnest. It was written in a spirit that combined in an attractive way ambition and modesty; and it contained in one passage a somewhat prophetic statement of the course that Kant had laid out for himself.

Kant's mother died in 1737. In 1746 his father followed. The years immediately subsequent to his university course, and to the publication of the foregoing treatise, were passed as private tutor; and it was at the beginning of this period that Kant traveled farthest from his native city. Our philosopher's work as tutor in private families was of considerable advantage for his knowledge of the world, and brought him into contact with somewhat distinguished local magnates. Nine years in all were passed in this occupation.

The year 1755 begins a new and important period of Kant's career. In this year he became tutor, or "Privat-docent" at the University, defended a dissertation upon metaphysics as he took his place in the University, and published a treatise on the 'Natural History and Theory of the Heavens.' In the latter essay he not only showed in various ways the most important features of his earlier methods of work, but had the honor of forestalling Lambert and Laplace in a number of suggestions, which have since become famous, relating to the evolution of the solar system. From this moment dates a long continued and extremely laborious effort towards self-development. As a university teacher, Kant was singularly successful. His range of lectures was

large. Physical science, and especially physical geography, logic, and metaphysics were prominent among his topics. Affiliated at first with the then current highly formal and dogmatic Wolffian philosophy of the universities, Kant was from the outset an essentially independent expositor of doctrine, and soon became more and more an independent thinker. He united the necessarily somewhat pedantic method due to his own early training with a marvelous humanity of spirit, and much brilliancy of expression as a lecturer. Some of his students listened with great enthusiasm. Herder, who attended his lectures in 1762 and 1763, never forgot, even in the midst of a bitter opposition which years later grew up in his mind towards Kant, the early influence of the master upon him. At the time or near it, the young Herder could hardly use expressions too enthusiastic concerning his master. "Heavenly hours" he names the time spent in such instruction. Kant, he tells us, unites learning and depth in the finest fashion with something resembling "the humor of 'Tristram Shandy.'" He is a profound observer "in the pathology of our mind," he shows "a creative philosophical imagination," and has his own Socratic method of bringing everything into relation with man. In esthetic as in ethical directions Herder finds his teacher equally great. Kant is "altogether a social observer, altogether a finished philosopher, a philosopher of humanity, and in this humane philosophy a German Shaftesbury."

Some amongst Kant's writings belonging to this period show literary powers which make this enthusiastic characterization more intelligible than the writings of his later period would serve to do. Kant had unquestionably the power to become a popular writer of distinction, if not of extraordinary rank. But he was disposed to sacrifice his literary gifts for the sake of a cause which as the years went by became constantly dearer to him. For worldly distinction he had small desire. University advancement came to him very slowly. Official favor he did not seek. His work as a teacher was always precious to him. But most of all he prized what he once called his mistress, namely Metaphysics. At certain central problems he worked with a constantly increasing devotion and intensity. His own contributions to philosophy became during the years between 1762 and 1766 somewhat numerous: but he himself, even at the time, made comparatively little of them; for he found them fragmentary, and as he himself says, regarded philosophical insight as an ideal whole, in which very little could be accomplished unless that whole were surveyed at a glance. Of his own development during these years, the philosopher himself has given us some indications in notes preserved among his papers. "Of my science," he says (namely, of philosophy), "I taught at first what most appealed to me. I attempted to make some contributions of my own to the common treasury; in other respects I attempted to correct errors: yet all the while I expected to extend the dogmas of tradition. But when one attempts with real earnestness to find truth, one spares at last not even his own productions. One submits everything that one has learned or has believed to a thorough-going criticism;

and so it slowly came to pass that I found my entire dogmatic theory open to fundamental objections." Later on, Kant declared that he regarded all his metaphysical writings as rendered entirely worthless by his later critical philosophy. Thus unsparingly did the great critic assail his own thought first and most of all. He was even aware that in doing so he deliberately adopted, in his later treatises, a method of exposition that lacked all literary charms. "My method," he says in notes relating to his later style, "is not very much disposed to enchain the reader or to please him. My writings seem scholastic, dryly contemplative — yes, even meager, and far enough from the tone of genius. It seems, to be sure, as if there were nothing more tasteless than metaphysics; but the jewels that are beauty's adornment lay once in dark mines, or at least were seen only in the dim workshop of the artist."

The fruits of Kant's long labors ripened first in the year 1781, when he published his 'Critique of Pure Reason,' the most famous philosophical treatise of the last two centuries. This theoretical treatise was followed by a more popular exposition of a portion of the doctrine of the 'Critique' itself in 1783. To this more popular exposition, which also contained extensive replies to critics, Kant gave the name of 'Prolegomena to Every Future Metaphysic.' In 1785 and 1788 he published works bearing on his ethical doctrine; in 1790 a philosophical treatise upon esthetics, and upon the presence of design in nature; in 1793 appeared an 'Essay upon the Philosophy of Religion.' During the years between 1781 and 1795 Kant also printed a large number of philosophical papers upon various subjects, ethical, historical, and polemical. The long period of preparation had thus given place to a time of great philosophical activity; but after 1795 the now aged philosopher began to feel the effects of his always delicate constitution with rapidly increasing severity. He grew unable to follow the current discussions which his own writings had by this time provoked. He planned a large philosophical work which was to set the crown upon his systematic labors; but he was unable to give this treatise any final form. His last few years were beset with increasing physical infirmity and mental ineffectiveness, although he preserved to the last his high moral courage and his rigid self-control. At the end he wasted away, and died of marasmus in 1804.

In person Kant was small and spare, weak of muscle, and scarcely five feet high. His cheeks were sunken, his cheek-bones high, his chest was small; his shoulders were slightly deformed. His forehead was high, narrow at the base and broad at the top. His head was decidedly large in proportion to the rest of his body; and the capacity of his skull, as measured in 1880 (when his remains were transferred to a chapel raised in his honor), was declared to be uncommonly great. The physical habits of Kant have been often described in works of literary gossip. What especially attracts attention is that rigid regularity of routine which was determined by the philosopher's sensitive health. His constitution was intolerant of medicine; and he early learned that he

could combat his numerous minor infirmities only by careful diet, by mental self-control (in which he acquired great skill), and by strict habit of life. His care extended to his breathing, in an almost Oriental fashion. He cured his pains, on occasion, by control over his attention; and by the same means he worked successfully against sleeplessness. He was troubled with defective vision; and in general he narrowly escaped hypochondriac tendencies by virtue of a genuinely wholesome cheerfulness of intellectual temper. In intellectual matters themselves Kant was always characterized by an extraordinary power of thoughtful analysis; by a strenuous disposition to pursue, without haste and without rest, any line of inquiry which had once engaged his attention; by keen suspicion of all his instincts and acquired presuppositions; and by a somewhat fatalistic willingness to wait as long as might be necessary for light. No thinker ever had originality more obviously thrust upon him by the situation, and by his unwearied devotion to his task. From the outset, indeed, he had a sense that his work was destined to have important results; but this sense was something very far different from vanity, and was accompanied by none of that personal longing for brilliancy and originality which has determined for good or for ill the life-work of so many literary men and thinkers. Not naturally an iconoclast, Kant was driven by his problems to become one of the most revolutionary of thinkers. Not naturally an enthusiast, he was led to results which furnished the principal philosophical food for the most romantic and emotional age of modern German literature. Devoted at the outset to the careful exposition of doctrines which he had accepted from tradition, Kant was led by the purely inner and normal development of his work to views extraordinarily independent.

The process of his thought constitutes as it were one long and connected nature process, working with the fatal necessity of the ebb and flow of the tide, and is as independent of his personal caprices as of the merely popular tendencies of the period in which he grew up. Yet when Frederick Schlegel later classed the thinkers of pure reason with the French Revolution, as one of the characteristic processes of the century, he expressed a view which the student of intellectual life can well appreciate and easily defend. But the expression suggests not alone the importance of the critical philosophy, but also its character as a sort of natural development of the whole intellectual situation of that age.

Morally speaking, Kant was characterized by three features. Of these the first is his relatively cool intellectual attitude towards all problems. He has no sympathy with romantic tendencies; although later many a romantic soul came to sympathize profoundly with him. He is opposed to mysticism of every form; and not so much suspects the emotions of human nature, as clearly sees what he takes to be their essential and fundamental capriciousness. The second trait is a thorough regard for lawfulness of action. Reasonable guidance is for him the only possible guidance. Emotions must deceive; the plan of life

is as a plan alone worthy of consideration. Kant has small interest in noble sentiments, but very great natural respect for large and connected personal and social undertakings, when guided by ideas. The third characteristic of the philosopher, in this part of his nature, is that sincerely cheerful indifference to fortune which made him, amidst all his frequently keen criticism of the weakness of human nature and of the vanities of life, withal a critic who just escapes pessimism by dint of his assurance that, after all, reason must triumph in the universe. Kant was a fine observer of human nature, and as such was fond of lecturing on what we might call the comparative psychology of national and social types. He was widely read in the anthropological literature of his day. Accordingly, his observations on man's moral nature, in his lectures as in his published treatises, often show the breadth of reading and the humane shrewdness of judgment which were the source of the charm that the young Herder so richly found in his teaching. Yet Kant's accounts of human nature, without being cynical, always appear somewhat coldly disillusioned. What saves this aspect of his work from seeming cynical is the genuine tone of moral seriousness with which he views the more rational aspects of human tasks. In one passage of his lectures on psychology, in connection with the theory of pleasure and pain, he briefly sums up his view of the happiness possible to any mortal man. This view at first sight is somewhat uninviting. From the nature of the case, Kant reasons, every pleasure has to be attended with a corresponding experience of pain. Life in general seems to be naturally something of a burden. Moreover, every human desire has by nature other desires opposing it. Our tendencies, as they naturally are, are profoundly deceitful. Yet despite all this, Kant asserts that life has its very deep comforts. But what are these? Kant replies, "The deepest and easiest means of quieting all pains is the thought that a reasonable man should be expected to have at his control—namely, the thought that life in general, so far as the enjoyment of it goes, has no genuine worth at all; for enjoyment depends upon fortune: but its worth consists alone in the use of life, in the purposes to which it is directed. And this aspect of life comes to man not by fortune, but only through wisdom. This consequently is in man's power. Whoever is much troubled about losing life will never enjoy life."

These three traits of Kant's moral attitude towards life unite to give some of his more mature historical essays and critical studies a character which deserves to be better known than it now is, by students who are less interested in the metaphysical aspect of his doctrine. In judging the course of human history, Kant sometimes seems to be accepting the doctrine of Hobbes, that by nature all men are at war with all. In fact, however, Kant sees deeper. The situation has another aspect. The warfare is still fundamental. Every man is at war not only with his fellows, but by nature with himself. He desires freedom, but he desires also power. Power he can get only through social subordination. This, man more or less feels from the outset. His need of his

fellow-man is as prominent in his own mind as is his disposition to war with his fellow. Kant accordingly speaks of man as a being "who cannot endure his fellow-man, and cannot possibly do without him." Thus there is that in man which wars against the very warfare itself; and Kant's general psychological theory of the inner opposition and division of the natural man comes to appear somewhat like the Pauline doctrine of the Epistle to the Romans. But Nature's chaos is Reason's opportunity. It is upon this very basis that Kant founds his ethical theory; according to which the moral law can find in our natures no possible basis except the fundamental and supreme demand of the Pure Reason, that this universal but obviously senseless conflict shall cease through voluntary subordination to what Kant calls the Categorical Imperative. The Categorical Imperative is the principle of consistency in conduct; stated abstractly, the principle, So act at any time that you could will the maxim of your act to become a universal law for all reasonable beings. This maxim a man can obey; because he is not merely a creature with this nature, so capricious and so inwardly divided against itself, but a rational being with free-will, capable of subordinating caprice to reason. The whole moral law is thus summed up in the maxim, Act now as if your act determined the deed of every man for all time; or more simply, Act upon absolutely consistent principles. And now, in the course of history, Kant sees the progressive process of the realization of this one universal principle of the reason, in the organization of a rational human society.

Kant's true originality as a thinker lies most in his theoretical philosophy. Of this in the present place it is impossible to give any really significant account. If one must sum up in the fewest words the most general idea of this doctrine, one is disposed to say: Kant found philosophical thought concerned with the problem, how human knowledge is related to the real world of truth. This problem had assumed its then customary shape in connection with discussions both of traditional theology and of science. What we now call the conflict of religion and science really turned for that age, as for ours, upon the definition and the solution of this fundamental problem of the scope and the limits of knowledge. But what philosophers up to Kant's time had not questioned, was that *if* human knowledge in any region, as for instance in the region of natural science, has validity — accomplishes what it means to accomplish — then this validity and this success must involve a real acquaintance with the world absolutely real, beyond the boundaries of human experience. Thus materialistic philosophy had maintained that if natural science is valid, man knows a world of absolutely real matter, which explains all things and is the ultimate truth. Theological doctrine had held in a similar way that if the human reason is valid at all, then the absolute nature of God, of the soul, or of some other transcendent truth, must in some respect be within our range. Now Kant undertook, by virtue of a new analysis of human knowledge, to prove, on one hand, that human reason cannot know absolute truth of any

kind except moral truth. Herein, to be sure, his doctrine seemed at one with those sceptical views which had questioned in former times the validity of human knowledge altogether. But Kant did not agree with the sceptics as to their result. On the other hand, he maintained that the real success and the genuine validity of human science depend upon the very fact that we are not able to know, in theoretical realms, any absolute or transcendent truth whatsoever. For, as Kant asserts, in dealing with nature as science knows nature, we are really dealing with the laws of human experience as such, and not with any absolute or transcendent truth whatever. It is, however, the nature of the human understanding, the constitution of human experience, that is expressed in all natural laws that we are able to discover; in all the truth that science maintains or that the future can disclose. Thus, as Kant states the case, it is the understanding that gives laws to nature. And the limitation of knowledge to the realm of experience, and our failure to be able to know in theoretical terms any transcendent truth, are not signs of the failure of human knowledge in its essential human purposes, but are conditions upon which depends the very validity of our knowledge within its own realm. In trying to know more than the world of experience, we try an experiment which, if successful, could only end in making all knowledge impossible. Space, time, such fundamental ideas as the idea of causality — all these are facts which represent no fundamental truth beyond experience whatever. They are facts determined solely by the facts of human nature. They hold within our range, and not beyond it. Of things in themselves we know nothing. But on this very ignorance, Kant maintains, is founded not only the validity of our natural sciences, but the possibility of retaining, against the assaults of materialism and of a purely negative scepticism, the validity of our moral consciousness and the essential spirit of religious faith. In this unique combination of critical scepticism, of moral idealism, and of a rationalistic assurance of the validity for all men of the *a priori* principles upon which natural science rests, lies the essential significance of the philosophy of Kant — a significance which only a much fuller exposition, and a study of the history of thought, could make explicit.

JOSIAH ROYCE

OF REASON IN GENERAL

From 'The Critique of Pure Reason'

ALL our knowledge begins with the senses, proceeds thence to the understanding, and ends with reason. There is nothing higher than reason, for working up the material of intuition and comprehending it under the highest unity of thought. As it here becomes necessary to give a definition of that highest faculty of knowledge, I begin to feel considerable

misgivings. There is of reason, as there is of the understanding, a purely formal—that is, logical—use, in which no account is taken of the contents of knowledge; but there is also a real use, in so far as reason itself contains the origin of certain concepts and principles which it has not borrowed either from the senses or from the understanding. The former faculty has been long defined by logicians as the faculty of mediate conclusions, in contradistinction to immediate ones [*consequentia mediata*]; but this does not help us, to understand the latter, which itself produces concepts. As this brings us face to face with the division of reason into a logical and a transcendental faculty, we must look for a higher concept for this source of knowledge, to comprehend both concepts; though, according to the analogy of the concepts of the understanding, we may expect that the logical concept will give us the key to the transcendental, and that the table of the functions of the former will give us the genealogical outline of the concepts of reason.

In the first part of our transcendental logic we defined the understanding as the *faculty of rules*; and we now distinguish reason from it by calling it the *faculty of principles*.

The term "principle" is ambiguous, and commonly signifies only some kind of knowledge that may be used as a principle; though in itself, and according to its origin, it is no principle at all. Every general proposition, even though it may have been derived from experience by induction, may serve as a major in a syllogism of reason; but it is not on that account a principle. Mathematical axioms—as for instance, that between two points there can be only one straight line—constitute even general knowledge *a priori*; and may therefore, with reference to the cases which can be brought under them, rightly be called principles. Nevertheless it would be wrong to say that this property of a straight line, in general and by itself, is known to us from principles, for it is known from pure intuition only.

I shall therefore call it knowledge from principles, whenever we know the particular in the general by means of concepts. Thus every syllogism of reason is a form of deducting some kind of knowledge from a principle; because the major always contains a concept which enables us to know, according to a principle, everything that can be comprehended under the conditions of that concept. As every general knowledge may serve as a major in such a syllogism, and as the understanding supplies such general propositions *a priori*, these no doubt may, with reference to their possible use, be called principles.

But if we consider these principles of the pure understanding in themselves, and according to their origin, we find that they are anything rather than knowledge from concepts. They would not even be possible *a priori*, unless we relied on pure intuition (in mathematics) or on conditions of a possible experience in general. That everything which happens has a cause, can by no means be concluded from the concept of that which happens; on the con-

trary, that very principle shows in what manner alone we can form a definite empirical concept of that which happens.

It is impossible therefore for the understanding to supply us with synthetical knowledge from concepts; and it is really that kind of knowledge which I call principles absolutely; while all general propositions may be called principles relatively.

It is an old desideratum, which at some time however distant may be realized, that instead of the endless variety of civil laws, their principles might be discovered; for thus alone the secret might be found of what is called simplifying legislation. Such laws, however, are only limitations of our freedom under conditions by which it always agrees with itself; they refer to something which is entirely our own work, and of which we ourselves are the cause, by means of these concepts. But that objects in themselves, as for instance material nature, should be subject to principles, and be determined according to mere concepts, is something, if not impossible, at all events extremely contradictory. But be that as it may — for on this point we have still all investigations before us — so much at least is clear, that knowledge from principles is in itself something totally different from mere knowledge of the understanding; which in the form of a principle may no doubt precede other knowledge, but which by itself, in so far as it is synthetical, is not based on mere thought, nor contains anything general according to concepts.

If the understanding is a faculty for producing unity among phenomena according to rules, reason is the faculty for producing unity among the rules of the understanding according to principles. Reason therefore never looks directly to experience or to any object, but to the understanding; in order to impart *a priori*, through concepts, to its manifold kinds of knowledge, a unity that may be called the unity of reason, and is very different from the unity which can be produced by the understanding.

This is a general definition of the faculty of reason, so far as it was possible to make it intelligible without the help of illustrations.

Translated by F. Max Müller

HOW IS METAPHYSICS POSSIBLE AS SCIENCE?

From the 'Prolegomena'

METAPHYSICS as a natural disposition of the reason is real; but it is also in itself dialectical and deceptive, as was proved in the analytical solution of the third main problem. Hence to attempt to draw our principles from it, and in their employment to follow this natural but none the less fallacious illusion, can never produce science, but only an

empty dialectical art; in which one school may indeed outdo the other, but none can ever attain a justifiable and lasting success. In order that as science it may lay claim not merely to deceptive persuasion, but to insight and conviction, a critique of the reason must exhibit in a complete system the whole stock of conceptions *a priori*, arranged according to their different sources — the sensibility, the understanding, and the reason; it must present a complete table of these conceptions, together with their analysis and all that can be deduced from them, but more especially the possibility of synthetic knowledge *a priori* by means of their deduction, the principles of its use, and finally their boundaries. Thus criticism contains, and it alone contains, the whole plan well tested and approved — indeed, all the means — whereby metaphysics may be perfected as a science; by other ways and means this is impossible. The question now is not, however, how this business is possible, but only how we are to set about it; how good heads are to be turned from their previous mistaken and fruitless path to a non-deceptive treatment; and how such a combination may be best directed towards the common end.

This much is certain: he who has once tried criticism will be sickened forever of all the dogmatic trash he was compelled to content himself with before because his reason, requiring something, could find nothing better for its occupation. Criticism stands to the ordinary school metaphysics exactly in the same relation as *chemistry* to *alchemy*, or as *astronomy* to fortune-telling *astrology*. I guarantee that no one who has comprehended and thought out the conclusions of criticism, even in these 'Prolegomena,' will ever return to the old sophistical pseudo-science. He will rather look forward with a kind of pleasure to a metaphysics, certainly now within his power, which requires no more preparatory discoveries, and which alone can procure for the reason permanent satisfaction. For this is an advantage upon which metaphysics alone can reckon with confidence, among all possible sciences; namely, that it can be brought to completion and to a durable position, as it cannot change any further, nor is it susceptible of any increase through new discoveries: since the reason does not here find the sources of its knowledge in objects and in their intuition, which cannot teach it anything, but in itself; so that when the principles of its possibility are presented completely, and without any misunderstanding, nothing remains for pure reason to know *a priori*, or even with justice to ask. The certain prospect of so definite and perfect a knowledge has a special attraction about it, even if all its uses (of which I shall hereafter speak) be set aside.

All false art, all empty wisdom, lasts its time; but it destroys itself in the end, and its highest cultivation is at the same time the moment of its decline. That as regards metaphysics this time has now come, is proved by the state to which it has declined among all cultivated nations, notwithstanding the zeal with which every other kind of science is being worked out. The old arrangement of the university studies preserves its outlines still; a single

academy of sciences bestirs itself now and then, by holding out prizes, to induce another attempt to be made therein: but it is no longer counted among fundamental sciences; and any one may judge for himself how an intellectually gifted man to whom the term "great metaphysician" was applied, would take this well-meant, but scarcely by any one coveted, compliment.

But although the period of the decline of all dogmatic metaphysics is undoubtedly come, there are many things wanting to enable us to say that the time of its re-birth by means of a thorough and complete critique of the reason has already appeared. All transitional phases from one tendency to its opposite pass through the state of indifference; and this moment is the most dangerous for an author, but as it seems to me the most favorable for the science. For when, through the complete dissolution of previous combinations, party spirit is extinguished, men's minds are in the best mood for listening gradually to proposals for a combination on another plan. If I say that I hope that these 'Prolegomena' will perhaps make research in the field of criticism more active, and will offer to the general spirit of philosophy, which seems to be wanting in nourishment on its speculative side, a new and very promising field for its occupation, I can already foresee that every one who has trodden unwillingly and with vexation the thorny way I have led him in the 'Critique' will ask me on what I ground this hope. I answer, *On the irresistible law of necessity*.

That the spirit of man will ever wholly give up metaphysical investigations, is just as little to be expected as that in order not always to be breathing bad air we should stop breathing altogether. Metaphysics will always exist in the world, then, and what is more, exist with everyone, but more especially with reflecting men, who in default of a public standard will each fashion it in his own way. Now, what has hitherto been termed metaphysics can satisfy no acute mind; but to renounce it entirely is impossible: hence a critique of the pure reason itself must be at last *attempted*, and when obtained must be *investigated* and subjected to a universal test; because otherwise there are no means of relieving this pressing requirement, which means something more than mere thirst for knowledge.

Translated by Ernest Belford Bax

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING

LESSING was born January 22, 1729, at Camenz in the Saxon province of Upper Lusatia, and died at Brunswick, February 15, 1781. His father was a clergyman and his mother the daughter of a clergyman; and his line of descent ran unbroken through six generations of theologians, jurists, burgomasters, and other men of culture. In 1741, when scarcely thirteen, he was sent to the then celebrated grammar school at Meissen [Fürstenschule zu St. Afra], where he completed the prescribed six-years' course of study in five years. In answer to the father's inquiry concerning his son's proficiency, the rector replied: "He is a horse that needs double fodder. The lessons which are hard for others are nothing for him. We cannot use him much longer." In 1746, he was matriculated as a student of theology in the University of Leipzig. Two years later he went to Wittenberg, thence to Berlin, and again to Wittenberg, where he took the degree of master of arts on April 29, 1752.

During these half a dozen years of quite varied and rather vagrant academic life, he devoted himself with energy and enthusiasm to literary pursuits, and developed a marked talent for dramatic composition. He wrote a comedy entitled 'The Young Scholar.' The juvenile pedant, as he afterwards states, "was the only kind of ninny which at that time it was impossible for me not to be intimately acquainted with"; his play was therefore a study from life, rendered more realistic and vivid by a dawning consciousness of the danger to which he was himself exposed. The piece was given with great applause by the troupe of the celebrated Madame Neuber at Leipzig, whose citizens were only too familiar with the original of Damis. The best of his earlier plays is unquestionably 'Miss Sara Sampson,' a tragedy in five acts, first represented at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, July 10, 1755, when, as we are told, the spectators "sat four hours like statues, and wept and wept." Nowadays its high-flown sentimentalism would excite laughter rather than tears; and although it was a theatrical success, and even had the distinction of being translated into French, it has long since fallen into oblivion. Its present importance is purely historical, as the first specimen of the tragedy of middle-class life on the German stage. Of Lessing's later and riper contributions to dramatic literature, three may be said to have an intrinsic and permanent value, 'Minna von Barnhelm,' 'Emilia Galotti,' and 'Nathan the Wise': a comedy, a tragedy, and what might be called a didactic drama, although each of these productions is pervaded by an earnest and quite obvious moral purpose.

The salient feature of 'Minna von Barnhelm,' published in 1767, is its national character — so far as the term "national" can be applied to anything German at that time. Chiefly for this reason it appeared as "a shining meteor" to the eyes of Goethe, who was then a student in Leipzig, and who, in his talks with Eckermann in the last years of his life, recalled with reminiscent enthusiasm the immense influence it exerted upon the young people of his day. The hero, Major Tellheim, an officer in the service of Frederick the Great, has during the Seven Years' War advanced the money for the payment of a heavy contribution levied on a poor Saxon province. This noble and generous act so deeply impresses Minna von Barnhelm, a wealthy young lady of the neighborhood, that she seeks his acquaintance and becomes his betrothed. On the conclusion of peace, the draft given by the Saxon authorities to Tellheim is construed by the Prussian government into evidence of his having been bribed by the enemy; and he is therefore cashiered. His fine sense of honor makes him unwilling to involve the young lady in his disgrace, and he accordingly releases her from her engagement. As all her protests against such a proceeding prove unavailing, she resolves to accomplish her purpose by artifice, and pretends that she has been disinherited by her uncle on account of her betrothal. The cunning device succeeds. Believing her to be poor and deserted, Tellheim is eager to wed her and take her under his protection; especially as meanwhile he has received a letter from the King, recognizing the true state of the case as regards the draft, ordering it to be paid, and offering to restore him to his former rank in the army. It is now Minna's turn to scruple at such an unequal marriage, and to urge against it all the arguments which he had used, but of which he would not admit the force in their present application. Finally the uncle, who has always held Tellheim in high esteem, appears upon the scene; the mystery is cleared up, and the lovers are made happy. The subordinate characters — Just, Werner, Franziska, and the sordid innkeeper — are admirably drawn; and the introduction of le Chevalier Riccaut de la Marlinière is a happy hit at the petty German rulers, whose courts swarmed with titled adventurers of this sort, and even at Frederick the Great, who admitted them to his army. Underlying the love story is a deeper political meaning; and the nuptial union of Tellheim and Minna is made to symbolize the natural ties of race which should bind together the different members of the German family, then alienated and antagonized by dynastic jealousies and interests.

In 'Emilia Galotti' the scene is laid in Italy, and the catastrophe recalls the days of the old Roman Republic; but the play is wholly German in spirit, and holds the mirror up to the frivolous and tyrannical princelings of Lessing's own time and nation. The heroine, the daughter of a colonel and the betrothed of Count Appiani, has excited the admiration and passion of the reigning sovereign, an effeminate and sentimental young man, whose few generous impulses have been checked and stunted by the consciousness of

irresponsible power and the servile flattery of courtiers, and who has grown up into a pleasure-seeking and unscrupulous egotist. On learning that Emilia is about to marry Appiani, he gives his chamberlain, the sycophantic and utterly unprincipled Marinelli, *carte blanche* to use every means to prevent it; the result of which is the assassination of the groom on his wedding-day and the abduction of the bride, who, under the pretext of protecting her from the bandits, is carried off to the prince's castle. Her father hastens thither, and learns the real cause of Appiani's taking-off in an accidental interview with the prince's discarded mistress, Countess Orsina, who gives him a dagger and bids him do his duty. The father, disarmed by a gracious word of His Serene Highness, lets the favorable opportunity pass, and finally thrusts the dagger into the heart of his daughter, who, fearing lest she might yield to the seductions of the court and to the suit of her princely lover, entreats him to do the deed. This *dénouement* is the weak point in the play. Times have changed since the age of Virginius; and the heroic act of a father to whom the law gave the power of life and death over his children does not fit into the plot of a modern tragedy. The sentimental metaphor of "a rose broken from its stem before the storm strips it of its leaves," first used by the daughter and repeated by the father, hardly suits the case. The characters Appiani and Odoardo Galotti, in contrast to Marinelli, the type of contemporary "court vermin," are admirably portrayed; the dialogue is simple and compact, and the dramatic movement remarkably direct and rapid. The piece was first represented at Brunswick, March 13, 1772, and has kept its place on the German stage ever since.

Still more remote from Lessing's age and country is the action of 'Nathan the Wise'; the scene of which is laid in Jerusalem during the Third Crusade, in the latter half of the twelfth century, but which nevertheless bore the closest relation to his own intellectual life and to that of his time. The germ of the drama is the tale of Saladin and the Jew Melchizedek in Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' which Lessing used as a parable to illustrate and enforce his views of religious toleration. Indeed, the whole play is little more than a dialogue in iambics on this subject, which came to his hand as a new and effective weapon in the warfare which he had been waging against theological bigotry, in his controversy with the Hamburg pastor Götze. It was published in 1779, and performed in Berlin four years later.

Lessing's last word in this polemical discussion was his essay of a hundred paragraphs entitled 'The Education of the Human Race,' and containing a complete philosophy of religion in a nutshell. These acute and suggestive theses will still be read with interest, although the recent comparative study of religions has rendered some of them untenable.

An additional evidence of the vigor and versatility of his genius is seen in the acute and comprehensive spirit in which he dealt with esthetic topics. His 'Laocoön' (published in May 1766), although a fragment, still remains

a masterpiece of art criticism. He fixed the limits of poetry and painting as different modes of representation, and set aside once for all the famous dictum of Simonides, *Ut pictura poesis*, which had received the indorsement of Winckelmann and which he himself had formerly accepted. The fruitfulness of this "splendid thought," as Goethe calls it, is perceptible in the subsequent development of the principles of criticism as applied to literature and the fine arts in Germany.

Even more fugitive and fragmentary than 'Laocoön' is Lessing's 'Dramaturgy,' written during his brief connection with the Hamburg theater as critic in 1767, and concluded in the following year after the financial failure of that ill-starred enterprise. But here too the good seed, which seemed then to have been sown among thorns or on stony places, has sprung up and borne fruit a hundredfold. This is the result which Lessing wished to attain. Number 95 of this series of papers ends as follows: "Just here I remind my readers that these pages are by no means intended to contain a dramatic system. I am therefore not bound to solve all the difficulties which I raise. I am quite willing that my thoughts should seem to want connection, and even to contradict each other, if they are only thoughts in which the readers may find material for thinking themselves. I aim at nothing more than to scatter *fermenta cognitionis*." In the performance of this useful function he has seldom been surpassed.

Lessing possessed a clearness of insight and a vigor of mind bordering on genius; he was a master of creative criticism, an original thinker, and what is more, a man of sterling character and strictest intellectual integrity: but he was not "of imagination all compact," not a great poet, and never claimed to be. The manly stride of his prose easily turns to mincing steps in his verse. His epigrams and odes and lyrics are rhythmically correct, but purely mechanical and often exceedingly stiff; and his plays, although dramatically well constructed, lack the qualities which he as a critic appreciated in Shakespeare, but which the keenest critical faculty can never supply. But with all these deficiencies on the poetic side of his nature, of which no one was more fully conscious than himself, he still remains one of the noblest figures and most permanent influences for good in German literature.

E. P. EVANS

NAMES

I ASKED my maiden fair one day: —
 "What shall I call thee in my lay?
 Wilt thou be as Daphne famed?
 Wilt thou Galatea, Chloris,
 Phyllis, Lesbia, or Doris
 By posterity be named?"

"Ah!" replied my maiden fair,
 "Names are naught but empty air.
 Choose the one that suits the line:
 Call me Galatea, Chloris,
 Phyllis, Lesbia, or Doris —
 Call me anything, in fine,
 If thou only call'st me thine."

EPIGRAM

WHO will not mighty Klopstock praise?
 Will everybody read him? Nay!
 A little less extol our lays,
 And read a little more, we pray.

THUNDER

HO, friends! it thunders! Let us drink!
 Fill up the bowl! For what care we?
 Let hypocrites and villains shrink,
 And minions bend the servile knee!
 It thunders! drain the glasses dry!
 Nor start like women with affright:
 Just Jove may lash the sea-surge high,
 His nectar he will never smite.

BENEFITS

EN if a vicious man were like a leaky vat,
 That wastes what it receives, pour in, for all of that!
 If vat and man are not in too decrepit plight,
 Keep pouring in thy gifts! How soon a crack soaks tight!

ON MR. R — ¹

THAT you're a poet, sir, I'm very glad;
 But are you nothing more? Ah! that's too bad.

¹ Probably Karl Wilhelm Ramler.

FROM 'MINNA VON BARNHELM' ²

ACT III, Scene 2

FRANCISCA. [*Speaking backward through the door.*] Have no fear, I'll be on the watch. — Look! [*Perceiving Just.*] See what I've run into right now. But there's nothing to be done with that ox.

Just. Your servant —

Francisca. I wouldn't want such a servant —

Just. Oh, come; excuse the phrase. — Here I have a note from my master to your mistress, his — sister. — Wasn't that it? Sister.

Francisca. Give it here. [*Snatches the letter from his hand.*]

Just. You're to be so good, says my master, as to hand it to her. Then you're to be so good, says my master — for you needn't think I'm asking for anything —

Francisca. Well?

Just. My master knows the ropes. He knows that you reach the mistresses through their maids — or so I imagine. — So this maid is to be so good — says my master — as to let him know whether he might not have the pleasure of talking with her for fifteen minutes.

Francisca. With me?

Just. Excuse me if I give you the wrong title. — Yes, you. — Only for fifteen minutes; but alone, all alone, secretly, quite by yourself. He says he has something he must tell you.

Francisca. All right; I have a lot to tell him too. — Let him come, I am at his service.

Just. But when can he come? When is it most convenient for you? Perhaps at twilight? —

Francisca. How do you mean that? — Your master can come when he will; — and so, be off with you!

Just. With all my heart. [*About to depart.*]

Francisca. Stop, listen; one word more. — Where are the major's other servants?

Just. The others? Gone here, there, everywhere.

Francisca. Where is William?

Just. The valet? The major is letting him travel.

Francisca. Oh? And Philip, where is he?

Just. The game-keeper? The master has given him away for safe keeping.

Francisca. No doubt because he has no game now. — But Martin?

Just. The coachman? He has ridden off.

² For an outline of the plot, see p. 76.

Francisca. And Fritz?

Just. The footman? He's been advanced.

Francisca. And where were you, when the major was in winter-quarters with us in Thuringia? You weren't with him then?

Just. O yes; I was his groom; but I was in the hospital then.

Francisca. Groom? and now you are?

Just. Everything at once; valet and game-keeper, footman and groom.

Francisca. Well, I must say! To let so many good, capable fellows go, and keep just the worst of all! I would like to know what your master sees in you.

Just. Perhaps he sees that I am an honest fellow.

Francisca. O, you're precious little if you're nothing but honest. — William was different. — Your master is letting him travel?

Just. Yes, he's letting him; — since he can't prevent it.

Francisca. What?

Just. O, William will do himself credit on his travels. He has all master's clothes with him.

Francisca. What? he surely didn't run off with them?

Just. Well, one can't say exactly that; but when we left Nuremberg, he merely failed to follow us.

Francisca. O the rascal!

Just. He was a real fellow! He could curl the hair, and shave with care, and talk hot air — and charm the fair — couldn't he?

Francisca. Well, but then I wouldn't have sent away the game-keeper, if I'd been the major. If he couldn't use him as keeper, still he was a capable lad in other ways. — To whom did he give him for safe keeping?

Just. To the commandant of Spandau.

Francisca. The fortress? There can't be much hunting on those ramparts, either.

Just. O, Philip isn't hunting there, either.

Francisca. Then what is he doing?

Just. Carting.

Francisca. Carting?

Just. But only for three years. He got up a little conspiracy in my master's company, and wanted to smuggle six men through the outposts —

Francisca. I'm astonished; the scoundrel!

Just. O, he's a capable fellow! A game-keeper who knows all the foot-paths and all the by-ways for fifty miles around, through woods and morasses. And how he can shoot!

Francisca. It's good that the major still has his honest coachman?

Just. Has he still got him?

Francisca. I think you said Martin had ridden off? So I suppose he will come back?

Just. You think so?

Francisca. Why, where did he ride to?

Just. It's going on ten weeks now since he rode off with the master's only and last riding-horse — to the horse-pond.

Francisca. And hasn't come back yet? O, the gallows-bird!

Just. O, the water may have washed the good coachman away. — He was a fine coachman! He had driven horses for ten years in Vienna. The master will never get another one like him. When the horses were going at full speed, all he had to do was to say: brrr! ³ and on the instant they would stand as solid as a wall. And besides he was a trained veterinarian.

Francisca. Now I'm anxious about the advancement of the footman.

Just. No, no; that's correct enough. He's become a drummer in a garrison regiment.

Francisca. Just what I thought.

Just. Fritz ran after a disreputable woman, never came home at night, made debts everywhere in the master's name — a thousand disgraceful performances. In short, the major saw that he was determined to climb higher: [*pantomime of hanging*] so he put him on the right road.

Francisca. O the scamp!

Just. But he is a perfect footman, that is sure. When the master gave him fifty paces headstart, he couldn't catch him with his best racer. But Fritz can give the gallows a thousand paces, and I'll wager my life that he'll catch up with it. — I suppose they were all your good friends, were they? William and Philip, Martin and Fritz? — Well, Just bids you good day! [*Exit.*]

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

FROM 'NATHAN THE WISE'

[A Templar, who calls himself Konrad von Stauffen, saves from a fire Recha, the supposed daughter of Nathan, and falls passionately in love with her. As Nathan does not immediately consent to his suit, the impetuous Templar goes first to the Patriarch, and then to Saladin. In the end it appears that Recha and Konrad are brother and sister, and that Konrad is Saladin's nephew. — The most celebrated passage in the drama is that in which Saladin, desirous of procuring a loan from Nathan, tries his temper by asking him which of the three religions he regards as the true one, and is so overcome by the Jew's wise answer as to forget the chief purpose of his interview.]

³ The German coachman's "whoa" is a labial trill. Ed.

SALADIN.

Draw nearer, Jew! Still nearer! Close to me,
And have no fear!

Nathan. Let that be for thy foeman.

Saladin. Thy name is Nathan?

Nathan. Yes.

Saladin. Nathan the Wise?

Nathan. No.

Saladin. Well! if not by thee thyself so called,
The people call thee so.

Nathan. Maybe, the people.

Saladin. Thou dost not think, forsooth, that I
The people's voice do scornfully disdain?
Indeed, I have long wished to know the man
The people call the Wise.

Nathan. What if they mean
By wise that he is only shrewd, and knows
His own advantage craftily to gain?

Saladin. His true advantage meanest thou thereby?

Nathan. Then the most selfish were the shrewdest too;
Then were indeed "crafty" and "wise" the same.

Saladin. I hear thee prove what thou wouldst contradict.
Man's truest gain, which people do not know,
Thou knowest or at least hast sought to know;
This thou hast pondered, and 'tis this alone
That makes man wise.

Nathan. And which each deems himself
To be.

Saladin. And now of modesty enough!
To hear it evermore, where one expects
Dry reason, sickens.

[*He springs up.*]

To the matter now!
But be thou honest, yes, be honest!

Nathan. Sultan,
It surely is my wish to serve thee so,
That worthy of thy further custom I
May still remain.

Saladin. To serve me? how?

Nathan. The best
Of all shalt thou receive, and have it at
The fairest price.

Saladin. What dost thou speak of, Jew?
Not of thy wares! The chafferer with thee

Shall be my sister. [*Aside:*] That for the eavesdropper.
With thee as merchant I have naught to do.

Nathan. Then doubtless thou would'st know of me what I
Have on my journey, of the foe, who seems
To stir again, observed or happened on?
If plainly I —

Saladin. That too is not my drift
With thee. Of that I know already what
I do require. — In short —

Nathan. Command me, Sultan.

Saladin. In something else that's wholly different
I now desire thy teaching. — Since thou art
So wise, tell me, I pray, what faith, what law
Has seemed to thee most genuine.

Nathan. Sultan,
I am a Jew.

Saladin. And I a Mussulman.
Between us is the Christian. Of these three
Religions, one alone can be the true.
A man like thee remains not standing there,
Where merely chance of birth has cast his lot;
Or if he there remain, then he remains
Through insight, reason, or through better choice.
Come now, impart to me thy insight, let
Me hear the reasons which I've lacked the time
Minutely to examine. Let me know —
Of course in strictest confidence — the grounds
That have availed to fix thy final choice,
That I may make it mine. How? Thou dost start?
Dost weigh me with thy eye? It may well be
That I'm the first of Sultans who e'er had
A whim like this, which yet methinks is not
Unworthy of a Sultan. — Is't not so?
Give answer! Speak! Or wishest thou to have
A moment to reflect? I give it thee.
Reflect, quickly reflect. I shall return
Without delay.

[*Retires to an adjoining room.*]

Nathan. Hm! hm! How very strange!
How dazed I am! What does the Sultan want?
I thought 'twas money, and he wishes — Truth.

And wishes it cash down and unalloyed,
 As though 'twere coin. — Yes, ancient coin — that's weighed,
 And that perhaps might do; but coin so new,
 Which by the stamp alone is made to pass,
 And may be counted out upon the board —
 That it is surely not. Can truth be put
 Into the head like coin into a bag?
 Who then is here the Jew? Is't I or he?
 How then? If he in truth demand not truth?
 Yet, to suspect that he employs the truth
 But as a trap, would be too mean! — Too mean? —
 And what is for a magnate then too mean?
 He rushed into the house and burst the door,⁴
 'Tis true — people should knock and listen first,
 If they approach as friends. I must proceed
 With care. But how? To be a downright Jew
 Will never do. And not to be at all
 A Jew, will do still less. If I'm no Jew,
 Might he not ask why not a Mussulman? —
 That's it! Ah, that can save! — Not children only
 Are fed with tales. — He comes. Well, let him come.

Saladin returns

Saladin. [*Aside*] Here then the field is clear.

I've not returned

Too soon for thee? Are thy reflections ended?

If so, speak out. There's none that hears us here.

Nathan. The world might safely hear us.

Saladin.

Ah! is Nathan

So certain of his cause? Ha! that I call

A wise man! never to conceal the truth!

For it to hazard all — body and life,

Estate and blood!

Nathan.

If it be needful, yes!

Or be of use.

Saladin.

Henceforth then I may hope

That rightly I do bear one of my titles:

"Reformer of the world and of the law."

Nathan. Faith, 'tis a splendid title; yet before,

O Sultan, I may quite confide in thee,

Permit me to relate a tale.

⁴ A German idiom, meaning to blurt out what one has to say. Ed.

Saladin.

Why not?

I'm always fond of tales, if they're well told.

Nathan. To tell them well is not my strongest point.

Saladin. Again so proudly modest? Haste! the tale!

Nathan. In olden times a man lived in the East,
 Who from a loving hand possessed a ring
 Of priceless worth. An opal was the stone,
 In which a hundred brilliant colors played,
 And which the hidden virtue also had
 Of making him who wore it, in this trust,
 Pleasing to God and well beloved by man.
 What wonder then that this man in the East
 The ring upon his finger always kept,
 And so disposed that it should be for aye
 An heirloom in his house? He left the ring
 Bequeathed unto the dearest of his sons,
 Ordaining that he too the ring should leave
 To that one of his sons whom he most loved,
 And that this dearest one, without regard
 To birth, by virtue of the ring alone
 Should ever be the house's head and prince.
 Thou understandest, Sultan?

Saladin.

Yes; go on!

Nathan. Thus the ring came, from son to son, at last
 To one who was the father of three sons,
 Who all alike were dutiful to him,
 And all of whom he therefore could not help
 But love alike. Only from time to time
 Now this one, now the other, now the third —
 As each might chance to be alone with him,
 And his effusive heart the other two
 Did not divide — seemed worthier of the ring,
 Which through fond weakness he'd to each of them
 Promised in turn. Thus it went on as long
 As it would do. But when he neared his death,
 The kindly father was most sore perplexed.
 It gave him pain to grieve two of his sons,
 Who on his word relied. What should he do?
 In secret to a jeweler he sends,
 And orders him to make two other rings
 According to the pattern of the first.
 And bids him spare nor cost nor toil, that they
 May prove to be alike and just like it.

The jeweler in this succeeds so well,
 That when he brings the rings, the model ring
 Not e'en the father longer can discern.
 With joy he calls his sons, each one apart,
 And gives to each his blessing and his ring —
 And dies. Thou hear'st me, Sultan?

Saladin [*who has turned away astonished*]. Yes, I hear! —
 Make haste and bring thy story to an end. —
 Come, come, go on!

Nathan. Already I have ended;
 For what is still to follow, comes of course.
 Scarce was the father dead, when each son comes
 And brings his ring, and each would of the house
 Be lord. They search, they quarrel, they accuse:
 In vain; the right ring could not now be proved —
 [*After a pause, in which he awaits the Sultan's answer*]
 Almost as little as to us can be
 The right belief.

Saladin. How so? And that is all
 The answer to my question?

Nathan. It shall serve
 Merely as my excuse, if I presume
 Not to discriminate between the rings
 The father ordered made with the intent
 That they should indiscriminate remain.

Saladin. The rings! Sport not with me! I should have thought
 That the religions which I named to thee
 Were easy to distinguish, e'en to dress
 And e'en to meat and drink.

Nathan. But only not
 As to the grounds on which they're thought to rest.
 For are they not all based on history,
 Traditional or written? And history
 Must be received on trust — is it not so?
 In whom now are we likeliest to trust?
 In our own people, surely; in those men
 Whose blood we are, and who from infancy
 Have proved their love and never us deceived,
 Unless 'twere wholesomer to be deceived.
 How can I my forefathers less believe
 Than thou dost thine? Or on the other hand,
 Can ask of thee to say thy fathers lied,
 In order not to contradict my own?

The same is true of Christians — is it not?

Saladin [*aside*].

Now by the living God, the man is right,
And I'm struck dumb.

Nathan.

Now to our rings let us
Return. As I have said, the sons brought suit
Against each other, and before the judge
Each truly swore that he'd received the ring
Directly from his father's hand, and swore —
Not the less true — that also long before
He had by him been solemnly assured
That he one day the ring's prerogative
Should certainly enjoy. And each declared
The father ne'er could have been false to him.
Ere such a loving father he'd suspect,
He'd sooner charge his brothers with foul play,
Though hitherto of them the very best
He always had been ready to believe;
And was convinced he'd find the traitors out,
That he might on them be avenged.

Saladin.

And then,
The judge? — I long to hear what thou wilt make
The judge reply. Relate!

Nathan.

The judge spoke thus: —
"If you the father cannot soon produce,
Then I dismiss you from my judgment-seat.
Think you that to solve riddles I sit here?
Or wait you till the right ring opes its mouth?
Yet stay! I hear the right ring doth possess
The magic power of making one beloved,
To God and man well pleasing. That alone
Must now decide. For surely the false rings
Will fail in *that*. Now whom love two of you
The most? Make haste and speak! Why are you mute?
Is't only inward that the rings do work,
Not outward? Each one loves himself the most?
Deceived deceivers are you then all three!
And of your rings all three not genuine.
Presumably, the true ring being lost,
The father, to conceal or to repair
The loss, had three rings made for one."

Saladin.

Grand! grand!

Nathan. And thereupon the judge went on to say: —

" If you'll instead of sentence take advice,
 This is my counsel: Let the matter rest
 Just as it lies. If each of you has had
 A ring presented by his father, then
 Let each believe his own the genuine ring.
 'Tis possible the father did not wish
 To suffer any longer in his house
 The one ring's tyranny! And certainly,
 As he all three did love, and all alike,
 He fain would not humiliate the two
 To favor one. Well, then! Let each one strive
 To imitate that love, so pure and free
 From prejudice! Let each one vie with each
 In showing forth the virtue of the stone
 That's in his ring! Let him assist its might
 With gentleness, forbearance, love of peace,
 And with sincere submission to his God!
 And if the virtues of the stones remain,
 And in your children's children prove their power,
 After a thousand thousand years have passed
 Let them appear again before this seat.
 A wiser man than I will then sit here
 And speak. Depart! " Thus said the modest judge.

THE DIFFERING SPHERES OF POETRY AND PAINTING

From 'Laocoön'

IF it be true that painting uses for its imitations wholly different means or signs from poetry — namely, forms and colors in space instead of articulate tones in time — if it be incontestable that these signs must bear a suitable relation to the thing signified, then coexistent signs can represent only coexistent objects or their parts, and successive signs only successive objects or their parts.

Coexistent objects are called bodies; consequently bodies with their visible attributes are the proper objects of painting.

Successive objects are called in general actions; consequently actions are the proper objects of poetry.

Bodies exist, however, not only in space, but also in time. They continue, and at every moment of their duration appear differently and in different relations to each other. Each of these momentary appearances and relations is

the effect of a preceding and can be the cause of a succeeding one, and therefore the center of an action; consequently painting can imitate actions, too, but only suggestively through bodies.

On the other hand, actions cannot exist in themselves, but must inhere in certain beings. So far as these beings are bodies or are regarded as bodies, poetry describes bodies, but only suggestively through actions.

Painting can use in its coexistent compositions only a single moment of the action; and must therefore choose the most pregnant one, which will render what precedes and follows most comprehensible.

In like manner poetry in its progressive imitations can use only a single property of bodies; and must therefore choose the one that awakens the most sensible image of the body, for the purpose to which it is to be put.

Hence the rule of singleness in picturesque epithets and of frugality in descriptions of material objects.

I should have less confidence in this dry deduction, if it were not fully confirmed by the practice of Homer; or if it were not rather the practice of Homer from which I have derived it. The grand style of the Greeks can be determined and elucidated only by these principles, which are also justified by the opposite style of so many modern poets, who wish to vie with the painter in provinces in which they are necessarily surpassed by him. . . .

Homer has usually but one stroke for one thing. A ship is to him now the black ship, now the hollow ship, now the swift ship, at most the well-rowed black ship. Further than this he does not indulge in any word-painting of the ship. But he makes a minute picture of the starting, the sailing, or the landing of the ship; a picture from which the painter who wishes to put it all on canvas would be obliged to make half a dozen pictures.

THE LIMITATIONS OF "WORD-PAINTING"

From 'Laocoön'

WHAT I have been saying of corporeal objects in general applies even more forcibly to beautiful ones.

Physical beauty results from the harmony of a number of parts which can be embraced in one glance. It is therefore essential that those parts should be close together; and since things whose parts are close together are the proper subjects of painting, that art alone can represent physical beauty.

The poet, who can only set down one after another the elements of the beautiful object, should therefore abstain wholly from the description of physical beauty as such. He ought to feel that these elements arranged in

sequence cannot possibly produce the same effect as if in juxtaposition; that the comprehensive glance we try to throw back over them at the end of the enumeration produces no harmonious picture; and that it transcends the power of human imagination to realize the effect of a given pair of eyes, a given nose, and a given mouth together, unless we can call to mind a like combination in nature or art.

Here again Homer is the model of models. He says — Nireus was handsome; Achilles was very handsome; Helen was of god-like beauty. But he is nowhere enticed into giving a minuter detail of their beauties. Yet the whole poem is based on Helen's loveliness. How a modern poet would have reveled in specifications of it!

Even Constantine Manasses tried to adorn his bare Chronicle with a portrait of Helen. I feel grateful to him for the attempt; for really I should not know where else to turn for so striking an example of the folly of venturing on what Homer's wise judgment refrained from undertaking. When I read in his book —

"She was a woman passing fair, fine-browed, finest complexioned,
Fine-cheeked, fine-featured, full-eyed, snowy-skinned,
Quick-glancing, dainty, a grove full of graces,
White-armed, voluptuous, breathing out frank beauty,
The complexion very fair, the cheeks rosy,
The countenance most charming, the eye blooming;
Beauty unartificial, unrouged, her own skin,
Dyed the brightest rose-color a warmer glow,
As if one stained ivory with splendid purple.
Her neck long, passing white, whence in legend
The Swan-born they termed the beautiful Helen," —

it is like seeing stones rolled up a mountain, on whose crest they are to be built into a noble structure, but all of which roll down the other side. What picture does this huddle of words leave with us? How did Helen look? If a thousand persons read this, will not each form a different conception of her? . . .

Vergil, by imitating Homer's self-restraint, has achieved a fair success. His Dido is only the very beautiful [*pulcherrima*] Dido. All the other details he gives refer to her rich ornaments and superb apparel. . . . If on this account any one turned against him what the old artist said to one of his pupils who had painted an elaborately dressed Helen — "You have painted her rich because you could not paint her lovely" — Vergil would answer: "I am not to blame that I could not paint her lovely. The fault is in the limitations of my art, and it is to my credit that I have kept within them."

LESSING'S ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF

In the Concluding Number of the 'Hamburg Dramaturgy'

I AM neither an actor nor a poet. People honor me occasionally with the latter title, but it is because they misjudge me. The few dramatic attempts which I have ventured upon do not justify this generosity. Not every one who takes a brush in his hand and dabbles in colors is a painter. The earliest of these attempts of mine were dashed off in those years when desire and dexterity are easily mistaken for genius. If there is anything tolerable in those of a later date, I am conscious that I owe it all to criticism alone. I do not feel in myself that living fountain that rises by its own strength, and by its own force shoots up in jets so rich, so fresh, so pure! I am obliged to press it all up out of myself with pump and pipes. I should be so poor, so cold, and so short-sighted, if I had not learned in some measure modestly to borrow foreign treasures, to warm myself at another's fire, and to strengthen my sight with the lenses of art. I have therefore always been ashamed and vexed when I have read or heard anything derogatory to criticism. Criticism, it is said, stifles genius; whereas I flatter myself I have received from it something very nearly akin to genius. I am a lame man, who cannot be edified by a lampoon against crutches.

But on the other hand, as the crutch helps the cripple move from place to place, but can never make a racer of him: so with criticism. Though with its aid I have produced something better than a man of my talents could have produced without its aid, still it costs me so much time, I must be so free from other pursuits and so uninterrupted by involuntary diversions, I must have all my reading so at command, must be able at every step so quietly to run over all the observations I have ever made of manners and passions, that no one in the world could be more unsuited than I to supply a theater with novelties.

Translations revised by Bayard Quincy Morgan

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER

HERDER is not one of those few men of highest genius whose works have become the common property of mankind. As a poet he was receptive rather than creative. Of his verse only the 'Volkslieder' [Folk Songs: 1778-79], and 'Der Cid' [The Cid: 1803], have permanent value; and these are valuable not as additions to the store of original conceptions of poetic fancy, but as marvels of divinatory interpretation and sympathetic reproduction. As a prose writer, he lacked the clearness of thought and the precision of speech which are necessary elements of true literary greatness: even the best of his essays are made unpalatable by a constant wavering between diffuseness and abruptness, between vague generalities and dithyrambic effusions; and the most ambitious of his efforts, the 'Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit' [Philosophy of the History of Man: 1784-91], is a huge fragment.

Herder's greatness, then, does not lie in the form of his writings. It lies in the suggestiveness of their substance. It lies in the wide range of his vision, in the wonderful universality of his mind, which enabled him to see the interdependence of all things and to divine the unity of all life. It lies, above all, in the manifold application of a single idea, an idea through which he became the father of the modern evolutionary philosophy: the idea of organic growth.

Herder did away once for all with the rationalistic fallacy of the eighteenth century, that the course of human history is nothing but a succession of individual acts by individual men. He did away once for all with the rationalistic fallacy that the great creations of the human mind are the result of conscious and deliberate effort. He made once for all the conception of national instincts and of national culture the basis of all historical inquiry. All the great achievements of human civilization — language, religion, law, custom, poetry, art — he considered as the natural products of collective human life, as the necessary outgrowth of national instincts and conditions. Man does not invent these things; he does not consciously set out to coin words, to establish a certain set of religious formulas, or to work out certain problems of artistic composition. At least, this is not the way in which the vital forms of a language, the great religious symbols, or the ideal types of art and poetry, are created. They are not created at all; they are not the work of individual endeavor: they are the result of accumulated impressions exercised upon masses of human beings living under similar conditions and similarly organized. In other words, they are engendered and conceived in the nation

as a whole; the individual poets, artists, prophets, through whom they are given their audible or visible shape, are only, as it were, the most receptive and at the same time the most productive organs of the national body. They are the channels through which a national language, a national poetry, a national religion come to light.

Herder was not more than twenty-three years old when in the 'Fragmente über die neuere deutsche Literatur' [Fragments concerning Recent German Literature: 1767], he first gave utterance to this epoch-making idea. "There is the same law of change" — thus he begins the second 'Fragment' — "in all mankind and in every individual, nation, and tribe. From the bad to the good, from the good to the better and best, from the best to the less good, from the less good to the bad — this is the circle of all things. So it is with art and science: they grow, blossom, ripen, and decay. So it is with language also." A primitive people, like a child, stares at all things; fright, fear, admiration, are the only emotions of which it is capable, and the language of these emotions consists of high-pitched, inarticulate sounds and violent gestures. This is the first, prehistoric, infantile period in the history of a language. Then follows the period of youth. With the increasing knowledge of things, fright and wonder are softened. Man comes to be more familiar with his surroundings, his life becomes more civilized. But as yet he is in close contact with nature; affections, emotions, sensuous impressions have more influence upon his conduct than principles and thought. This is the age of poetry. The language now is a melodious echo of the outer world; it is full of images and metaphors, it is free and natural in its construction. The whole life of the people is poetry. "Battles and victories, fables and moral reflections, laws and mythology, are now contained in song." The third period is the age of manhood. The social fabric grows more complicated, the laws of conduct become more artificial, the intellect obtains the ascendancy over the emotions. Literature also takes part in this change. The language becomes more abstract; it strives for regularity, for order; it gains in intellectual strength and loses in sensuous fervor: in other words, poetry is replaced by prose. And prose, in its turn, after it has fulfilled the measure of its maturity, sinks into senile correctness and sterility, thus rounding out the life of a given national literature and making room for a new development.

He considers popular song as a reflex of primitive life; in its wild, irregular rhythm he feels the heart-beat of a youthful, impulsive people; its simple directness he contrasts with the false rhetoric of modern book lyrics. The wilder — *i.e.*, the fuller of life and freedom — a people is, the wilder — *i.e.*, the fuller of life, freedom, and sensuous power — must be its songs. The further removed a people is from artificial thought and scientific language, the less its songs are made for print and paper, the richer they are in lyric charm and wealth of imagery. A savage either is silent, or he speaks with an unpremeditated firmness and beauty which a civilized European cannot

equal; every word of his is clearly cut, concrete, living, and seems to exhaust what it is meant to express; his mind and his tongue are, as it were, tuned to the same pitch. Even in the apparent abruptness and incoherence of popular song Herder sees an element of beauty, inasmuch as it results from the natural attitude of the unperverted mind toward the outer world.

"All the songs of primitive peoples turn on actual things, doings, events, circumstances, incidents; on a living manifold world. All this the eye has seen; and since the imagination reproduces it as it has been seen, it must needs be reproduced in an abrupt, fragmentary manner. There is no other connection between the different parts of these songs than there is between the trees and bushes of the forest, the rocks and caverns of the desert, and between the different scenes of the events themselves. When the Greenlander tells of a seal-hunt, he does not so much relate as paint with words and gestures single facts and isolated incidents: they are all part of the picture in his soul. When he laments the death of a beloved one, he does not deliver a eulogy or preach a funeral sermon, he *paints*; and the very life of the departed, summoned up in a succession of striking situations, is made to speak and to mourn."

And not the Greenlanders only — thus Herder continues — not a rude and primitive people only, feel and sing in this manner. All the great poets of the world do the same: Homer, Sophocles, David, Luther, Shakespeare — they all reflect the life which surrounds them; they give us, as it were, instantaneous pictures of humanity as they saw it, and thus they become for us an epitome of their time and their nation. Herein, above all, lies the incalculable importance of Shakespeare for us of today. For Shakespeare more fully than any other poet has expressed the secret of our own life. He reflects the character of the Germanic race in its totality. He seems to have heard with a thousand ears and to have seen with a thousand eyes; his mind seems to have been a storehouse of countless living impressions. King and fool, beggar and prince, madman and philosopher, angels and devils in human form; the endless variety of individuals and class types; the sturdy endeavor, the reckless daring of a people hardened in the battle with wild elements, passionate but faithful, lusty and sensual but at the same time longing for a deeper truth and a purer happiness; — all this we see in his dramas in bold and striking outline, and in it all we recognize our own self heightened and intensified.

A brief survey of Herder's later writings makes it clear that the whole of his life was consumed in elaborating and amplifying this one idea of national life as an organic growth. In the essay 'Von Aehnlichkeit der mittleren englischen und deutschen Dichtkunst' [Similarity of Middle English and German Poetry: 1779], he held out the prospect of a history of civilization based upon the various national literatures, thus clearly formulating the problem which literary history has been trying to solve ever since. In

the 'Volkslieder' [Folk-Songs] of 1778 and 1779 he laid the foundation for a comparative study of literature, by collecting and translating, with wonderful insight and faithfulness, popular songs and ballads from all over the globe. In the book 'Vom Geist der ebräischen Poesie' [The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry: 1782-83] he considered the Psalms as poetic manifestations of Hebrew character. In the 'Philosophy of the History of Man' he represented the whole history of mankind as a succession of national organisms: each revolving around its own axis; each living out its own spirit; each creating individual forms of language, religion, society, literature, art; and each by this very individualization of national types helping to enrich and develop the human type as a whole. Finally, in the 'Briefe zur Beförderung der Humanität' [Letters for the Furthering of Humanistic Studies: 1793-97], he held up the ideal of perfect manhood to his own time and people, thus rounding out his life by applying his highest inspirations to the immediate demands of national progress.

Herder's influence on German culture cannot easily be overestimated. He was the first among modern thinkers to whom every individual appeared as a public character, as an heir of all the ages, as an epitome of a whole nation. He first considered man in the fullness of his instincts, in the endless variety of his relations to the larger organisms of which he is a part. He first attempted on a large scale to represent all history as an unbroken chain of cause and effect, or rather as a grand living whole in whose development no atom is lost, no force is wasted. Without him, Goethe would have lacked the most inspiring teacher and the safest guide of his youth. Without him, the brothers Grimm would have had no foundations whereon to build the science of folklore. Without him, the whole Romantic school would probably have been nothing but a repetition of the Storm and Stress movement. Without him, there would have been no Ranke. Without him, the theory of evolution would be without one of its most exalted apostles.

KUNO FRANCKE

APOTHEOSIS OF HUMANITY

From the 'Philosophy of the History of Man'

NO sophistical argument can lead us to deny that our earth has grown older in the course of some thousands of years; and that this wanderer round the sun is greatly altered since its origin. In its bowels we perceive how it once was constituted; and we need but look around us to see its present constitution. The ocean foams no longer — it has subsided peaceably into its bed; the wandering streams have found their shores; and

plants and animals have run through a progressive series of years in their different races. As not a sunbeam has been lost upon our earth since its creation, so no falling leaf, no wasted seed, no carcass of a decaying animal, and still less an action of any living being, has been without effect. Vegetation, for example, has increased, and extended itself as far as it could; every living race has spread within the limits nature assigned it, through the means of others; and even the senseless devastations of man, as well as his industry, have been active implements in the hand of Time. Fresh harvests have waved over the ruins of the cities he has destroyed; the elements have strewed the dust of oblivion upon them; and soon new generations have arisen, who have erected new buildings upon the old, and even with their ancient remains. Omnipotence itself cannot ordain that effects shall not be effects; it cannot restore the earth to what it was thousands of years ago, so that these thousands of years, with all their consequences, shall not have been.

Already, therefore, a certain progress of the human species is inseparable from the progress of Time, as far as man is included in the family of Time and Earth. Were the progenitor of mankind now to appear and view his descendants, how would he be astonished! His body was formed for a youthful earth; his frame, his ideas, and his way of life must have been adapted to that constitution of the elements which then prevailed; and considerable alteration in this must have taken place in the course of six thousand years or upwards. In many parts, America is no longer what it was when discovered; two thousand years hence its ancient history will have the air of romance. Thus we read the history of the siege of Troy, and seek in vain the spot where it stood; in vain the grave of Achilles, or the godlike hero himself. Were a collection of all the accounts that have been given of the size and figure of the ancients, of the kind and quantity of their food, of their daily occupations and amusements, and of their notions of love and marriage, the virtues and the passions, the purpose of life and a future existence, made with discriminating accuracy and with regard to time and place, it would be of no small advantage toward a history of man. Even in this short period, an advancement of the species would be sufficiently conspicuous to evince both the consistency of ever-youthful Nature and the progressive changes of our old Mother Earth. Earth nurses not man alone; she presses all her children to one bosom, embraces all in the same maternal arms: and when one changes all must undergo change.

It is undeniable, too, that this progress of time has influenced the mode of thinking of the human species. Bid a man now invent, now sing, an *Iliad*; bid him write like *Æschylus*, like *Sophocles*, like *Plato*: it is impossible. The childish simplicity, the unprejudiced mode of seeing things — in short, the youthful period of the Greeks — is gone by. It is the same with the Hebrews and the Romans; while on the other hand, we are acquainted with a number of things of which both the Romans and the Hebrews were ignorant. One

day teaches another, one century instructs another century; tradition is enriched; the muse of Time, History, herself sings with a hundred voices, speaks with a hundred tongues. Be there as much filth, as much confusion, as there will, in the vast snowball rolled up by Time, yet this very confusion is the offspring of ages, which could have arisen only from the unwearied rolling on of one and the same thing. Thus every return to the ancient times, even the celebrated Year of Plato, is a fiction; is, from the ideas of the world and of time, an impossibility. We float onward; but the stream that has once flowed returns no more to its source.

Where are the times when people dwelt as troglodytes, dispersed about in caves behind their walls, and every stranger was an enemy? Merely from the course of time, no cave, no wall, afforded security. Men must learn to know one another; for collectively they are but one family, on one planet of no great extent. It is a melancholy reflection that everywhere they first learned to know one another as enemies, and beheld each other with astonishment as so many wolves; but such was the order of nature. The weak feared the strong; the deceived, the deceiver; he who had been expelled, him who could again expel him; the inexperienced child, every stranger. This infantile fear, however, and all its abuses, could not alter the course of nature; the bond of union between nations was knit, though in a rough manner owing to the rude state of man. Growing reason may burst the knots, but cannot untwist the band, and still less undo the discoveries that have once been made. What are the geologies of Moses and Orpheus, Homer and Herodotus, Strabo and Pliny, compared with ours? What was the commerce of the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, to the trade of Europe? Thus, with what has hitherto been effected, the clue to the labyrinth of what is to be done is given us. Man, while he continues man, will not cease from wandering over his planet till it is completely known to him: from this neither storms nor shipwreck, nor those vast mountains of ice, nor all the perils of either Pole, will deter him; no more than they have deterred him from the first most difficult attempts, even when navigation was very defective. The incentive to all these enterprises lies in his own breast, lies in man's nature. Curiosity, and the insatiable desire of wealth, fame, discovery, and increase of strength, and even new wants and discontents, inseparable from the present course of things, will impel him; and they by whom dangers have been surmounted in former times, his celebrated and successful predecessors, will animate him. Thus the will of Providence will be promoted both by good and bad incentives, till man knows and acts upon the whole of his species. To him the earth is given; and he will not desist till it is wholly his own, at least as far as regards knowledge and use. Are we not already ashamed that one hemisphere of our planet remained for so long a time as unknown to us as if it had been the other side of the moon?

How vast the progress from the first raft that floated on the water to a

European ship! Neither the inventor of the former, nor the many inventors of the various arts and sciences that contribute to navigation, ever formed the least conception of what would arise from the combination of their discoveries; each obeyed his particular impulse of want or curiosity: but it is inherent in the nature of the human intellect, and of the general connection of all things, that no attempt, no discovery, can be made in vain. Those islanders who had never seen a European vessel beheld the monster with astonishment, as some prodigy of another world; and were still more astonished when they found that men like themselves could guide it at pleasure over the trackless ocean. Could their astonishment have been converted into rational reflection on every great purpose and every little means of this floating world of art, how much higher would their admiration of the human mind have arisen! Whither do not the hands of Europeans at present reach, by means of this single implement? Whither may they not reach hereafter?

Besides this art, others innumerable have been invented within the space of a few years by mankind, that extend their sway over air and water, over earth and heaven. And when we reflect that but few nations were engaged in this contest of mental activity, while the greater part of the rest slumbered in the lap of ancient custom; when we reflect that almost all our inventions were made at very early periods, and scarcely any trace, scarcely any ruin of an ancient structure or an ancient institution exists, that is not connected with our early history — what a prospect does this historically demonstrated activity of the human mind give us for the infinity of future ages! In the few centuries during which Greece flourished, in the few centuries of modern improvement, how much has been perceived, invented, done, reduced to order, and preserved for future ages, in Europe, the least quarter of the globe, and almost in its smallest parts! How prolific the seeds that art and science have copiously shed, while one nourishes, one animates and excites, the other! As when a string is touched, not only everything that has music resounds to it, but all its harmonious tones re-echo the sound till it becomes imperceptible, so the human mind has invented and created when a harmonious point of its interior has been hit. When a new concord was struck in a creation where everything is connected, innumerable new concatenations followed of course.

But it may be asked, How have all these arts and inventions been applied? Have practical reason and justice, and consequently the true improvement and happiness of the human species, been promoted by them? In reply, I refer to what has recently been urged respecting the progress of disorder throughout the whole creation: that according to an intrinsic law of nature, nothing can attain durability, which is the essential aim of all things, without order. A keen knife in the hand of a child may wound it; yet the art that invented and sharpened the knife is one of the most indispensable of arts. All that use such a knife are not children; and even the child will be taught by pain to use it better. Artificial power in the hand of a despot, foreign luxury in

a nation without controlling laws, are such pernicious implements; but the very mischief they do will render men wiser, and soon or late the art that created luxury as well as despotism will first confine both within due bonds, and then convert them into real benefits. The heavy plowshare wears itself out by long use; the slight teeth of new clock-work gain, merely by their revolution, the more suitable and artful form of the epicycloid. Thus, in human powers, abuses carried to excess wear themselves down to good practices, extreme oscillations from side to side necessarily settle in the desirable mean of lasting fitness in a regular movement. Whatever is to take place among mankind will be effected by men; we suffer under our faults till we learn of ourselves the better use of our faculties, without the assistance of miracles from Heaven.

We have not the least reason, therefore, to doubt that every good employment of the human understanding necessarily must and will, at some time or other, promote humanity. Since agriculture has prevailed, men and acorns have ceased to be food. Man found that he could live better, more decently, and more humanely, on the pleasing gifts of Ceres, than on the flesh of his fellows or the fruits of the oak; and was compelled so to live by the laws of men wiser than himself. After men had learned to build houses and towns they ceased to dwell in caves; under the laws of a commonweal, the poor stranger was no longer liable to death. Thus trade brought nations together; and the more its advantages were generally understood, the less murders, oppressions, and deceptions, which are always signs of ignorance in commerce, would necessarily be practised. Every addition to the useful arts secures men's property, diminishes their labor, extends their sphere of activity, and necessarily lays therewith the foundations of further cultivation and humanity. What labor was saved, for example, by the single invention of printing! what an extensive circulation of men's ideas, arts, and sciences did it promote! Were a European Kang-Ti now to attempt to eradicate the literature of this quarter of the globe, he would find it impossible. Had the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the Greeks and Romans, possessed this art, the destruction of their literature would not have been so easy to their spoilers, if it could by any means have been accomplished. Let savage nations burst in upon Europe, they could not withstand our tactics; and no Attila will again extend his march from the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian to the plains of Catalonia. Let monks, sybarites, fanatics, and tyrants arise as they will, it is no longer in their power to bring back the night of the Middle Ages. Now, as no greater benefit can be conceived to arise from any art, divine or human, than not merely to bestow on us light and order but from its very nature to extend and secure them, let us thank the Creator that he conferred understanding on mankind, and made art essential to it. In them we possess the secret and the means of securing order in the world.

CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND

WHAT has already been said of Klopstock applies in almost equal measure to Wieland, who may rightfully claim, along with his older and more inspired contemporary, a part of the credit for that striking growth of German literature in the eighteenth century which led up to the supreme heights of the classical period. Both in prose and verse Wieland helped to make the German language an artistic instrument of expression, lending it grace, precision, and elegance, and giving it a sort of French refinement without doing violence to its fundamental character.

He was largely active in reviving both classical and medieval studies; he introduced Shakespeare to his countrymen, and by his keen, sane criticism did much for German culture. Wieland was a humanist at a time when taste and scholarship were sorely needed in the fatherland. He was a writer of lively wit and fancy, sometimes running into frivolity and sensuality. He initiated the historical culture-novel and psychological romance. He produced an epic, 'Oberon,' which had an immense vogue in his own and other languages, though now it commands little more than a formal regard. An English critic, writing at the beginning of the last century, could remark soberly with 'Oberon' in mind, that "the fame of Wieland is as wide-spread as that of Horace." That such praise now seems excessive, must not blind us to the poet's merits and genuine contributions to the literature of his country. Fashions in literature succeed each other almost as rapidly as fashions in dress.

Christoph Martin Wieland, by his ancestry, education, and early habit, had a bias towards philosophical and religious thought, though the writings of his maturity were of a very different kind. He was the son of a country clergyman, and was born in the Swabian village of Oberholzheim, September 5, 1733. He was carefully instructed under his father's direction, and showed literary precocity. When fourteen he went to school at Klosterbergen, near Magdeburg, where his exceptional abilities attracted attention. Next we find him living with a relative in Erfurt, and reading for the University. The family home was moved to Biberach during this preparation; and it was there that he met and fell in love with Sophie Gutermann, who became the wife of De La Roche, the factorum of Count Stadion, in whose home Wieland was a constant visitor in after years. The intimacy became in time a platonic friendship, but made its deep impress upon Wieland's ripening powers. The idea of his first poem, 'The Nature of Things,' written and published several years later, in 1752, came to him while he was walking with Sophie.

He went to Tübingen in 1750, nominally to study law, but gave his main attention to philology, philosophy, and literature. Wieland was one of the army of young men in all lands who begin with the law, and are irresistibly deflected by their taste toward letters. Bodmer, the Swiss poet, was then a sort of dictator in German literary affairs, and to him Wieland, fired by ambition, sent his unfinished manuscript epic 'Hermann'; the result was an invitation to visit Bodmer at Zürich, and the young aspirant spent a number of months with the veteran, a cordial friendship being established between them. Wieland derived much benefit from this association; but left his friend and patron in 1754, other influences being at work in him. He lived for some time in Zürich and Bern, supporting himself by tutoring. At the University his writings, such as the 'Moral Letters' and 'Moral Tales,' had been of a philosophico-ethical and mystical nature, and under the Swiss influence they continued to be so for several years. His 'Letters from the Dead to Living Friends,' and other works of this period, are full of spiritual aspiration; and his tone in rebuking worldly pleasures is austere.

But this was not to be Wieland's typical work. The impulse is explained by heredity and environment. He went to Biberach in 1760 as Director of Chancery; and as he began to mix in polite society, and especially to frequent Count Stadion's house, he developed into a man of the world, and his writings reflected his experience. Wit, fancy, satire, and worldly wisdom took the place of pious mystic imaginings. The romance 'Don Sylvio von Rosalva' (1764), the 'Comic Tales' (1766), the romance 'Agathon' (1766-67) — described as the first modern romance of culture, and certainly one of his most characteristic and able productions — exhibit this change of heart; and in the 'Musarion' the next year (1768) a middle ground is reached — the author advocating the rational cultivation of the sensual and spiritual sides of man, avoiding alike the extremes of the ascetic and the worldling. His study of Shakespeare began at Biberach; and between 1762 and 1766 he published twenty-two prose translations of the plays, thus making the English poet an open book for Germans.

After a three-years' stay in Erfurt as professor of philosophy, Wieland began in 1772 what was to be a life residence in Weimar. An interesting feature of this life is his connection with Goethe. Soon after Wieland's arrival in the city, he listened in an evening company to the remarkable improvised verses of a young man unknown to him, and exclaimed, "That must be either the Devil — or Goethe!" It proved to be the latter. A warm friendship grew up between the two, in spite of the fact that Goethe had previously attacked Wieland's writings, and in 'Gods, Heroes, and Wieland' represented the other as an object of sport in hell. His literary activity in Weimar was prolific and many-sided; and here his most famous single work, the 'Oberon,' was done. He edited the German Mercury, many of his writings first appearing in that paper; he began a periodical called the Attic Museum; wrote some of his

best things in the comic and satiric veins, among them 'The Inhabitants of Booby-land' [Die Abderiten: 1774], 'New Dialogues of the Gods' (1791), and 'The Secret History of the Philosopher Peregrinus Proteus' (1791); and translated Horace, Lucian, and Cicero.

His masterpiece, 'Oberon,' was brought out in 1780, and received with a favor rarely extended to any literary work. It is a romantic epic, interweaving the love story of the medieval knight Huon with an amatory episode in the story of the fairy king and queen, Oberon and Titania. The poem is written in a skilfully handled stanzaic form, and in the original possesses vigor, melody, lively invention, picturesque description, and narrative movement — qualities some of which are lost in the English rendering. Its manner and matter now seem a trifle antiquated. Wieland purchased in 1797 an estate named Osmannstädt near Weimar, and lived there until 1801; when, his wife dying, he returned to Weimar, and remained until his own death on January 20, 1813.

MANAGING HUSBANDS

From the Fourth 'Dialogue,' Volume xxvii, Collected Works

JUNO. O my dear Livia, I am the unhappiest woman in the world!
Livia. Never had I expected to hear such a word from the lips of the queen of gods and men!

Juno. How, Livia? Do you too hold the common error that happiness is the inseparable property of high station? — when we should deem ourselves lucky could we exchange our position, with all its prerogatives, for that of the modest joy of a poor shepherdess who is reconciled to her lot!

Livia. Since I was first among the mortals, I do not remember ever to have been so dissatisfied with my lot as to wish to exchange it for a humbler one.

Juno. Then you must have a tenderer, or at least a more courteous and agreeable, husband than I have.

Livia. I should be making ridiculous pretensions did I not count myself happy. In the three-and-fifty years of our union, Augustus has never given me a single cause to doubt that I hold the first place in his heart.

Juno. I can't by any means make the same boast with respect to my husband, Livia. Who doesn't know, since that gossipy old Homer let out all our marriage secrets so shamefully, with how little consideration and delicacy I have been treated by Jupiter; how rudely he addresses me in the presence of the other gods; what sort of names I must put up with from him; and how he appears to take an actual pleasure in reminding me on every occasion of misdeeds concerning which he ought to feel the greatest shame, if he were still capable of blushing! . . .

Livia. One cannot deny that men — with some few exceptions, perhaps — are in comparison with us a rough, untender, horrid sort of being. Without some tact, it is very difficult even for a goddess to have as much power over the most ordinary rude mortal as a wife must have over her husband in order to be tolerably contented.

Juno. If this be the case, *Livia*, I should like very much to know how you managed to have such firm control of a husband like Augustus, who was so jealous of his privileges, so mistrustful and cautious, and withal so hot and hasty in his passions.

Livia. Nothing can be really simpler. I made him believe, so long as he lived, that I had no other will than his; and yet I managed to bring about just the contrary: he thought he ruled me, and I ruled him. In all matters concerning which I was indifferent, and that he laid stress upon, I did exactly according to his taste and whim: I was always just as he wished and believed the wife of Augustus should be. My obligingness in such things was boundless. So far from bothering him with jealousy, I appeared not to have the slightest suspicion of his love affairs, . . . and by virtue of a sympathy of which he had not the least doubt, brought it about that the ladies who had the most charm for him were always the very ones whom I preferred, and with whom I was on the best footing. Through this utter indifference as to his little secrets, I gained the advantage that he had no others from me; and while I left him in the delusion that he deceived me on this point, I could be all the surer that he deceived me in no others, and in everything touching his rule, his family, and his political relations did naught without my counsel, and made no decision I had not led him to; but in such manner that he ever believed he was following his own head, when really he was the tool of mine. By this craft (to give it its proper name) I profited, in that he was as little jealous of my intelligence as I was of his love escapades; and when I had won this, all was won. . . .

Juno. You are a woman after my own heart, *Julia Augusta*! We must get better acquainted with one another. But I doubt if, with the Titanic blood that runs in my veins, I should ever be pliant enough to make use of the hint you have given me.

Translated for this series by Richard Burton

OBERON

X

ONE night, when sinking from the cloudless sky
 Arcturus wheel'd his radiant orb away,
 To cool in Thetis' lap his closing ray,
 On board the wild confusion seem'd to die;

Scarce rock'd the billows, as in shadowy rows
 The floating harvest waves when Zephyr blows;
 Dead slumber dully steep'd in fumes of wine
 Had bound the crew, and at the helm supine
 The careless pilot sunk in undisturb'd repose.

XII

Sad Huon, rackt by feelings long suppress,
 While every bitter tear that silent stole,
 Wrung by his harshness from Amanda's soul,
 Burns like a flame of fire his bleeding breast,
 Breathes forth at last so loud, so long a sigh,
 His death-groan strikes her ear — he soon must die —
 Shame and deep anguish rack the wav'ring maid —
 If fails Amanda, who shall Huon aid,
 Bend to his whisper'd woe, and close his drooping eye?

XIII

Amanda, like an angel rob'd in light,
 Soft pity heightening her celestial charms,
 Stands o'er the youth with fearful open arms:
 He thinks that heaven expands before his sight —
 His countenance, but now so wan with woe,
 Beam'd with new life, and burnt with fiery glow:
 His blood, but now that faint and feebly crept,
 Doubled its strokes, with quivering pulses leapt,
 And darted like a fish that glances to and fro!

XIV

But Oberon's boding words his warmth allay —
 Fir'd by the beauty smiling by his side,
 Tho' Huon long to clasp the lovely bride,
 He tears himself with violence away:
 Tears from her touch — her kiss, her throbbing breast,
 Would fly — remains — returns, all fear at rest,
 To rush on death in her enfolding arms!
 Then with fierce look starts wildly from her charms,
 To end th' infuriate pang, all hope at once suppress.

XV

She sinks upon the spot, full throbs her heart,
 And while strange anguish like a stream of fire

Gleams in her eyes that melt with warm desire,
He sees the sympathizing languor dart —
Frail nature yields — his love-bewilder'd brain
Defies the god — his arms the maid enchain —
And while his glowing lip, embath'd in bliss,
Sucks nectar-dew in each inebriate kiss,
Impetuous passion streams thro' every throbbing vein.

XVI

Amanda too, o'erpower'd with fond desires,
To long-lost joys restor'd, thus warmly prest,
Resigns herself, caressing and carest,
To each warm kiss that wakening passion fires.
His mouth the never-sated draught renews,
And from her lip in sweet voluptuous dews
Drinks deep oblivion of fore-boded woes!
Desire, insensibly, more daring grows,
And love, ere Hymen crowns, their secret union views!

XVII

At once the heav'ns are darken'd, quench'd each star!
Ah! happy pair! they knew it not — the wave
Howls as unfetter'd winds o'er ocean rave:
Their tempest-laden pinions roar from far!
They hear it not — with rage encircled round,
Stern Oberon flying thro' the gloom profound
Rushes before their face — they hear him not!
And thrice the thunder peals their boded lot:
And, ah! they hear it not, each sense in rapture drown'd!

XVIII

Meanwhile the tumult maddens more and more;
Fierce from all sides at once a whirlwind breaks;
Rock'd by rude gusts the earth confus'dly shakes,
The welkin flames, with lightning vaulted o'er:
High in the air by surging tempests cast,
The world of waters bellows to the blast:
The vessel reels at random to and fro,
The boatswain calls in vain, while shrieks of woe
Ring thro' the staggering ship, all hope of safety past!

XIX

The wind's unbridled rage, the heav'n that burns,
 Enwrap't in flames like hell's sulphureous tides,
 The crackling of the vessel's rifted sides,
 That now, as rise and fall the waves by turns,
 Sinks buried in the dark unfathom'd deep;
 Now rocks upon the billow's ridgy steep,
 While all beneath in foamy vapor dies:
 These sounds, of power to force the dead to rise,
 Awake the conscious pair from love's enchanted sleep. . . .

XXVIII

The storm, that from the time Sir Huon spoke
 Had seem'd awhile its fury to assuage,
 Now smote the ocean with redoubled rage:
 Incessant lightnings on the vessel broke —
 "Perish the wretch!" bursts forth the general cry:
 The captain beckons, "Fate forbids reply!
 "Since no delay your life can longer save,
 And death more fiercely bellows from the wave,
 Perish! it must be so — by Heaven condemn'd to die!"

XXIX

The Paladin moves on with steady pace:
 At once amid the crew, th' impassion'd fair,
 So long the lifeless statute of despair,
 Darts wild with woe to Huon's last embrace.
 Loose, like a lion's mane, her ringlets sweep
 Before the blast! With eyes that cannot weep,
 With love to frenzy wrought, with high-swoln breast,
 And circling arms round Huon closely prest,
 She hurls him with herself amid the swallowing deep!

XXXI

Meanwhile, no sooner had the foamy waves
 Touch'd the knight's head, than, lo! the stormy tide
 Seems, as if lull'd by magic, to subside!
 The thunder's boding peal no longer raves,
 The whirlwind, gradual hush'd, at distance dies!
 The foaming floods that dash'd against the skies
 Smooth as a silver lake in silence sleep!
 With jocund oar the vessel cuts the deep,
 And ere the sun twice sets secure in harbor lies.

Translated by Wm. Sotheby

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER

THE ballad of 'Lenore,' upon which Bürger's fame chiefly rests, was published in 1773. It constituted one of the articles in that declaration of independence which the young poets of the time were formulating, and it was more than a mere coincidence that in the same year Herder wrote his essay on 'Ossian' and the 'Songs of Ancient Peoples,' and Goethe unfurled the banner of a new epoch in 'Götz von Berlichingen.' The artificial and sentimental trivialities of the pigtail age were superseded almost at a stroke, and the petty formalism under which the literature of Germany was languishing fell about the powdered wigs of its professional representatives. The new impulse came from England. As in France, Rousseau, preaching the gospel of a return to nature, found his texts in English writers, so in Germany the poets who inaugurated the classic age derived their chief inspiration from the wholesome heart of England. It was Shakespeare that inspired Goethe's 'Götz'; Ossian and the old English and Scotch folk-songs were Herder's theme; and Percy's 'Reliques' stimulated and saved the genius of Bürger. This was the movement which, for lack of a better term, has been called the naturalistic. Literature once more took possession of the whole range of human life and experience, descending from her artificial throne to live with peasant and people. These ardent innovators spurned all ancient rules and conventions, and in the first ecstasy of their new-found freedom and unchastened strength it is no wonder that they went too far. Goethe and Schiller learned betimes the salutary lesson of artistic restraint. Bürger never learned it.

Bürger was wholly a child of his time. At the age of twenty-six he wrote 'Lenore,' and his genius never again attained that height. Much may be accomplished in the first outburst of youthful energy; but without the self-control which experience should teach, and without the moral character which is the condition of great achievement, genius rots ere it is ripe; and this was the case with Bürger. We are reminded of Burns. Goethe in his seventy-eighth year said to Eckermann: — "What songs Bürger and Voss have written! Who would say that they are less valuable or less redolent of their native soil than the exquisite songs of Burns?" Like Burns, Bürger was of humble origin; like Burns, he gave passion and impulse the reins and drove to his own destruction; like Burns, he left behind him a body of truly national and popular poetry which is still alive in the mouths of the people.

Bürger was born in the last hour of the year 1747 at Molmerswende. His father was a country clergyman, and he himself was sent to Halle at the age of seventeen to study theology. His wild life there led to his removal to Göt-

tingen, where he took up the study of law. He became a member and afterwards the leader of the famous "Göttinger Dichterbund," and was carried away and for a time rescued from his evil courses by his enthusiasm for Shakespeare and Percy's 'Reliques.' He contributed to the newly established *Musen Almanach*, and from 1779 until his death in 1794 he was its editor. In 1787 the University conferred an honorary degree upon him, and he was soon afterward made a professor without salary, lecturing on Kantian philosophy and esthetics. Three times he was married; his days were full of financial struggles and self-wrought misery; there is little in his private life that is creditable to record: a dissolute youth was followed by a misguided manhood, and he died in his forty-seventh year.

It fell to the lot of the young Goethe, then an unknown reviewer, to write for the *Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeigen* in November 1772 a notice of some of Bürger's early poems. "The 'Minnelied' of Mr. Bürger," he says, "is worthy of a better age; and if he has more such happy moments, these efforts of his will be among the most potent influences to render our sentimental poetasters, with their gold-paper Amors and Graces and their elysium of benevolence and philanthropy, utterly forgotten." With such clear vision could Goethe see at the age of twenty-three. But he soon saw also the danger that lay in unbridled freedom. For the best that was in Bürger Goethe retained his admiration to the last, but before he was thirty he felt that their ways had parted. Among the 'Maxims and Reflections' we find this note: — "It is sad to see how an extraordinary man may struggle with his time, with his circumstances, often even with himself, and never prosper. Sad example, Bürger!"

Doubtless German literature owes less to Bürger than English owes to Burns, but it owes much. Bürger revived the ballad form in which so much of the finest German poetry has since been cast. With his lyric gifts and his dramatic power, he infused a life into these splendid poems that has made them a part of the folk-lore of his native land. 'Lenardo und Blandine,' his own favorite, 'Des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenhain' [The Pastor's Daughter of Taubenhain], 'Das Lied vom braven Mann' [The Song of the Brave Man], 'Die Weiber von Weinsberg' [The Women of Weinsberg], 'Der Kaiser und der Abt' [The Emperor and the Abbot], 'Der wilde Jäger' [The Wild Huntsman], all belong, like 'Lenore,' to the literary inheritance of the German people. Bürger attempted a translation of the *Iliad* in iambic blank verse, and a prose translation of 'Macbeth.' To him belongs also the credit of having restored to German literature the long-disused sonnet. His are among the best in the language, and elicited warm praise from Schiller. Schiller had written a severe criticism of Bürger's poems, which had inflamed party strife and embittered the last years of Bürger himself; but even Schiller admits that Bürger is as much superior to all his rivals as he is inferior to the ideal he should have striven to attain.

The debt which Bürger owed to English letters was amply repaid. In 'Lenore' he showed Percy's 'Reliques' the compliment of quoting from the ballad of 'Sweet William,' which had supplied him with his theme, the lines: — "Is there any room at your head, Willie, or any room at your feet?" The first literary work of Walter Scott was the translation which he made in 1775 of 'Lenore,' under the title of 'William and Helen'; this was quickly followed by a translation of 'The Wild Huntsman.' Scott's romantic mind received in Bürger's ballads and in Goethe's 'Götz,' which he translated four years later, just the nourishment it craved. It is a curious coincidence that another great romantic writer, Alexandre Dumas, should also have begun his literary career with a translation of 'Lenore.' Bürger was not, however, a man of one poem. He filled two goodly volumes, but the oft-quoted words of his friend Schlegel contain the essential truth: — "'Lenore' will always be Bürger's jewel, the precious ring with which, like the Doge of Venice espousing the sea, he married himself to the folk-song forever."

LENORA ¹

LENORA sprang, when morn was red,
 From heavy dreams and gloomy.
 "O William! Art thou false or dead?
 Why dost thou not come to me?"
 He with King Frederick's banded might
 Was marched away to Prag's great fight,
 No tidings homeward sending,
 After the battle's ending.

The King and Empress, hitherto
 By hatred long deluded,
 Relented of their fixed intent,
 And peace at last concluded;
 And every troop, with sound and song,
 With beating drums, still marched along,
 Their helms with green boughs binding,
 As homeward they were winding.

And here, and there, and everywhere,
 Each road and path was teeming
 With young and old who, hurrying on,
 To these glad sounds came streaming:

¹ *Lenora*, because *Lenore* would be read, and has been used, as a dissyllable in English verse.

"Thank God!" the wife and children cried,
 And "Welcome!" many a happy bride.
 But ah! Lenora meeting
 There came no kiss or greeting.

She questioned up and down the throng,
 And asked for all who knew him;
 But not a man among them all
 Knew what had happened to him.
 And as they passed, and left her there,
 She wildly tore her raven hair,
 And on the ground she cast her,
 With mad, despairing gesture.

Her mother sped to where she lay: —
 "Lord! show us thy compassion!"
 She said, then claspt her tenderly.
 "My darling! why this passion?"
 "O mother! mother! Gone is gone!
 The world and all for me is done!
 God hath no mercy shown me.
 O woe, O woe upon me!"

"Lord, let thine eyes upon us dwell!
 Kneel, child, and pray 'Our Father!'
 Whate'er God doth, He doth it well,
 Lord, Lord, show mercy rather!"
 "O mother! Idle words and vain!
 God doth me naught but wrong and pain!
 What good, what good my praying,
 Or paternosters saying?"

"Help, Lord, help! Such as know our God,
 Know that he helps His children.
 The blessed sacrament would make
 Thine anguish less bewild'ring." —
 "O mother, mother! woe I feel
 Such as no sacrament can heal!
 The dead it cannot quicken,
 So naught thereof I reckon."

"Hear, child! What if the treacherous man,
In Ungarn far alighted,
His faith and troth hath laid aside
Another wedlock plighted?
There send his heart! Uncared for now,
Yet will the traitor's broken vow,
When soul and body sever,
Wrap him in flames forever."

"O mother, mother! Gone is gone!
And lost is lost forever!
Death, death, is all that I have won!
Would thou had'st borne me never!
Rush out, rush out, life's inner light!
Dwindle and die, in thickest night!
God hath no pity shown me.
O woe, O woe upon me!"

"Help, Lord! Nor into judgment bring
Thy child, for mercy fitter!
She wots not what her tongue doth speak,
Lord! of her sin acquit her!
Ah! child, forget this world's distress,
And think on God and happiness!
So shall he ne'er forsake thee,
But Heaven's own bride shall make thee."

"O mother! what is happiness?
O mother! what hell's torture?
With him, my William, were heaven's bliss;
Without him, hell's worst torture!
Rush out, forever die, my light!
Dwindle and die, in murky night!
With him, from me is riven
All bliss, in earth or heaven."

She raging thus, and wild despair
Her brains and veins possessing,
God's providence arraigned there,
With reckless speech addressing;
She wrung her hands, and beat her breast,
Until the sun sank in the west,
And, through heaven's deep vault turning,
The golden stars were burning.

And hark! without came tramp, tramp, tramp,
 Like horse-hoofs near the paling,
 Dismounts a clanking trooper there
 Hard by the steps' high railing;
 And hush and hark! the door-bell's ring —
 A quiet, stealthy, kling-ling-ling!
 Then through the door came muttered
 These words distinctly uttered:

"Holla! holla! Undo the door!
 Art sleeping, dear, or waking?
 And dost thou love me as before?
 Art mirth or mourning making?"
 "Ah, William, thou? So late by night?
 I've wept and watched, as well I might,
 With anguish piercing through me!
 Whence hast thou ridden to me?"

"We do but saddle near midnight.
 From Boehmen rode I hither.
 And I have risen very late;
 And we go hence together."
 "Ah! William, first come in to me.
 The wind moans through the hawthorn tree,
 Come, let mine arms surround thee,
 Shed loving warmth around thee!"

"The wind may moan through hawthorn tree,
 May moan, dear child, I care not!
 My charger stamps, and clangs my spur,
 And house me here I dare not.
 Come gird thee for a swing and fling,
 Behind me on my charger spring.
 Five² hundred miles we ride, love,
 To lay us side by side, love."

"Ah! wilt thou ride five hundred miles,
 To bear me to my bridal?
 And hark! the bell that struck eleven,
 Scarce yet its tongue is idle."

² Five hundred, because, as is well known to ghosts who travel, the German mile equals nearly five English.

"See, far and near, the moon shines clear,
We and the dead ride fast, my dear.
This night I'm pledged to wed thee,
To bear thee home, and bed thee."

"But tell me where thy chamber is?
What bridal bed's attending?"
"Far, far from here! . . . Still, cold, and small,
Six boards, two lesser ending."
"There's room for me?" — "For thee and me.
Come, gird, and spring to saddle-tree!
Our guests we are delaying;
Our chamber's open staying."

The darling girt her, sprung and swung
Upon the charger lightly;
And round the faithful trooper clung
Her lily hands so tightly;
And hourra,³ hourra, off they bound!
Then gallop on with rushing sound,
Pant horse and man, and scatter
Sparks from the stones they shatter.

To right and left, on either hand,
Swift parts their view asunder,
Flies past each meadow, moor, and land!
And how the bridges thunder!
"Bright shines the moon! Dost fear, my bride?
Hourra! The dead can swiftly ride!
Dost tremble at the dead, love?"
"Ah no. . . . Yet leave the dead, love!"

What comes along with sound and song?
Why do these ravens flutter?
Hark! bells are swung! Hark! dirges sung!
"Give us the corpse!" they mutter.
And nearer draws a funeral train,
With bier and coffin borne amain.
The dirge sounds dim and choking,
Like toads in ditches croaking.

³ "Hourra" as spelt here; for the emphasis is on the first syllable, and the diphthong soft.

"Bury the corpse when midnight's come,
 With knell, and dirge, and wailing;
 But now I bear my young bride home,
 And come ye too unfailing!
 Come, sacristan! come with thy quire
 And drone the hymn at our desire!
 Come, priest, the blessing speak us,
 Ere we to bed betake us!"

Hushed sound and song . . . and fled the bier. . . .
 His call obeying swiftly;
 They, hourra, hourra! all career
 Behind his charger deftly.
 And ever forward still they bound,
 And gallop on with thundering sound;
 Pant horse and man, and scatter
 Sparks from the flints they shatter.

How flew to right, how flew to left,
 Hills, fences, trees, and streamlets!
 And right and left went flying swift,
 The cities, towns, and hamlets! —
 "Bright shines the moon! Dost fear, my bride?
 Hourra! The dead can swiftly ride!
 The dead thou dost not dread, love?"
 "Ah! let them rest, the dead, love!"

See there! see there! the gallows-tree,
 Where round the wheel is dancing
 A shadowy rabble company,
 Half seen in moonbeams glancing. —
 "Soho! ye rabble! Here! come here!
 Ye rabble, come, and follow near,
 The wedding measure treading,
 When we to bed are speeding!"

And then the rabble, husch,⁴ husch, husch!
 Came close behind them swirling,
 Like wind that in the hazel-bush
 Through withered leaves is whirling.

⁴ "Husch" and not "hush" for the sake of the sound, as well as the rhyme.

And ever forward still they bound,
And gallop on with rushing sound,
Pant horse and man, and scatter
Sparks from the flints they shatter.

How swiftly flew the broad round moon,
Far off behind them speeding!
And overhead went flying soon
The heaven and stars receding!
"Bright shines the moon! Dost fear, my bride?
Hourra! The dead can swiftly ride!
Dost shudder at the dead, love?"
"Ah! let them rest, the dead, love!"

"Horse! horse! Methinks the cockcrow's near.
And fast our sands are fleeting,
Horse! Horse! I scent the morning air. . . .
Horse! hasten thy retreating!
Now, now our course is ridden through!
Our bridal bed in open view!
The dead ride well and swiftly!
Our goal is gainèd deftly."

Swift towards a grated iron door
He went with bridle hanging;
He struck his slender wand before,
Burst locks and bolts with clanging.
Back flew the gates with jarring sound,
And over graves their course was bound,
While all around stood gleaming
Gravestones in moonshine beaming.

Ah see! ah see! All suddenly,
Huhu! a grisly wonder;
The trooper's buff coat, piece by piece,
Like tinder, dropt in sunder;
His skull cast off its curling hair,
Below, his trunk of flesh grew bare;
Death's bony form appearing,
The scythe and hour-glass bearing.

Then snorted loud the horse, and fire
Strewed round him as he reared;
And hui! he sank from under her,
And sudden disappeared.

A howling in the upper skies,
A moaning from the vaults did rise,
Lenora's heart, all quaking,
With death fierce struggle making.

Now dancing in the pale moonlight,
Round in a ring gigantic,
The ghosts enchained their shadowy hands,
And howled in chorus frantic:
"Be patient! Though thy heart should break!
Nor with the Heavens thy quarrel make!
Thy body is bereft thee;
God save the soul that's left thee!"

Translated by W. Brinton, 1850

GOETHE

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main on August 28, 1749, and died at Weimar on March 22, 1832. His great life, extending over upwards of fourscore years, makes him a man of the eighteenth century and also of the nineteenth. He belongs not only to German but to European literature. And in the history of European literature his position is that of successor to Voltaire and Rousseau. Humanity, as Voltaire said, had lost its title-deeds, and the task of the eighteenth century was to recover them. Under all Voltaire's zeal for destruction in matters of religious belief lay a positive faith and a creative sentiment—a faith in human intellect and the sentiment of social justice. What indefatigable toil! what indefatigable play! Surely it was not all to establish a negation. Voltaire poured a gay yet bitter *élan* into the intellectual movement of his time. Yet amid his various efforts for humanity he wanted love; he wanted reverence. And although a positive tendency underlies his achievements, we are warranted in repeating the common sentence, that upon the whole he destroyed more than he built up.

Voltaire fought to enfranchise the understanding. Rousseau dreamed, brooded, suffered, to emancipate the heart. A wave of passion, or at least of sentiment, swept over Europe with the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' the 'Émile,' the 'Confessions.' It was Rousseau, exclaims Byron, who "threw enchantment over passion," who "knew how to make madness beautiful." Such an emancipation of the heart was felt, in the eighteenth century, to be a blessed deliverance from the material interests and the eager yet too arid speculation of the age. But Byron in that same passage of 'Childe Harold' names Rousseau "the self-torturing sophist." And a sophist Rousseau was. His intellect fed upon fictions, and dangerous fictions—fictions respecting nature, respecting the individual man, respecting human society. Therefore his intellect failed to illuminate, clarify, tranquilize his heart. His emotions were turbid, restless, and lacking in sanity.

Here then were Goethe's two great predecessors: one a most vivacious intelligence, the other a brooding sensibility; one aiming at an emancipation of the understanding, but deficient in reverence and in love; the other aiming at an emancipation of the affections, but deficient in sanity of thought. In what relation stood Goethe to these great forces of the eighteenth century?

In his old age Goethe, speaking of Voltaire, uses the words "a universal source of light." But as a young man he was repelled by "the factious dishonesty of Voltaire, and his perversion of so many worthy subjects." "He

would never have done," says Goethe, "with degrading religion and the sacred books, for the sake of injuring priestcraft, as they called it." Goethe, indeed, did not deny a use to the spirit of negation. Mephistopheles lives and works. Yet he lives and works as the unwilling servant of the Lord, and the service he renders is to provoke men from indolence to activity.

Into the influence of Rousseau, on the contrary, and into the general movement of feeling to which Rousseau belonged, Goethe in his youth was caught, almost inevitably; and he abandoned himself to it for a time, it might seem without restraint.

Yet Goethe differed from Rousseau as profoundly as he differed from Voltaire. Rousseau's undisciplined sensibility, morbidly excited by the harshness or imagined harshness of his fellows, by bodily torment, by broodings in solitude, became at last one quivering mass of disease. "No tragedy had ever a fifth act so squalid." What a contrast to the closing scenes of Goethe's life in that house of his, like a modest temple of the Muses, listening to Plutarch read aloud by his daughter-in-law, or serenely active, "ohne Hast aber ohne Rast" [without haste, but without rest], in widening his sympathies with men or enlarging his knowledge of nature.

How was this? Why did the ways part so widely for Rousseau and for Goethe?

The young creator of 'Werther' (1774) may seem to have started on his career as a German Rousseau. In reality, 'Werther' expressed only a fragment of Goethe's total self. A reserve force of will and an intellect growing daily in clearness and in energy would not permit him to end as Rousseau ended. In 'Götz von Berlichingen' (1773) there goes up a cry for freedom; it presents the more masculine side of that spirit of revolt from the bonds of the eighteenth century, that "return to nature," which is presented in its more feminine aspects by 'Werther.' But by degrees it became evident to Goethe that the only true ideal of freedom is a liberation not of the passions, not of the intellect, but of the whole man; that this involves a conciliation of all the powers and faculties within us; and that such a conciliation can be effected only by degrees, and by steadfast toil.

And so we find him willing during ten years at Weimar (1785-1786) to undertake work which might appear to be fatal to the development of his genius. To reform army administration, make good roads, work the mines with energetic intelligence, restore the finances to order — was this fit employment for one born to be a poet? Except a few lyrics and the prose 'Iphigenie,' (1779) these years produced no literary work of importance; yet Goethe himself speaks of them as his "zweite Schriftstellerepoche" — his second epoch as a writer. They were needful to make him a master in the art of life, needful to put him into possession of all his powers. Men of genius are quick growers; but men of the highest genius, which includes the wisdom of human life, are not speedily ripe. Goethe had entered literature early; he had stormed

the avenues. Now at six-and-twenty he was a chief figure in German, even in European, literature; and from twenty-six to thirty-seven he published, we may say, nothing. But though he ceased to astonish the world, he was well employed in widening the basis of his existence; in organizing his faculties; in conciliating passions, intellect, and will; in applying his mind to the real world; in endeavoring to comprehend it aright; in testing and training his powers by practical activity.

A time came when he felt that his will and skill were mature; that he was no longer an apprentice in the art of living, but a master craftsman. Tasks that had grown irksome, and were felt to be a distraction from higher duties, he now abandoned. Goethe fled for a time to Italy (1786-7), there to receive his degree in the high school of life, and to start upon a course of more advanced studies. Thenceforward until his closing days the record is one of almost uninterrupted labor in his proper fields of literature, art, and science. "In Rome," he wrote, "I have for the first time found myself, for the first time come into harmony with myself, and grown happy and rational." He had found himself, because his passions and his intellect now co-operated; his pursuit of truth had all the ardor of a first love; his pursuit of beauty was not a fantastic chase, but was subject to rational law; and his effort after truth and his effort after beauty were alike supported by an adult will.

His task, regarded as a whole, was to do over again the work of the Renaissance. But whereas the Renaissance had been a large national or European movement, advancing towards its ends partly through popular passions and a new enthusiasm, the work which Goethe accomplished was more an affair of intelligence, criticism, conscious self-direction. It was less of a flood sweeping away old dikes and dams, and more of a dawn quietly and gradually drawing back the borders of darkness and widening the skirts of light. A completely developed human being, for the uses of the world—this was the ideal in which Goethe's thoughts centered, and towards which his most important writings constantly tend. A completely developed State or commonwealth should follow, as an ideal arising out of the needs and demands of a complete individual. Goethe knew that growth comes not by self-observation and self-analysis, but by exercise. Therefore he turned himself and would turn his disciples to action, to the objective world; and in order that this action may be profitable, it must be definite and within a limited sphere. He preaches self-renunciation; but the self-renunciation he commends is not self-mortification; it is the active self-abandonment of devotion to our appropriate work. Such is the teaching of 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,' (1821): it traces the progress of a youth far from extraordinary, yet having within him the capacity for growth, progress through a thousand errors and illusions, from splendid dreams to modest reality. Life is discovered by Wilhelm to be a difficult piece of scholarship. The cry for freedom in 'Götz,' the limitless sigh of passion heard in 'Werther,' are heard no more. If freedom is to be attained, it can only be

through obedience; if we are to "return to nature," it cannot be in Rousseau's way but through a wise art of living, an art not at odds with nature, but its complement: —

"This is an art which does mend nature — but
The art itself is nature."

If we ask — for this, after all, is the capital question of criticism — What has Goethe done to make us better? the answer is: He has made each of us aspire and endeavor to be no fragment of manhood, but a man; he has taught us that to squander ourselves in vain desires is the road to spiritual poverty; that to discover our appropriate work, and to embody our passion in such work, is the way to true wealth; that such passion and such toil must be not servile, but glad and free; that the use of our intelligence is not chiefly to destroy, but to guide our activity in construction; and that in doing our best work we incorporate ourselves in the best possible way in the life of our fellows. Such lessons may seem obvious; but they had not been taught by Goethe's great predecessors, Voltaire and Rousseau. Goethe, unlike Voltaire, inculcates reverence and love; unlike Rousseau, he teaches us to see objects clearly as they are, he trains us to sanity. And Europe needed sanity in the days of Revolution and in the days of Reaction which followed.

Sanity for the imagination Goethe found in classical art. The young leader of the Romantic revival in Germany resigned his leadership; he seemed to his contemporaries to have lost the fire and impulse of his youth; his work was found cold and formal. A great change had indeed taken place within him; but his ardor had only grown steadier and stronger, extending now to every part of his complex nature. The change was a transition from what is merely inward and personal to what is outward and general. Goethe cared less than formerly to fling out his private passions, and cared more to comprehend the world and human life and to interpret these through art. He did not go into bondage under the authority of the ancients; but he found their methods right, and he endeavored to work as they had worked. For a time the reaction carried him too far: in seeking for what is general, he sometimes passed on to what is abstract, and so was forced into the error of offering symbols to represent these abstractions, instead of bodying forth his ideas in imaginative creations. But in the noble drama of 'Iphigenie' (1787), in the epic-idyl of 'Hermann und Dorothea' (1797), and in many of the ballads written during his period of close companionship with Schiller, we have examples of art at once modern in sentiment and classical in method.

Goethe's faith in the methods of classical art never passed away, but his narrow exclusiveness yielded. He became, with certain guiding principles which served as a control, a great eclectic, appropriating to his own uses whatever he perceived to be excellent. As in 'Hermann und Dorothea' he unites

the influences of Greek art with true German feeling, so in his collection of short lyrics, the 'West-Östlicher Divan' [West-Eastern Divan] (1819), he brings together the genius of the Orient and that of the Western world, and sheds over both the spiritual illumination of the wisdom of his elder years. Gradually his creative powers waned, but he was still interested in all — except perhaps politics — that can concern the mind; he was still the greatest of critics, entering with his intelligence into everything and understanding everything, as nearly universal in his sympathies as a human mind can be. The Goethe of these elder years is seen to most advantage in the 'Conversations with Eckermann.'

The most invulnerable of Goethe's writings are his lyrical poems; against the best of these, criticism can allege nothing. They need no interpreter. But the reader who studies them in chronological order will observe that as time went on, the lyric which is a spontaneous jet of feeling is replaced by the lyric in which there is constructive art and considerate evolution. In the poems of the 'West-Östlicher Divan' Goethe returns to the lyric of spontaneity, but their inspiration is rather that of a gracious wisdom, at once serious and playful, than of passion.

His period of romance and sentiment is best represented by 'The Sorrows of Werther.' His adult wisdom of life is found most abundantly in 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.' The world has long since agreed that if Goethe is to be represented by a single work, it shall be by 'Faust' (Part I, 1808; Part II, 1831). And even those who perceive that 'Faust' is best understood by being taken along with Goethe's other writings — his early 'Prometheus,' his autobiography, his travels in Italy, his classical dramas, his scientific studies, his work as a critic, his vast correspondence, his conversations in old age — cannot quarrel with the judgment of the world.

'Faust,' if we include under that name the First and the Second Parts, is the work of Goethe's whole life. Begun and even far advanced in early manhood, it was taken up again in his midmost years, and was completed with a faltering hand in the closing season of his old age. What it loses in unity, or at least in harmonious development as a piece of art, it gains in autobiographical interest. All his works, Goethe said, constituted a great confession. More than any other of his writings, 'Faust' is the confession of his life.

There are two ways in which a reader may deal with 'Faust.' He may choose for his own delight a fragment, detach it and disregard the rest; he may view this fragment, if he pleases, as a whole, as a rounded work of art. Such a reader will refuse to pass beyond the First Part of the vast encyclopedic poem. To do this is legitimate. The earliest form in which we possess the drama (1775), that of the transcript made by Fräulein von Göchhausen, is a tragedy which might be named 'The Tragedy of Margaret.' Possibilities of further development lay in the subject, were indeed required by the subject, and Goethe had probably already conceived certain of them; yet the stadium in

the progress of Faust's history included in 'The Tragedy of Margaret' had a unity in itself. But a reader may approach 'Faust' otherwise; he may view it as expressing the complete mind of Goethe on some of the deepest problems of human life. Viewing it thus, he must accept the whole work as Goethe has given it; he must hold in abeyance, at least for a time, his own particular likes and dislikes. While keeping his mind open to all the poetry of Faust, he will soon discover that here is something more than a poem. It may be unfortunate for the work of art that it belongs, certainly in its execution, possibly even in the growth of its conception, to far sundered periods of its author's career, when his feelings respecting art were different, when his capacity for rendering his ideas was now more and now less adequate. Such a reader, however, would part with nothing: in what is admirable he finds the master's hand; in what is feeble he discovers the same hand, but faltering, and pathetic in its infirmity. He is interested in 'Faust' not solely or chiefly as 'The Tragedy of Margaret': he finds in it the intellect, the character, the life of Goethe; it is a repository of the deepest thoughts and feelings concerning human existence of a wise seer, a repository in which he laid by those thoughts and feelings during sixty years of his mortal wayfaring.

From early manhood to extreme old age 'Faust' was with Goethe, receiving now and again, in Frankfort, in Weimar, in Rome, some new accession. We can distinguish the strata or formations of youth, of manhood, and of the closing years. We recognize by their diversities of style those parts which were written when creation was swift and almost involuntary, a passion and a joy, and those parts through which Goethe labored at an old man's pace, accomplishing today a hand's-breadth, tomorrow perhaps less, and binding blank pages into his manuscript, that the sight of the gaps might irritate him to produce. What unity can such a work possess, except that which comes from the fact that it all proceeded from a single mind, and that some main threads of thought — for it would be rash to speak of a ground idea — run through the several parts and bind them together? 'Faust' has not the unity of a lake whose circuit the eye can contemplate, a crystal set among the hills. Its unity is that of a river, rising far away in mountain solitudes, winding below many a mirrored cliff, passing the habitations of men, temple and mart, fields of rural toil and fields of war, reaching it may be dull levels, and forgetting the bright speed it had, until at last the dash of waves is heard, and its course is accomplished; but from first to last one stream, proceeding from a single source. Tourists may pick out a picturesque fragment of its wanderings, and this is well; but perhaps it is better to find the poetry of its entire career, from its cloudy cradle to the flats where it loses itself in the ocean.

The first part of 'Faust' is itself the work of more periods than one. The original conception may belong to Goethe's student days at Strassburg (1770). He had grown weary of the four Faculties — alas, even of theology; he had known a maiden as fair and sweet and simple as Gretchen, and he had left

her widowed of her first love; and there in Strassburg was the presence of that old Cathedral, which inspired so terrible a scene in the 'Faust.' From Strassburg he returned to Frankfort (1771), and no moments of his career of authorship were more fruitful than these which preceded the first Weimar years. It was in the heart of the Storm and Stress; it was the time of 'Götz' and 'Mahomet' and the 'Wandering Jew' and 'Werther' and 'Prometheus.' Here in Faust was another and a nobler Werther seeking the infinite; here was another Prometheus, a Titan shackled yet unsubduable. By Goethe's twenty-sixth year the chief portions of the 'Faust, a Fragment,' published when he was forty-one, had been written. But two scenes were added in Rome — one of these strange in its fantasy, the Witches' Kitchen — as if to show that the poet of the North was not quite enslaved by the beauty of classic art. It was in the last decade of the eighteenth century that Schiller succeeded in persuading Goethe to open his Faust papers and try to recover the threads of his design. Not until 1808, Goethe's fifty-ninth year, was the First Part published as we now possess it. It is therefore incorrect to speak of this Part as the work of the author's youth; even here a series of strata belonging to different periods can be distinguished, and critics have contended that even in this Part may be discovered two schemes or plans not wholly in harmony each with the other.

The first Fragment was written, as has been said, in the spirit of the Storm and Stress. Goethe was weary of the four Faculties. The magic work of the time which was to restore vigor and joy to men was *Nature*. This is the theme of the opening scene of 'Faust.' Among old instruments and dusty folios and ancestral lumber and brute skeletons, away from nature and her living founts of inspiration, the old scholar has found neither joy nor true knowledge. He opens the book of Nostradamus and gazes upon the sign of the Macrocosm; here in a symbol he beholds the life and energy of nature: —

"Where shall I grasp thee, infinite Nature? Where
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life whereon
Hang heaven and earth?"

He cannot grasp them; and then turning from the great Cosmos, he thinks he may at least dare to invoke the spirit of our own mother planet Earth. But to Faust, with eyes bleared with the dust of the study, to Faust, living in his own speculations or in dogmatic systems, the aspect of the Earth Spirit — a living fire — is terrible. He falls back upon himself almost despairing, when the famulus Wagner enters. What Werner was to the idealist Wilhelm Meister, Wagner is to the idealist Faust: the mere scraping together of a little hoard of barren facts contents Wagner; such grief, such despair as Faust's, are for this Philistine of learning impossible. And then the fragment of 1790 passes on to Mephistopheles. Whether or not Goethe found the features of

his critical demon in Herder (as Grimm supposes), and afterwards united these to the more pronounced likeness in his friend Mephistopheles Merck, matters little. Whether Herder and Merck had been present or not, Goethe would have found Mephistopheles in his own heart. For the contrast between the idealist Faust and the realist Mephistopheles exists in some form or other in almost every great creation of Goethe. It is the contrast between Werther and Albert, between Tasso and Antonio, between Edward and the Captain. Sometimes the nobler spirit of worldliness is dwelt on, as in the case of Antonio; sometimes the cold, hard, cynical side, as in the case of Mephistopheles. The theme of Faust as originally conceived was the turning of an idealist from his own private thoughts and dreams to the real world; from all that is unnatural — systems, speculations, barren knowledge — to nature and the founts of life; from the solitary cell to the company of men; to action, beauty, life, and love. If he can really succeed in achieving this wisely and well, Faust is saved. He is delivered from solitude, the inane of speculation, the vagueness of idealism, and made one with the band of his toiling fellows. But to accompany him there is the spirit of base worldliness, the realist, the cynic, who sees the meaner side of all that is actual, who if possible will seduce Faust into accepting the world apart from that elevating spirit which ennobles actual life, who will try to baffle and degrade Faust by degrading all that he now seeks — action and beauty and life and love.

It is Goethe himself who is at odds with himself — the realist Goethe set over against the idealist Goethe: and Mephistopheles is the base realist, the cynic whose endeavor is to mar the union of high poetry and high prose in human life, which union of high poetry with high prose Goethe always looked upon as the true condition of man's activity. In the Prologue in Heaven, written when Schiller had persuaded Goethe to take up the threads of his play, the Lord speaks of Faust as his servant. Mephistopheles wagers that he will seduce Faust from his allegiance to the Highest. The Lord does not wager; he *knows*: —

“ Though now he serve me in a maze of doubt,
 Yet I will lead him soon where all is clear;
 The gardener knows, when first the bushes sprout,
 That bloom and fruit will deck the riper year.”

These vague passionate longings of Faust after truth and reality and life and love are not evil; they are good: they are as yet indeed but the sprouting of the immature leaf and bud, but the Lord sees in these the fruit that is to be. Therefore let Mephistopheles, the spirit of negation, try his worst, and at the last discover how an earnest striver's ways are justified by God. Faust may wander, err, fall, grievously offend — “as long as man lives, man errs;” but for him who ever strives upward, through all his errors, there is redemption in the end.

The poem belongs to its epoch. Faust is the idealist, Mephistopheles is the realist, of the eighteenth century. Faust aspires to nature and freedom like one who had drunk deeply of Rousseau. Mephistopheles speaks like a degraded disciple of Voltaire, who has lost his master's positive faith in the human reason. Goethe can accept as his own neither the position of Voltaire nor that of Rousseau; but actually he started in life as an antagonist of Voltaire and a disciple of Rousseau, and in like manner his Faust starts on his career as one who longs for a "return to nature." While from merely negative criticism nothing virtuous can be born, the vague longings of one who loves and hopes promise measureless good.

Faust's vast aspirations, then, are not sinful; they only need to be limited and directed to suitable ends. It is as God's servant that he goes forth with the Demon from his study to the world. And Mephistopheles' first attempt to degrade Faust is a failure. In the orgy of Auerbach's cellar, while the boisterous young bloods clash their glasses, the old scholar sits silent, isolated, ashamed. It is only by infecting his blood with the witch's poison that Mephistopheles can lay hold of the spirit of Faust even for a time; and had he not seen in the mirror that vision of Helena, whom he rightly loves, and whom indeed he needs, he could not have put to his lips the filthy brewage of the witch. But now indeed he is snared; the poison rages in his veins; for one hour he is transformed into what the world basely calls a man of pleasure. Yet Faust is not wholly lost: his better self, the untrained, untamed idealist, begins to reassert its power; the fumes of the poison dissipate themselves. Guilty though he be, his love of Margaret is not what Mephistopheles requires that it should be: it is not calculating, egoistic, cynical, nor dull, easeful, and lethargic. It is not the crime of an experienced worldling nor of a dull, low liver: it is the crime of one whose unwise heart and untaught imagination delude him; and therefore though his fall be deep, it is not fatal. The wrong he has wrought may be blind and terrible as that of Othello to Desdemona; but it is not the serpentine stinging of an Iago or a Mephistopheles.

So through anguish and remorse Faust is doing off the swathebands of delusion, learning to master his will, learning his own heart, learning the meaning of existence: he does not part from his ideal self, his high aspirations, his ardent hopes; he is rather transforming these into realities; he is advancing from dreams to facts, so that in the end, when his life becomes a lofty prose, it may be interpenetrated by a noble poetry.

It were long to trace the history of Faust through the ever purifying and ascending scale of energies exhibited in the Second Part of the drama. Affairs of State, science, art, war — all that Goethe had known by experience — appear in this encyclopedic poem. One word, however, must be said respecting the 'Helena.' It is a mistake to view this central portion of the Second Part as solely or chiefly an allegory of the wedlock of classic and romantic art. As science is shown to form a needful part of Faust's turning from the inane of

metaphysics to the positive world, so from the Greek spirit he learns sanity and strength; the deliverance of the ideal man in Faust is aided by the beauty and the healthfulness of classic art. Through beauty, as Schiller tried to show in his letters on 'Esthetic Culture,' we attain to freedom. Faust is not an artist, but a *man*; Helena is but one of the spirits whose influence is needed to make him real and elevated. It is she who qualifies him for achieving practical work in a high, ideal spirit.

The Fourth Act of the Second Part is wholly concerned with practical work. What is this which engages the student of the metaphysic cell, who had gone through the four Faculties, and is now once again grown old? What is this? Only well-defined and useful activity. He has rescued some acres of arable land from the rage of the barren sea.

But Faust is not yet wholly delivered from evil; his activity is useful, indeed, but it lacks the finer grace of charity. He commissions Mephistopheles to destroy the cottage of old Philemon and Baucis, which stands in the way of his territorial improvements. It is the last crime of the unregenerate will. The four gray women — Care and Blame and Want and Crime — now assail him; but there is virtue in him to the last. However it may be with himself, grant only that ages hence the children of men, free and happy, may dwell upon the soil which he has saved for their place of labor and of love — grant but this, and even in the anticipation of it he is made possessor of the highest bliss. Nor indeed is higher permitted to man on earth. And now that Faust has at last found satisfaction, and said to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art so fair," the time has come for Mephistopheles to claim his soul. But in this very aspiration after the perfect joy of others — not his own — Faust is forever delivered from the Evil One. The gray old man lies stretched upon the sand. Higher powers than those of his own will take him, guard him, lead him forward. The messengers of God bear away his immortal part. All Holy Hermits, all Holy Innocents, all Holy Virgins, the less and the greater Angels, and redeemed women who have sinned and sorrowed and have been purified, aid in his ultimate purification. It is the same thought which was interpreted in a lower key when Wilhelm Meister's fate was intrusted to Natalia. Usefulness is good; activity is good: but over all these should soar and brood the Divine graces of life, and love the chief of these. That which leads us farther than all the rest is what Goethe names "the imperishable womanly grace," that of love. And so the great mystery-play reaches its close.

EDWARD DOWDEN

FROM 'FAUST'

CHORUS OF THE ARCHANGELS; FROM THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

RAPHAEL. The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed; the angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may;
The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

Gabriel. And swift and swift with rapid lightness
The adorned earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

Michael. And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth as with a band.
A flashing desolation there
Flames before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE

The angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may;
Thy world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.

Translated by Shelley

SCENES FROM 'FAUST'


Translated by Bayard Taylor

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FAUST AND WAGNER

Part I, Lines 1064-1125

Faust

 H, happy he, who still renews
 The hope from Error's deeps to rise forever!
 That which one does not know, one needs to use,
 And what one knows, one uses never.
 But let us not, by such despondence, so
 The fortunes of this hour embitter!
 Mark how, beneath the evening sunlight's glow,
 The green-embosomed houses glitter!
 The glow retreats; done is the day of toil;
 It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;
 Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
 Upon its track to follow, follow soaring!
 Then would I see eternal Evening gild
 The silent world beneath me glowing,
 On fire each mountain-peak, with peace each valley filled,
 The silver brook to golden rivers flowing.
 The mountain chain, with all its gorges deep,
 Would then no more impede my godlike motion;
 And now before mine eyes expands the ocean
 With all its bays, in shining sleep!
 Yet finally the weary god is sinking;
 The new-born impulse fires my mind —
 I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,
 The Day before me and the Night behind,
 Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves beneath me —
 A glorious dream! though now the glories fade.
 Alas! the wings that lift the mind no aid
 Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me.

Yet in each soul is born the pleasure
Of yearning onward, upward and away,
When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
The lark sends down his flickering lay,
When over crags and piny highlands
The poising eagle slowly soars,
And over plains and lakes and islands
The crane sails by to other shores.

Wagner

I've had, myself, at times, some odd caprices,
But never yet such impulse felt, as this is.
One soon fatigues on woods and fields to look,
Nor would I beg the bird his wing to spare us:
How otherwise the mental raptures bear us
From page to page, from book to book!
Then winter nights take loveliness untold,
As warmer life in every limb had crowned you;
And when your hands unroll some parchment rare and old,
All heaven descends, and opens bright around you!

Faust

One impulse art thou conscious of, at best;
Oh, never seek to know the other!
Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,
And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.
One with tenacious organs holds in love
And clinging lust the world in its embraces;
The other strongly sweeps, this dust above,
Into the high ancestral spaces.
If there be airy spirits near,
'Twixt heaven and earth on potent errands fleeing,
Let them drop down the golden atmosphere,
And bear me forth to new and varied being!
Yea, if a magic mantle once were mine,
To waft me o'er the world at pleasure,
I would not for the costliest stores of treasure —
Not for a monarch's robe — the gift resign.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES

Part I, Lines 1675-1706

Faust

CANST thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever?
 When was a human soul, in its supreme endeavor,
 E'er understood by such as thou?
 Yet hast thou food which never satiates now:
 The restless, ruddy gold hast thou,
 That runs quicksilver-like one's fingers through;
 A game whose winnings no man ever knew;
 A maid that even from my breast
 Beckons my neighbor with her wanton glances,
 And Honor's godlike zest,
 The meteor that a moment dances —
 Show me the fruits that, ere they're gathered, rot,
 And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them!

Mephistopheles

Such a demand alarms me not:
 Such treasures have I, and can show them.
 But still the time may reach us, good my friend,
 When peace we crave, and more luxurious diet.

Faust

When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
 There let at once my record end!
 Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
 Until self-pleased myself I see —
 Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
 Let that day be the last for me!
 The bet I offer.

Mephistopheles

Done!

Faust

 And heartily!
 When thus I hail the Moment flying:
 "Ah, still delay — thou art so fair!" —

Then bind me in thy bonds undying,
My final ruin then declare!
Then let the death-bell chime the token,
Then art thou from thy service free!
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
Then Time be finished unto me!

FOREST AND CAVERN

Part I, Lines 3217-3250

Faust [alone]

SPIRIT sublime, thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
For which I prayed. Not unto me in vain
Hast thou thy countenance revealed in fire.
Thou gav'st me nature as a kingdom grand,
With power to feel and to enjoy it. Thou
Not only cold, amazed acquaintance yield'st,
But grantest that in her profoundest breast
I gaze, as in the bosom of a friend.
The ranks of living creatures thou dost lead
Before me, teaching me to know my brothers
In air and water and the silent wood.
And when the storm in forests roars and grinds,
The giant firs, in falling, neighbor boughs
And neighbor trunks with crushing weight bear down,
And falling, fill the hollow thunders —
Then to the cave secure thou leadest me,
Then show'st me mine own self, and in my breast
The deep mysterious miracles unfold.
And when the perfect moon before my gaze
Comes up with soothing light, around me float
From every precipice and thicket damp
The silvery phantoms of the ages past,
And temper the austere delight of thought.

That nothing can be perfect unto Man
I now am conscious. With this ecstasy,
Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gav'st me the comrade, whom I now no more
Can do without, though, cold and scornful, he
Demeans me to myself, and with a breath,
A word, transforms thy gifts to nothingness.

Within my breast he fans a lawless fire,
 Unwearied, for that fair and lovely form:
 Thus in desire I hasten to enjoyment,
 And in enjoyment pine to feel desire.

[Rejuvenated by the power of Mephistopheles, Faust meets Margaret, falls deeply in love with her, and is passionately loved in return. The following exquisite lyric belongs to this stage of the plot.]

MARGARET'S ROOM

Part I, Lines 3374-3413

[*Margaret at the spinning-wheel, alone*]

MY peace is gone,
 My heart is sore:
 I never shall find it,
 Ah, nevermore!

Save I have him near,
 The grave is here;
 The world is gall
 And bitterness all.

My poor weak head
 Is racked and crazed;
 My thought is lost,
 My senses mazed.

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore:
 I never shall find it,
 Ah, nevermore!

To see him, him only,
 At the pane I sit;
 To meet him, him only,
 The house I quit.

His lofty gait,
 His noble size,
 The smile of his mouth,
 The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
 Of his talk, the bliss
 In the clasp of his hand,
 And ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore:
 I never shall find it,
 Ah, nevermore!

My bosom yearns
 For him alone;
 Ah, dared I clasp him,
 And hold, and own!

And kiss his mouth
 To heart's desire,
 And on his kisses
 At last expire!

MARTHA'S GARDEN

Part I, Lines 3414-3494

Margaret

PROMISE me, Henry! —

Faust

What I can!

Margaret

How is 't with thy religion, pray?
 Thou art a dear, good-hearted man,
 And yet, I think, dost not incline that way.

Faust

Leave that, my child! Thou know'st my love is tender;
 For love, my blood and life would I surrender,
 And as for faith and church, I grant to each his own.

Margaret

That's not enough: we must believe thereon.

Faust

Must we?

Margaret

Would that I had some influence!
Then, too, thou honorest not the Holy Sacraments.

Faust

I honor them.

Margaret

Desiring no possession.
'Tis long since thou hast been to mass or to confession.
Believest thou in God?

Faust

My darling, who shall dare
"I believe in God!" to say?
Ask priest or sage the answer to declare,
And it will seem a mocking play,
A sarcasm on the asker.

Margaret

Then thou believest not!

Faust

Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance!
Who dare express Him?
And who profess Him,
Saying: I believe in Him!
Who, feeling, seeing,
Deny His being,
Saying: I believe Him not!
The All-enfolding,
The All-upholding,
Folds and upholds he not
Thee, me, Himself?

Arches not there the sky above us?
 Lies not beneath us, firm, the earth?
 And rise not, on us shining
 Friendly, the everlasting stars?
 Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,
 And feel'st not, thronging,
 To head and heart, the force,
 Still weaving its eternal secret,
 Invisible, visible, round thy life?
 Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,
 And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,
 Call it, then, what thou wilt —
 Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God —
 I have no name to give it!
 Feeling is all in all:
 The Name is sound and smoke,
 Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.

Margaret

All that is fine and good, to hear it so;
 Much the same way the preacher spoke,
 Only with slightly different phrases.

Faust

The same thing, in all places,
 All hearts that beat beneath the heavenly day —
 Each in its language — say;
 Then why not I in mine as well?

Margaret

To hear it thus, it may seem passable;
 And yet some hitch in't there must be,
 For thou hast no Christianity.

Faust

Dear love!

Margaret

I've long been grieved to see
 That thou art in such company.

Faust

How so?

Margaret

The man who with thee goes, thy mate,
Within my deepest, inmost soul I hate.

In all my life there's nothing
Has given my heart so keen a pang of loathing
As his repulsive face has done.

Faust

Nay, fear him not, my sweetest one!

Margaret

I feel his presence like something ill.
I've else, for all, a kindly will,
But, much as my heart to see thee yearneth,
The secret horror of him returneth;
And I think the man a knave, as I live!
If I do him wrong, may God forgive!

Faust

There must be such queer birds, however.

Margaret

Live with the like of him may I never!
When once inside the door comes he,
He looks around so sneeringly,
And half in wrath:
One sees that in nothing no interest he hath:
'Tis written on his very forehead
That love, to him, is a thing abhorred.
I am so happy on thine arm,
So free, so yielding, and so warm,
And in his presence stifled seems my heart.

Faust

Foreboding angel that thou art!

[At Faust's insistent request, Margaret admits him to her room at night, giving her mother what Faust tells her is a sleeping-draught, but from which she never awakens. Margaret becomes pregnant. In this mood of remorse and grief she prays to the Mother of Sorrows.]

BY THE CITY WALL

Part I, Lines 3287-3619

*[In a niche of the wall a shrine, with an image of the Mater Dolorosa.
Pots of flowers before it.]*

Margaret

[Putting fresh flowers in the pots]

INCLINE, O Maiden,
Thou sorrow-laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain!

The sword thy heart in,
With anguish smarting,
Thou lookest up to where thy Son is slain!

Thou seest the Father;
The sad sighs gather,
And bear aloft thy sorrow and his pain!

Ah, past guessing,
Beyond expressing,
The pangs that wring my flesh and bone!
Why this anxious heart so burneth,
Why it trembleth, why it yearneth,
Knowest thou, and thou alone!

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
What woe, what woe and sorrow
Within my bosom aches!
Alone, and ah! unsleeping,
I'm weeping, weeping, weeping —
The heart within me breaks.

The pots before my window,
 Alas! my tears did wet,
 As in the early morning
 For thee these flowers I set.
 Within my lonely chamber
 The morning sun shone red:
 I sat in utter sorrow,
 Already on my bed.

Help! rescue me from death and stain!
 O Maiden!
 Thou sorrow-laden,
 Incline thy countenance upon my pain!

[Margaret's brother Valentine learns of the scandal and fights with Faust, but is slain with the aid of Mephistopheles. Her reason unsettled, Margaret kills her child and is sentenced to death. Faust comes to free her. The following scene ends the First Part.]

IN THE DUNGEON

Part I, Lines 4405-4612

Faust

[With a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron door]

A SHUDDER, long unfelt, comes o'er me;
 Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me here.
 She dwells within the dark, damp walls before me,
 And all her crime was a delusion dear!
 What! I delay to free her?
 I dread, once again to see her?
 On! my shrinking but lingers Death more near.

[He grasps the lock: the sound of singing is heard inside.]

*My mother the harlot,
 Who put me to death;
 My father the varlet,
 Who eaten me hath!
 Little sister, so good,
 Laid my bones in the wood,
 In the damp moss and clay:
 Then was I a beautiful bird o' the wood:
 Fly away! Fly away!*

Faust [unlocking]

She does not dream her lover listens near;
That he the rattling chain, the rustling straw, can hear.

Margaret [hiding herself on the pallet]

Woe! woe! They come. O death of bitterness!

Faust [whispering]

Hush! hush! The hour is come that frees thee.

Margaret [throwing herself before him]

Art thou a man? then pity my distress!

Faust

Thy cries will wake the guards, and they will seize thee!

[He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.]

Margaret [on her knees]

Who, headsman! unto thee such power
Over me could give?
Thou'rt come for me at midnight hour:
Have mercy on me; let me live!
Is't not soon enough when morning chime has rung?

[She rises.]

And I am yet so young, so young!
And now death comes, and ruin!
I, too, was fair, and that was my undoing.
My love was near, but now he's far;
Torn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms are.
Seize me not thus so violently!
Spare me! What have I done to thee?
Let me not vainly entreat thee!
I never chanced, in all my days, to meet thee!

Faust

Shall I outlive this misery?

Margaret

Now am I wholly in thy might.
 But let me suckle, first, my baby!
 I blissed it all this livelong night;
 They took 't away, to vex me, maybe,
 And now they say I killed the child outright.
 And never shall I be glad again.
 They sing songs about me! 'tis bad of the folk to do it!
 There's an old story has the same refrain;
 Who bade them so construe it?

Faust [falling upon his knees]

Here lieth one who loves thee ever,
 The thralldom of thy woe to sever.

Margaret [flinging herself beside him]

Oh let us kneel, and call the saints to hide us!
 Under the steps beside us,
 The threshold under,
 Hell heaves in thunder!
 The Evil One
 With terrible wrath
 Seeketh a path
 His prey to discover!

Faust [aloud]

Margaret! Margaret!

Margaret [attentively listening]

That was the voice of my lover!

[*She springs to her feet: the fetters fall off.*]

Where is he? I heard him call me.
 I am free! No one shall enthrall me.
 To his neck will I fly,
 On his bosom lie!
 On the threshold he stood, and *Margaret!* calling,
 'Midst of hell's howling and noises appalling,
 'Midst of the wrathful, infernal derision,
 I knew the sweet sound of the voice of the vision!

Faust

'Tis I!

Margaret

'Tis thou! Oh, say it once again!

[*Clasping him.*]

'Tis he! 'tis he! Where now is all my pain?
The anguish of the dungeon, and the chain?

'Tis thou! Thou comest to save me,
And I am saved!
Again the street I see
Where first I looked on thee;
And the garden, brightly blooming,
Where I and Martha wait thy coming.

Faust [*struggling to leave*]

Come! Come with me!

Margaret

Delay, now!

So fain I stay, when thou delayest!

[*Caressing him.*]*Faust*

Away, now!

If longer here thou stayest,
We shall be made to dearly rue it.

Margaret

Kiss me! — canst no longer do it?
My friend, so short a time thou'rt missing,
And hast unlearned thy kissing?
Why is my heart so anxious, on thy breast?
Where once a heaven thy glances did create me,
A heaven thy loving words expressed,
And thou didst kiss as thou wouldst suffocate me —

Kiss me!
Or I'll kiss thee!

[*She embraces him.*]

Ah, woe! thy lips are chill,
 And still.
 How changed in fashion
 Thy passion!
 Who has done me this ill?

[*She turns away from him.*]

Faust

Come, follow me! My darling, be more bold:
 I'll clasp thee, soon, with warmth a thousandfold;
 But follow now! 'Tis all I beg of thee.

Margaret [*turning to him*]

And is it thou? Thou, surely, certainly?

Faust

'Tis I! Come on!

Margaret

Thou wilt unloose my chain,
 And in thy lap wilt take me once again.
 How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me? —
 Say, dost thou know, my friend, whom thou mak'st free?

Faust

Come! come! The night already vanisheth.

Margaret

My mother have I put to death;
 I've drowned the baby born to thee.
 Was it not given to thee and me?
 Thee, too! — 'Tis thou! It scarcely true doth seem —
 Give me thy hand! 'Tis not a dream!
 Thy dear, dear hand! — But, ah, 'tis wet!
 Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet
 There's blood thereon.
 Ah, God! what hast thou done?
 Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!
 Do not affray me!

Faust

Oh, let the past be past!
Thy words will slay me!

Margaret

No, no! Thou must outlive us.
Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us:
Thou must begin tomorrow
The work of sorrow!
The best place give to my mother,
Then close at her side my brother,
And me a little away,
But not too very far, I pray!
And here, on my right breast, my baby lay!
Nobody else will lie beside me! —
Ah, within thine arms to hide me,
That was a sweet and a gracious bliss,
But no more, no more can I attain it!
I would force myself on thee and constrain it,
And it seems thou repellst my kiss:
And yet 'tis thou, so good, so kind to see!

Faust

If thou feelest it is I, then come with me!

Margaret

Out yonder?

Faust

To freedom.

Margaret

If the grave is there,
Death lying in wait, then come!
From here to eternal rest:
No further step — no, no!
Thou goest away! O Henry, if I could go!

Faust

Thou canst! Just will it! Open stands the door.

Margaret

I dare not go: there's no hope any more.
 Why should I fly? They'll still my steps waylay!
 It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,
 And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!
 It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,
 And I'd still be followed and taken!

Faust

I'll stay with thee.

Margaret

Be quick! Be quick!
 Save thy perishing child!
 Away! Follow the ridge
 Up from the brook,
 Over the bridge,
 Into the wood,
 To the left, where the plank is placed
 In the pool!
 Seize it in haste!
 'Tis trying to rise,
 'Tis struggling still!
 Save it! Save it!

Faust

Recall thy wandering will!
 One step, and thou art free at last!

Margaret

If the mountain we had only passed!
 There sits my mother upon a stone —
 I feel an icy shiver!
 There sits my mother upon a stone,
 And her head is wagging ever.
 She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls o'er;
 She slept so long that she wakes no more.
 She slept, while we were caressing:
 Ah, those were the days of blessing!

Faust

Here words and prayers are nothing worth;
I'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

Margaret

No — let me go! I'll suffer no force!
Grasp me not so murderously!
I've done, else, all things for the love of thee.

Faust

The day dawns: Dearest! Dearest!

Margaret

Day? Yes, the day comes — the last day breaks for me!
My wedding day it was to be!
Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret!
Woe for my garland! The chances
Are over — 'tis all in vain!
We shall meet once again,
But not at the dances!
The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:
The square below
And the streets overflow:
The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.
I am seized, and bound, and delivered —
Shoved to the block — they give the sign!
Now over each neck has quivered
The blade that is quivering over mine.
Dumb lies the world like the grave!

Faust

Oh, had I never been born!

Mephistopheles [*appears outside*]

Off! or you're lost ere morn.
Useless talking, delaying, and praying!
My horses are neighing:
The morning twilight is near.

Margaret

What rises up from the threshold here?

He! he! suffer him not!

What does he want in this holy spot?

He seeks me!

Faust

Thou shalt live.

Margaret

Judgment of God! myself to thee I give.

Mephistopheles [to Faust]

Come! or I'll leave her in the lurch, and thee!

Margaret

Thine am I, Father! rescue me!

Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,

Camp around, and from evil ward me!

Henry! I shudder to think of thee.

Mephistopheles

She is judged!

Voice [from above]

She is saved!

Mephistopheles [to Faust]

Hither to me!

[He disappears with Faust.]

Voice [from within, dying away]

Henry! Henry!

THE DEATH OF FAUST

Part II, Act V, Lines 11531-11600

*Lemures**[Digging with mocking gestures]*

I N youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet;
When 'twas jolly and merry every way,
And I blithely moved my feet.

But now old Age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his crutch:
I stumbled over the door of a grave;
Why leave they open such?

*Faust**[Comes forth from the palace, groping his way along the door-posts]*

How I rejoice to hear the clattering spade!
It is the crowd, for me in service moiling,
Till Earth be reconciled to toiling,
Till the proud waves be stayed,
And the sea girded with a rigid zone.

Mephistopheles [aside]

And yet thou'rt laboring for us alone,
With all thy dikes and bulwarks daring;
Since thou for Neptune art preparing —
The Ocean Devil — carousal great.
In every way shall ye be stranded;
The elements with us are banded,
And ruin is the certain fate.

Faust

Overseer!

Mephistopheles

Here!

Faust

However possible,
 Collect a crowd of men with vigor,
 Spur by indulgence, praise, or rigor —
 Reward, allure, conscript, compel!
 Each day report me, and correctly note
 How grows in length the undertaken moat.

Mephistopheles [half aloud]

When they to me the information gave,
 They spake not of a moat, but of — *a grave*.

Faust

Below the hills a marshy plain
 Infects what I so long have been retrieving;
 This stagnant pool likewise to drain
 Were now my latest and my best achieving.
 To many millions let me furnish soil,
 Though not secure, yet free to active toil;
 Green, fertile fields, where men and herds go forth
 At once, with comfort, on the newest earth,
 And swiftly settled on the hill's firm base,
 Created by the bold, industrious race.
 A land like Paradise here, round about;
 Up to the brink the tide may roar without,
 And though it gnaw, to burst with force the limit,
 By common impulse all unite to hem it.
 Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
 The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
 He only earns his freedom and existence
 Who daily conquers them anew.
 Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away
 Of childhood, manhood, age, the vigorous day:
 And such a throng I fain would see —
 Stand on free soil among a people free!
 Then dared I hail the Moment fleeing:
 "Ah, still delay — thou art so fair!"
 The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
 In eons perish — they are there!
 In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
 I now enjoy the highest Moment — this!

[*Faust sinks back: the Lemures take him and lay him upon the ground.*]

Mephistopheles

No joy could sate him, and suffice no bliss!

To catch but shifting shapes was his endeavor:

The latest, poorest, emptiest Moment — this —

· He wished to hold it fast forever,

Me he resisted in such vigorous wise,

But Time is lord, on earth the old man lies.

The clock stands still —

Chorus

Stands still! silent as midnight, now!
The index falls.

Mephistopheles

It falls; and it is finished, here!

Chorus

'Tis past!

Mephistopheles

Past! a stupid word.

If past, then why?

Past and pure Naught, complete monotony!

What good for us, this endlessly creating? —

What is created then annihilating?

"And now it's past!" Why read a page so twisted?

'Tis just the same as if it ne'er existed,

Yet goes in circles round as if it had, however:

I'd rather choose, instead, the Void forever.

THE SALVATION OF FAUST

Part II, Act V, Lines 11935-12111

Angels

[*Soaring in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of Faust*]

THE noble spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming:
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.

And if he feels the grace of love
 That from on high is given,
 The blessed hosts, that wait above,
 Shall welcome him to heaven!

The Younger Angels

They, the roses, freely spend
 By the penitent, the glorious,
 Helped to make the fight victorious,
 And the lofty work is ended.
 We this precious soul have won us;
 Evil ones we forced to shun us;
 Devils fled us when we hit them:
 'Stead of pangs of hell, that bit them,
 Love pangs felt they, sharper, vaster:
 Even he, old Satan Master,
 Pierced with keenest pain retreated.
 Now rejoice! The work's completed!

The More Perfect Angels

Earth's residue to bear
 Hath sorely pressed us;
 It were not pure and fair,
 Though 'twere asbestos.
 When every element
 The mind's high forces
 Have seized, subdued, and blent,
 No angel divorces
 Twin natures single grown,
 That inly mate them:
 Eternal love alone
 Can separate them.

The Younger Angels

Mist-like on heights above,
 We now are seeing
 Nearer and nearer move
 Spiritual Being.
 The clouds are growing clear;
 And moving throngs appear
 Of blessed boys,

Free from the earthly gloom,
In circling poise,
Who taste the cheer
Of the new springtime bloom
Of the upper sphere.
Let them inaugurate
Him to the perfect state,
Now, as their peer!

The Blessed Boys

Gladly receive we now
Him, as a chrysalis:
Therefore achieve we now
Pledge of our bliss.
The earth-flakes dissipate
That cling around him!
See, he is fair and great!
Divine Life hath crowned him.

Doctor Marianus

[*In the highest, purest cell*]

Free is the view at last,
The spirit lifted:
There women, floating past,
Are upward drifted:
The Glorious One therein,
With star-crown tender —
The pure, the Heavenly Queen,
I know her splendor.

[*Enraptured*]

Highest Mistress of the World!
Let me in the azure
Tent of Heaven, in light unfurled,
Here thy Mystery measure!
Justify sweet thoughts that move
Breast of man to meet thee,
And with holy bliss of love
Bear him up to greet thee!

With unconquered courage we
 Do thy bidding highest;
 But at once shall gentle be,
 When thou pacifiest.
 Virgin, pure in brightest sheen,
 Mother sweet, supernal —
 Unto us Elected Queen,
 Peer of Gods Eternal!
 Light clouds are circling
 Around her splendor —
 Penitent women
 Of natures tender,
 Her knees embracing,
 Ether respiring,
 Mercy requiring!
 Thou, in immaculate ray,
 Mercy not leavest,
 And the lightly led astray,
 Who trust thee, receivest!
 In their weakness fallen at length,
 Hard it is to save them:
 Who can crush, by native strength,
 Vices that enslave them?
 Whose the foot that may not slip
 On the surface slanting?
 Whom befooled not eye and lip,
 Breath and voice enchanting?

The Mater Gloriosa soars into the space

Chorus of Women Penitents

To heights thou'rt speeding
 Of endless Eden:
 Receive our pleading,
 Transcendent Maiden,
 With mercy laden!

Magna Peccatrix (St. Luke, vii: 36)

By the love before him kneeling —
 Him, thy Son, a Godlike vision;
 By the tears like balsam stealing,
 Spite of Pharisees' derision;

By the box, whose ointment precious
 Shed its spice and odors cheery;
 By the locks, whose softest meshes
 Dried the holy feet and weary! —

Mulier Samaritana (St. John, iv)

By that well, the ancient station
 Whither Abram's flocks were driven;
 By the jar, whose restoration
 To the Saviour's lips was given;
 By the fountain pure and vernal,
 Thence its present bounty spending —
 Overflowing, bright, eternal,
 Watering the worlds unending! —

Maria Ægyptiaca (Acta Sanctorum)

By the place where the immortal
 Body of the Lord hath lain;
 By the arm which, from the portal,
 Warning, thrust me back again;
 By the forty years' repentance
 In the lonely desert land;
 By the blissful farewell sentence
 Which I wrote upon the sand! —

The Three

Thou thy presence not deniest
 Unto sinful women ever —
 Lifest them to win the highest
 Gain of penitent endeavor —
 So, from this good soul withdraw not —
 Who but once forgot, transgressing,
 Who her loving error saw not —
 Pardon adequate, and blessing!

Una Pœnitentium

[Formerly named *Margaret, stealing closer*]

Incline, O Maiden,
 With mercy laden,
 In light unfading,

Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
 My loved, my lover,
 His trials over
 In yonder world, returns to me in this!

Blessed Boys

[*Approaching in hovering circles*]

With mighty limbs he towers
 Already above us;
 He for this love of ours,
 Will richlier love us.
 Early were we removed,
 Ere Life could reach us;
 Yet he hath learned and proved,
 And he will teach us.

The Penitent

(*Formerly named Margaret*)

The spirit choir around him seeing,
 New to himself, he scarce divines
 His heritage of new-born Being,
 When like the Holy Host he shines.
 Behold, how he each band hath cloven
 The earthly life had round him thrown.
 And through his garb, of ether woven,
 The early force of youth is shown!
 Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him!
 Still dazzles him the Day's new glare.

Mater Gloriosa

Rise thou to higher spheres! Conduct him,
 Who, feeling thee, shall follow there!

Doctor Marianus

[*Prostrate, adoring*]

Penitents, look up, elate,
 Where she beams salvation;
 Gratefully to blessed fate
 Grow, in re-creation!

Be our souls, as they have been,
Dedicate to thee!
Virgin Holy, Mother, Queen,
Goddess, gracious be!

Chorus Mysticus

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event:
The Indescribable,
Here it is done:
The Woman Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!

MIGNON'S LOVE AND LONGING

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

Book II, Chapter XIV

NOTHING is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence; of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the hour of need and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud which had been closed so long and firmly was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affection.

She stood before him, and noticed his disquietude. "Master!" she cried, "if thou art unhappy, what will become of Mignon?" "Dear little creature," said he, taking her hands, "thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go hence." She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears, and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands; she laid her head upon his knees, and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her, and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly, and then by degrees, with increasing violence diffused itself over all her frame. "What ails thee, Mignon?" cried he; "what ails thee?" She raised her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up, and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him, and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, by any motion whatever. She held firmly against her heart; and all at once gave a cry; which was accompanied

by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up, and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint. It was an excruciating moment! "My child!" cried he, raising her up and clasping her fast — "my child, what ails thee?" The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax and powerless limbs: she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony; and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive, and she threw herself about his neck, like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were, a strong rent took place, and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair had loosened, and was hanging down before her; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild confusion of the moment, Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms, and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her faster and faster. "My child!" cried he, "my child! thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!" Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness shone upon her face. "My father!" cried she, "thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!"

Softly, at this moment, the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as an evening offering to our friend, who, holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity.

Book III, Chapter I

Know'st thou the land where groves of citron flower,
The golden orange darkling leaves embower,
The gentle breezes wave from azure skies,
The myrtle still, and high the laurels rise?
Know'st thou the land?

'Tis there, 'tis there
I long with thee, Beloved, to repair.

Know'st thou the house? It rests on pillars tall,
The chambers gleam, in splendor shines the hall,
And marble statues stand and gaze on me:
Unhappy child, what have they done to thee?
Know'st thou the house?

'Tis there, 'tis there
I long with thee, my Guardian, to repair.

Know'st thou the Alp? Its pathway mid the clouds?
The journeying mule the mountain vapor shrouds,
In caverns dwells the dragon's ancient brood,
The rock is rent, and o'er it pours the flood.
Know'st thou the Alp?

'Tis there, 'tis there
Our pathway leads; O Father, haste, repair!

Next morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her, but was informed that she had gone out early with Melina, who had risen betimes to receive the wardrobe and other apparatus of his theater.

After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cithern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door; the child came in, and sang him the song we have just given above.

The music and general expression of it pleased our friend extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas, and explain them; he wrote them down, and translated them into his native language. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar: its childlike innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity, and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was entirely incomparable.

She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention towards something wonderful, as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line, her tones became deeper and gloomier; the "Know'st thou it then?" was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspetness; in the "'Tis there! 'Tis there!" lay a boundless longing; and her "With me must go!" she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade.

On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him, "*Know'st thou the land?*" "It must mean Italy," said Wilhelm: "where didst thou get the little song?" "Italy!" said Mignon, with an earnest air. "If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here." "Hast thou been there already, little dear?" said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her.

Translated by Carlyle

WILHELM MEISTER'S INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

Book III, Chapter VIII

HAVE you never," said Jarno, taking him aside, "read one of Shakespeare's plays?"

"No," replied Wilhelm: "since the time when they became more known in Germany, I have myself grown unacquainted with the theater; and I know not whether I should now rejoice that an old taste and occupation of my youth has been by chance renewed. In the meantime, all that I have heard of these plays has excited little wish to become acquainted with such extraordinary monsters, which appear to set probability and dignity alike at defiance."

"I would advise you," said the other, "to make a trial, notwithstanding: it can do one no harm to look at what is extraordinary with one's own eyes. I will lend you a volume or two; and you cannot better spend your time than by casting everything aside, and retiring to the solitude of your old habitation, to look into the magic lantern of that unknown world. It is sinful of you to waste your hours in dressing out these apes to look more human, and teaching dogs to dance. One thing only I require — you must not cavil at the form; the rest I can leave to your own good sense and feeling."

The horses were standing at the door; and Jarno mounted with some other cavaliers, to go and hunt. Wilhelm looked after him with sadness. He would fain have spoken much with this man who though in a harsh, unfriendly way, gave him new ideas — ideas that he had need of.

Oftentimes a man, when approaching some development of his powers, capacities, and conceptions, gets into a perplexity from which a prudent friend might easily deliver him. He resembles a traveler, who, at but a short distance from the inn he is to rest at, falls into the water: were any one to catch him then and pull him to the bank, with one good wetting it were over; whereas, though he struggles out himself, it is often at the side where he tumbled in, and he has to make a wide and weary circuit before reaching his appointed object.

Wilhelm now began to have an inkling that things went forward in the world differently from what he had supposed. He now viewed close at hand the solemn and imposing life of the great and distinguished, and wondered at the easy dignity which they contrived to give it. An army on its march, a princely hero at the head of it, such a multitude of co-operating warriors, such a multitude of crowding worshipers, exalted his imagination. In this mood he received the promised books; and ere long, as may be easily supposed, the stream of that

mighty genius laid hold of him and led him down to a shoreless ocean, where he soon completely forgot and lost himself. . . .

Wilhelm had scarcely read one or two of Shakespeare's plays, till their effect on him became so strong that he could go no further. His whole soul was in commotion. He sought an opportunity to speak with Jarno; to whom, on meeting with him, he expressed his boundless gratitude for such delicious entertainment.

"I clearly enough foresaw," said Jarno, "that you would not remain insensible to the charms of the most extraordinary and most admirable of all writers."

"Yes!" exclaimed our friend: "I cannot recollect that any book, any man, any incident of my life, has produced such important effects on me, as the precious works to which by your kindness I have been directed. They seem as if they were performances of some celestial genius descending among men, to make them by the mildest instructions acquainted with themselves. They are no fictions! You would think, while reading them, you stood before the inclosed awful Books of Fate, while the whirlwind of most impassioned life was howling through the leaves, and tossing them fiercely to and fro. The strength and tenderness, the power and peacefulness of this man, have so astonished and transported me, that I long vehemently for the time when I shall have it in my power to read further."

"Bravo!" said Jarno, holding out his hand, and squeezing our friend's. "This is as it should be! And the consequences which I hope for will likewise surely follow."

"I wish," said Wilhelm, "I could but disclose to you all that is going on within me even now. All the anticipations I have ever had regarding man and his destiny, which have accompanied me from youth upwards often unobserved by myself, I find developed and fulfilled in Shakespeare's writings. It seems as if he cleared up every one of our enigmas to us, though we cannot say, Here or there is the word of solution. His men appear like natural men, and yet they are not. These, the most mysterious and complex productions of creation, here act before us as if they were watches, whose dial-plates and cases were of crystal, which pointed out according to their use the course of the hours and minutes; while at the same time you could discern the combination of wheels and springs that turn them. The few glances I have cast over Shakespeare's world incite me, more than anything beside, to quicken my footsteps forward into the actual world, to mingle in the flood of destinies that is suspended over it; and at length, if I shall prosper, to draw a few cups from the great ocean of true nature, and to distribute them from off the stage among the thirsting people of my native land."

Translated by Carlyle

THE HARPER'S SONGS

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship

WHAT notes are those without the wall,
 Across the portal sounding?
 Let's have the music in our hall,
 Back from its roof rebounding."

So spoke the king: the henchman flies;
 His answer heard, the monarch cries,
 "Bring in that ancient minstrel."

"Hail, gracious king, each noble knight!
 Each lovely dame, I greet you!
 What glittering stars salute my sight!
 What heart unmoved may meet you!
 Such lordly pomp is not for me,
 Far other scenes my eyes must see:
 Yet deign to list my harping."

The singer turns him to his art,
 A thrilling strain he raises;
 Each warrior hears with glowing heart
 And on his loved one gazes.
 The king, who liked his playing well,
 Commands, for such a kindly spell,
 A golden chain be given him.

"The golden chain give not to me:
 Thy boldest knight may wear it,
 Who 'cross the battle's purple sea
 On lion breast may bear it;
 Or let it be thy chancellor's prize,
 Amid his heaps to feast his eyes —
 Its yellow glance will please him.

"I sing but as the linnet sings,
 That on the green bough dwelleth;
 A rich reward his music brings,
 As from his throat it swelleth:
 Yet might I ask, I'd ask of thine
 One sparkling draught of purest wine
 To drink it here before you."

He viewed the wine, he quaffed it up:
 "O draught of sweetest savor!
 O happy house, where such a cup
 Is thought a little favor!
 If well you fare, remember me,
 And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,
 As now for this I thank you."

WHO never ate his bread in sorrow,
 Who never spent the darksome hours
 Weeping and watching for the morrow —
 He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
 To guilt ye let us heedless go,
 Then leave repentance fierce to wring us;
 A moment's guilt, an age of woe!

PHILINA'S SONG

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

SING me not with such emotion
 How the night so lonesome is;
 Pretty maids, I've got a notion
 It is the reverse of this.

For as wife and man are plighted,
 And the better half the wife,
 So is night to day united —
 Night's the better half of life.

Can you joy in bustling daytime —
 Day, when none can get his will?
 It is good for work, for haytime;
 For much other it is ill.

But when in the nightly glooming,
 Social lamp on table glows,
 Face to faces dear illuming,
 And such jest and joyance goes;

When the fiery pert young fellow,
 Wont by day to run or ride,
 Whispering now some tale would tell O —
 All so gentle by your side;

When the nightingale to lovers
 Lovingly her songlet sings,
 Which for exiles and sad rovers
 Like mere woe and wailing rings;

With a heart how lightsome-feeling
 Do ye count the kindly clock,
 Which, twelve times deliberate pealing,
 Tells you none tonight shall knock!

Therefore, on all fit occasions,
 Mark it, maidens, what I sing:
 Every day its own vexations,
 And the night its joys will bring.

PROMETHEUS

BLACKEN thy heavens, Jove,
 With thunder-clouds,
 And exercise thee, like a boy
 Who thistles crops,
 With smiting oaks and mountain-tops:
 Yet must leave me standing
 My own firm earth;
 Must leave my cottage, which thou didst not build,
 And my warm hearth,
 Whose cheerful glow
 Thou enviest me.

I know naught more pitiful
 Under the sun, than you, gods!
 Ye nourish scantily
 With altar taxes
 And with cold lip-service,
 This your majesty; —
 Would perish, were not
 Children and beggars
 Credulous fools.

When I was a child,
And knew not whence or whither,
I would turn my 'wilder'd eye
To the sun, as if up yonder were
An ear to hear to my complaining —
A heart, like mine,
On the oppressed to feel compassion.

Who helped me
When I braved the Titan's insolence?
Who rescued me from death,
From slavery?
Hast thou not all thyself accomplished,
Holy-glowing heart?
And, glowing, young, and good,
Most ignorantly thanked
The slumberer above there?

I honor thee! For what?
Hast thou the miseries lightened
Of the down-trodden?
Hast thou the tears ever banished
From the afflicted?
Have I not to manhood been molded
By omnipotent Time,
And by Fate everlasting,
My lords and thine?

Dreamedst thou ever
I should grow weary of living,
And fly to the desert,
Since not all our
Pretty dream buds ripen?

Here sit I, fashion men
In mine own image —
A race to be like me,
To weep and to suffer,
To be happy and enjoy themselves,
To be careless of *thee* too,
As I!

Translated by John S. Dwight

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONGS

THOU that from the heavens art,
 Every pain and sorrow stillest,
 And the doubly wretched heart
 Doubly with refreshment fillest,
 I am weary with contending!
 Why this rapture and unrest?
 Peace descending,
 Come, ah come into my breast!

O'ER all the hill-tops
 Is quiet now,
 In all the tree-tops
 Hearest thou
 Hardly a breath;
 The birds are asleep in the trees:
 Wait; soon like these
 Thou too shalt rest.

Translated by Longfellow. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston

THE ELFIN-KING

WHO rides so late through the midnight blast?
 'Tis a father spurs on with his child full fast;
 He gathers the boy well into his arm,
 He clasps him close and he keeps him warm.

"My son, why thus to my arm dost cling?" —
 "Father, dost thou not see the elfin-king?
 The elfin-king with his crown and train!" —
 "My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain!"

*"Come hither, thou darling, come, go with me!
 Fine games I know that I'll play with thee;
 Flowers many and bright do my kingdoms hold,
 My mother has many a robe of gold."*

"O father, dear father, and dost thou not hear
 What the elfin-king whispers so low in mine ear?" —
 "Calm, calm thee, my boy, it is only the breeze,
 As it rustles the withered leaves under the trees."

*"Wilt thou go, bonny boy, wilt thou go with me?
 My daughters shall wait on thee daintily;
 My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,
 And rock thee and dance thee and sing thee to sleep."*

"O father, dear father, and dost thou not mark
 The elf-king's daughters move by in the dark?" —
 "I see it, my child; but it is not they,
 'Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray."

*"I love thee! thy beauty it charms me so;
 And I'll take thee by force, if thou wilt not go!"*
 "O father, dear father, he's grasping me —
 My heart is as cold as cold can be!"

The father rides swiftly — with terror he gasps —
 The sobbing child in his arms he clasps;
 He reaches the castle with spurring and dread;
 But alack! in his arms the child lay dead!

Translated by Martin and Aytoun

THE GODLIKE

NOBLE be Man,
 Helpful and good!
 For that alone
 Doth distinguish him
 From all the beings
 Which we know.

Hail to the Unknown, the
 Higher Beings
 Felt within us!
 His pattern teach us
 Faith in them!

For unfeeling
 Is Nature:
 Still shineth the sun
 Over good and evil;
 And on the sinner
 Smile, as on the best,
 The moon and the stars.

Wind and waters,
 Thunder and hailstones,
 Rustle on their way,
 Smiting down as
 They dash along,
 One for another.

Just so does Fate
 Grope round in the crowd,
 Seize now the innocent,
 Curly-haired boy,
 Now on the old, bald
 Crown of the villain.

By great adamantine
 Laws everlasting,
 Here we must all our
 Round of existence
 Faithfully finish.

There can none but Man
 Perform the Impossible.
 He understandeth,
 Chooseth, and judgeth;
 He can impart to the
 Moment duration.

He alone may
 The Good reward,
 The Guilty punish,
 Mend and deliver;
 All the wayward, anomalous
 Bind in the Useful.

And the Immortals —
 Them we reverence,
 As if they were men, and
 Did, on a grand scale,
 What the best man in little
 Does, or fain would do.

Let noble Man
 Be helpful and good!
 Ever creating
 The Right and the Useful —
 Type of those loftier
 Beings of whom the heart whispers!

Translated by John S. Dwight

ALEXIS AND DORA

FARTHER and farther away, alas! at each moment the vessel
 Hastens, as onward it glides, cleaving the foam-covered flood.
 Long is the track plowed up by the keel where dolphins are sporting,
 Following fast in its rear, while it seems flying pursuit.
 All forebodes a prosperous voyage; the sailor with calmness
 Leans 'gainst the sail, which alone all that is needed performs.
 Forward presses the heart of each seaman, like colors and streamers;
 Backward one only is seen, mournfully fixed near the mast,
 While on the blue-tinged mountains, which fast are receding, he gazeth,
 And as they sink in the sea, joy from his bosom departs.
 Vanished from thee, too, O Dora, is now the vessel that robs thee
 Of thine Alexis, thy friend — ah, thy betrothèd as well!
 Thou, too, art after me gazing in vain. Our hearts are still throbbing,
 Though for each other, yet ah! 'gainst one another no more.
 O thou single moment, wherein I found life! thou outweighest
 Every day which had else coldly from memory fled.
 'Twas in that moment alone, the last, that upon me descended
 Life such as deities grant, though thou perceivèdst it not.
 Phæbus, in vain with thy rays dost thou clothe the ether in glory;
 Thine all-brightening day hateful alone is to me.
 Into myself I retreat for shelter, and there in the silence
 Strive to recover the time when she appeared with each day.
 Was it possible beauty like this to see, and not feel it?

Worked not those heavenly charms e'en on a mind dull as thine?
 Blame not thyself, unhappy one! Oft doth the bard an enigma
 Thus propose to the throng, skilfully hidden in words;
 Each one enjoys the strange commingling of images graceful,
 Yet still is wanting the word which will discover the sense.
 When at length it is found, the heart of each hearer is gladdened,
 And in the poem he sees meaning of twofold delight.
 Wherefore so late didst thou remove the bandage, O Amor,
 Which thou hadst placed o'er mine eyes — wherefore remove it so late?
 Long did the vessel, when laden, lie waiting for favoring breezes,
 Till in kindness the wind blew from the land o'er the sea.
 Vacant times of youth! and vacant dreams of the future!
 Ye all vanish, and naught, saving the moment, remains.
 Yes! it remains — my joy still remains! I hold thee, my Dora,
 And thine image alone, Dora, by hope is disclosed.
 Oft have I seen thee go, with modesty clad, to the temple,
 While thy mother so dear solemnly went by thy side.
 Eager and nimble thou wert, in bearing thy fruit to the market,
 Boldly the pail from the well didst thou sustain on thy head.
 Then was revealed thy neck, then seen thy shoulders so beauteous,
 Then, before all things, the grace filling thy motions was seen.
 Oft have I feared that the pitcher perchance was in danger of falling,
 Yet it ever remained firm on the circular cloth.
 Thus, fair neighbor, yes, thus I oft was wont to observe thee,
 As on the stars I might gaze, as I might gaze on the moon;
 Glad indeed at the sight, yet feeling within my calm bosom
 Not the remotest desire ever to call them mine own.

Years thus fled away! Although our houses were only
 Twenty paces apart, yet I thy threshold ne'er crossed.
 Now by the fearful flood are we parted! Thou liest to Heaven,
 Billow! thy beautiful blue seems to me dark as the night.
 All were now in movement: a boy to the house of my father
 Ran at full speed and exclaimed, "Hasten thee quick to the strand!
 Hoisted the sail is already, e'en now in the wind it is fluttering,
 While the anchor they weigh, heaving it up from the sand;
 Come, Alexis, Oh come!" — My worthy stout-hearted father
 Pressed, with a blessing, his hand down on my curly-locked head,
 While my mother carefully reached me a newly made bundle;
 "Happy mayst thou return!" cried they — "both happy and rich!"
 Then I sprang away, and under my arm held the bundle,
 Running along by the wall. Standing I found thee hard by,
 At the door of thy garden. Thou smilingly saidst then, "Alexis!

Say, are yon boisterous crew going thy comrades to be?
Foreign coasts wilt thou visit, and precious merchandise purchase,
Ornaments meet for the rich matrons who dwell in the town;
Bring me also, I pray thee, a light chain; gladly I'll pay thee,
Oft have I wished to possess some such a trinket as that."
There I remained, and asked, as merchants are wont, with precision
After the form and the weight which thy commission should have.
Modest indeed was the price thou didst name! I meanwhile was gazing
On thy neck, which deserved ornaments worn but by queens.
Loudly now rose the cry from the ship; then kindly thou spakest: —
"Take, I entreat thee, some fruit out of the garden, my friend!
Take the ripest oranges, figs of the whitest; the ocean
Beareth no fruit, and in truth, 'tis not produced by each land."
So I entered in. Thou pluckèdst the fruit from the branches,
And the burden of gold was in thine apron upheld.
Oft did I cry, Enough! But fairer fruits were still falling
Into thy hand as I spake, ever obeying thy touch.
Presently didst thou reach the arbor; there lay there a basket,
Sweet blooming myrtle-trees waved, as we drew nigh, o'er our heads.
Then thou began'st to arrange the fruit with skill and in silence:
First the orange, which felt heavy as though 'twere of gold,
Then the yielding fig, by the slightest pressure disfigured,
And with myrtle the gift soon was both covered and graced.
But I raised it not up. I stood. Our eyes met together,
And my eyesight grew dim, seeming obscured by a film.
Soon I felt thy bosom on mine! Mine arm was soon twining
Round thy beautiful form; thousand times kissed I thy neck.
On my shoulder sank thy head; thy fair arms, encircling,
Soon rendered perfect the ring knitting a rapturous pair.
Amor's hands I felt; he pressed us together with ardor,
And from the firmament clear, thrice did it thunder; then tears
Streamed from mine eyes in torrents, thou weptest, I wept, both were weeping,
And 'mid our sorrow and bliss, even the world seemed to die.
Louder and louder they called from the strand; my feet would no longer
Bear my weight, and I cried: — "Dora! and art thou not mine?"
"Thine forever!" thou gently didst say. Then the tears we were shedding
Seemed to be wiped from our eyes, as by the breath of a god.
Nearer was heard the cry "Alexis!" The stripling who sought me
Suddenly peeped through the door. How he the basket snatched up!
How he urged me away! how pressed I thy hand! Dost thou ask me
How the vessel I reached! Drunken I seemed, well I know,
Drunken my shipmates believed me, and so had pity upon me;
And as the breeze drove us on, distance the town soon obscured.

"Thine forever!" thou, Dora, didst murmur; it fell on my senses

With the thunder of Zeus! while by the thunderer's throne
 Stood his daughter, the goddess of Love; the Graces were standing
 Close by her side! so the bond beareth an impress divine!

O then hasten, thou ship, with every favoring zephyr!

Onward, thou powerful keel, cleaving the waves as they foam!
 Bring me unto the foreign harbor, so that the goldsmith

May in his workshop prepare straightway the heavenly pledge!
 Ay, of a truth, the chain shall indeed be a chain, O my Dora!

Nine times encircling thy neck, loosely around it entwined.
 Other and manifold trinkets I'll buy thee; gold-mounted bracelets,
 Richly and skilfully wrought, also shall grace thy fair hand.

There shall the ruby and emerald vie, the sapphire so lovely
 Be to the jacinth opposed, seeming its foil; while the gold
 Holds all the jewels together, in beauteous union commingled.

Oh, how the bridegroom exults, when he adorns his betrothed!
 Pearls if I see, of thee they remind me: each ring that is shown me
 Brings to my mind thy fair hand's graceful and tapering form.

I will barter and buy; the fairest of all shalt thou choose thee;
 Joyously would I devote all of the cargo to thee.

Yet not trinkets and jewels alone is thy loved one procuring;
 With them he brings thee whate'er gives to a housewife delight:
 Fine and woollen coverlets, wrought with an edging of purple,

Fit for a couch where we both, lovingly, gently may rest;
 Costly pieces of linen. Thou sittest and sewest, and clothest
 Me, and thyself, and perchance even a third with it too.

Visions of hope, deceive ye my heart! Ye kindly immortals,
 Soften this fierce-raging flame, wildly pervading my breast!

Yet how I long to feel them again, those rapturous torments,

When in their stead, Care draws nigh, coldly and fearfully calm.
 Neither the Furies' torch, nor the hounds of hell with their barking,

Awe the delinquent so much, down in the plains of despair,
 As by the motionless specter I'm awed, that shows me the fair one
 Far away: of a truth, open the garden door stands!

And another one cometh! For him the fruit, too, is falling,

And for him also the fig strengthening honey doth yield!
 Doth she entice him as well to the arbor? He follows? Oh, make me
 Blind, ye Immortals! efface visions like this from my mind!

Yes, she is but a maiden! And she who to one doth so quickly
 Yield, to another erelong, doubtless, will turn herself round.

Smile not, Zeus, for this once, at an oath so cruelly broken!

Thunder more fearfully! Strike! — Stay — thy fierce lightnings withhold!
 Hurl at me thy quivering bolt! In the darkness of midnight

Strike with thy lightning this mast, make it a pitiful wreck!
 Scatter the planks all around, and give to the boisterous billows
 All these wares, and let *me* be to the dolphins a prey! —
 Now, ye Muses, enough! In vain would ye strive to depicture
 How, in a love-laden breast, anguish alternates with bliss.
 Ye cannot heal the wounds, it is true, that love hath inflicted;
 Yet from you only proceeds, kindly ones, comfort and balm.

Translated by E. A. Bowring

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS

From 'Maxims and Reflections of Goethe.' Translated by Bailey Saunders.
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IT is not always needful for truth to take a definite shape: it is enough if it hovers about us like a spirit and produces harmony; if it is wafted through the air like the sound of a bell, grave and kindly.

I must hold it for the greatest calamity of our time, which lets nothing come to maturity, that one moment is consumed by the next, and the day spent in the day; so that a man is always living from hand to mouth, without having anything to show for it. Have we not already newspapers for every hour of the day? A good head could assuredly intercalate one or other of them. They publish abroad everything that every one does, or is busy with or meditating; nay, his very designs are thereby dragged into publicity. No one can rejoice or be sorry, but as a pastime for others; and so it goes on from house to house, from city to city, from kingdom to kingdom, and at last from one hemisphere to the other — all in post-haste.

During a prolonged study of the lives of various men both great and small, I came upon this thought: In the web of the world the one may well be regarded as the warp, the other as the woof. It is the little men, after all, who give breadth to the web, and the great men firmness and solidity; perhaps also the addition of some sort of pattern. But the scissors of the Fates determine its length, and to that all the rest must join in submitting itself.

There is nothing more odious than the majority: it consists of a few powerful men to lead the way; of accommodating rascals and submissive weaklings; and of a mass of men who trot after them without in the least knowing their own mind.

Translators are like busy match-makers: they sing the praises of some half-veiled beauty, and extol her charms, and arouse an irresistible longing for the original.

NATURE

NATURE! We are surrounded by her and locked in her clasp: powerless to leave her, and powerless to come closer to her. Unasked and unwarned she takes us up into the whirl of her dance, and hurries on with us till we are weary and fall from her arms.

There is constant life in her, motion and development; and yet she remains where she was. She is eternally changing, nor for a moment does she stand still. Of rest she knows nothing, and to all stagnation she has affixed her curse. She is steadfast; her step is measured, her exceptions rare, her laws immutable.

She loves herself, and clings eternally to herself with eyes and hearts innumerable. She has divided herself that she may be her own delight. She is ever making new creatures spring up to delight in her, and imparts herself insatiably.

She rejoices in illusion. If a man destroys this in himself and others, she punishes him like the hardest tyrant. If he follows her in confidence, she presses him to her heart as it were her child.

She spurts forth her creatures out of nothing, and tells them not whence they come and whither they go. They have only to go their way: she knows the path.

Her crown is Love. Only through Love can we come near her. She puts gulfs between all things, and all things strive to be interfused. She isolates everything, that she may draw everything together. With a few draughts from the cup of Love she repays for a life full of trouble.

She is all things. She rewards herself and punishes herself, and in herself rejoices and is distressed. She is rough and gentle, loving and terrible, powerless and almighty. In her everything is always present. Past or Future she knows not. The Present is her Eternity. She is kind. I praise her with all her works. She is wise and still. No one can force her to explain herself, or frighten her into a gift that she does not give willingly. She is crafty, but for a good end; and it is best not to notice her cunning.

FROM THE 'CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE WITH
ECKERMANN'

MON., Jan. 10, 1825. — Goethe, consistently with his great interest for the English, has desired me to introduce to him the young Englishmen who are here at present. At five o'clock this afternoon, he expected me with Mr. H., the English engineer officer, of whom I had previously been able to say much good to him. We went at the expected hour,

and were conducted by the servant to a pleasant, well-warmed apartment, where Goethe usually passes his afternoons and evenings. Three lights were burning on the table, but he was not there; we heard him talking in the adjoining saloon. . . .

"For fifty years I have been busy with the English language and literature; so that I am well acquainted with your writers, your ways of living, and the administration of your country. If I went over to England, I should be no stranger there.

"But, as I said before, your young men do well to come to us and learn our language; for, not only does our literature merit attention on its own account, but no one can deny that he who now knows German well can dispense with many other languages. Of the French, I do not speak; it is the language of conversation, and is indispensable in traveling, because everybody understands it, and in all countries we can get on with it instead of a good interpreter. But as for Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish, we can read the best works of those nations in such excellent German translations, that, unless we have some particular object in view, we need not spend much time upon the toilsome study of those languages. It is in the German nature duly to honor after its kind everything produced by other nations, and to accommodate itself to foreign peculiarities. This, with the great flexibility of our language, makes German translations thoroughly faithful and complete. And it is not to be denied, that, in general, you get on very far with a good translation. Frederick the Great did not know Latin, but he read Cicero in the French translation with as much profit as we who read him in the original."

Then, turning the conversation on the theater, he asked Mr. H. whether he went frequently thither. "Every evening," he replied, "and find that I thus gain much towards the understanding of the language."

"It is remarkable," said Goethe, "that the ear, and generally the understanding, gets the start of speaking; so that a man may very soon comprehend all he hears, but by no means express it all."

"I experience daily," said Mr. H., "the truth of that remark. I understand very well whatever I hear or read; I even feel when an incorrect expression is made use of in German. . . . But, if I try to express an opinion on any important topic, to say anything peculiar or luminous, I cannot get on."

"Be not discouraged by that," said Goethe, "since it is hard enough to express such uncommon matters in one's own mother tongue."

He then asked what Mr. H. read in German literature. "I have read 'Egmont,'" he replied, "and found so much pleasure in the perusal, that I returned to it three times. 'Torquato Tasso,' too, has afforded me much enjoyment. Now, I am reading 'Faust,' but find that it is somewhat difficult."

Goethe laughed at these last words. "Really," said he, "I would not have advised you to undertake 'Faust.' It is mad stuff, and goes quite beyond all ordinary feeling. But since you have done it of your own accord, without ask-

ing my advice, you will see how you will get through. Faust is so strange an individual that only few can sympathize with his internal condition. Then the character of Mephistopheles, on account of his irony, and also because he is a living result of an extensive acquaintance with the world, is also very difficult. But you will see what lights open upon you. 'Tasso,' on the other hand, lies far nearer the common feelings of mankind, and the elaboration of its form is favorable to an easy comprehension of it."

"Yet," said Mr. H., "'Tasso' is thought difficult in Germany, and people have wondered to hear me say that I was reading it."

"What is chiefly needed for 'Tasso,'" replied Goethe, "is that one should be no longer a child, and should have been in good society. A young man of good family, with sufficient mind and delicacy, and also with enough outward culture, such as will be produced by intercourse with accomplished men of the higher class, will not find 'Tasso' difficult."

The conversation turning upon 'Egmont,' he said, "I wrote 'Egmont' in 1775 — fifty years ago. I adhered closely to history, and strove to be as accurate as possible. Ten years afterwards, when I was in Rome, I read in the newspapers that the revolutionary scenes in the Netherlands there described were exactly repeated. I saw from this that the world remains ever the same, and that my picture must have some life in it."

Amid this and similar conversation, the hour for the theater had come. We rose, and Goethe dismissed us in a friendly manner.

As we went homeward, I asked Mr. H. how he was pleased with Goethe. "I have never," said he, "seen a man who, with all his attractive gentleness, had so much native dignity. However he may condescend, he is always the great man."

Sunday, March 14, 1830. . . . "The Bride of Corinth" induced Goethe to speak of the rest of his ballads. "I owe them, in a great measure, to Schiller," said he, "who impelled me to them, because he always wanted something new for his 'Horen.' I had already carried them in my head for many years; they occupied my mind as pleasant images, as beautiful dreams, which came and went, and by playing with which my fancy made me happy. I unwillingly resolved to bid farewell to these brilliant visions, which had so long been my solace, by embodying them in poor, inadequate words. When I saw them on paper, I regarded them with a mixture of sadness. I felt as if I were about to be separated forever from a beloved friend.

"At other times," continued Goethe, "it has been totally different with my poems. They have been preceded by no impressions or forebodings, but have come suddenly upon me, and have insisted on being composed immediately, so that I have felt an instinctive and dreamy impulse to write them down on the spot. In such a somnambulistic condition, it has often happened that I have had a sheet of paper lying before me diagonally, and that I have not discovered

it till all has been written, or I have found no room to write any more. I have possessed many such sheets written crossways, but they have been lost one after another, and I regret that I can no longer show any proofs of such poetic abstraction."

The conversation then returned to the French literature, and the modern ultra-romantic tendency of some not unimportant talents. Goethe was of opinion that this poetic revolution, which was still in its infancy, would be very favorable to literature, but very prejudicial to the individual authors who effect it.

"Extremes are never to be avoided in any revolution," said he. "In a political one, nothing is generally desired in the beginning but the abolition of abuses; but before people are aware, they are deep in bloodshed and horror. Thus the French, in their present literary revolution, desired nothing at first but a freer form; however, they will not stop there, but will reject the traditional contents together with the form. They begin to declare the representation of noble sentiments and deeds as tedious, and attempt to treat of all sorts of abominations. Instead of the beautiful subjects from Grecian mythology, there are devils, witches, and vampires, and the lofty heroes of antiquity must give place to jugglers and galley slaves. This is piquant! This is effective! But after the public has once tasted this highly seasoned food, and has become accustomed to it, it will always long for more, and that stronger. A young man of talent, who would produce an effect and be acknowledged, and who is great enough to go his own way, must accommodate himself to the taste of the day — nay, must seek to outdo his predecessors in the horrible and frightful. But in this chase after outward means of effect, all profound study, and all gradual and thorough development of the talent and the man from within, is entirely neglected. And this is the greatest injury which can befall a talent, although literature in general will gain by this tendency of the moment."

"But," added I, "how can an attempt which destroys individual talents be favorable to literature in general?"

"The extremes and excrescences which I have described," returned Goethe, "will gradually disappear; but at last this great advantage will remain — besides a freer form, richer and more diversified subjects will have been attained, and no object of the broadest world and the most manifold life will be any longer excluded as unpoetical. I compare the present literary epoch to a state of violent fever, which is not in itself good and desirable, but of which improved health is the happy consequence. That abomination which now often constitutes the whole subject of a poetical work, will in future only appear as a useful expedient; aye, the pure and the noble, which is now abandoned for the moment, will soon be resought with additional ardor."

". . . A political poem, under the most fortunate circumstances, is to be looked upon only as the organ of a single nation, and in most cases only as the organ of a single party; but it is seized with enthusiasm by this nation and

this party when it is good. Again, a political poem should always be looked upon as the mere result of a certain state of the times; which passes by, and with respect to succeeding times takes from the poem the value which it derived from the subject. As for Béranger, his was no hard task. Paris is France. All the important interests of his great country are concentrated in the capital, and there have their proper life and their proper echo. Besides, in most of his political songs he is by no means to be regarded as the mere organ of a single party; on the contrary, the things against which he writes are for the most part of so universal and national an interest, that the poet is almost always heard as a great *voice* of the people. With us, in Germany, such a thing is not possible. We have no city, nay, we have no country, of which we could decidedly say — *Here is Germany!* If we inquire in Vienna, the answer is — this is Austria! and if in Berlin, the answer is — this is Prussia! Only sixteen years ago, when we tried to get rid of the French, Germany was everywhere. Then a political poet could have had a universal effect; but there was no need of one! The universal necessity, and the universal feeling of disgrace, had seized upon the nation like something demonic; the inspiring fire which the poet might have kindled was already burning everywhere of its own accord. Still, I will not deny that Arndt, Körner, and Rückert, have had some effect."

"You have been reproached," remarked I, rather inconsiderately, "for not taking up arms at that great period, or at least co-operating as a poet."

"Let us leave that point alone, my good friend," returned Goethe. "It is an absurd world, which does not know what it wants, and which one must allow to have its own way. How could I take up arms without hatred, and how could I hate without youth? If such an emergency had befallen me when twenty years old, I should certainly not have been the last; but it found me as one who had already passed the first sixties."

"Besides, we cannot all serve our country in the same way, but each does his best, according as God has endowed him. I have toiled hard enough during half a century. I can say that in those things which nature has appointed for my daily work, I have permitted myself no repose or relaxation night or day, but have always striven, investigated, and done as much, and that as well, as I could. If every one can say the same of himself, it will prove well with all."

"The fact is," said I, by way of conciliation, "that you should not be vexed at that reproach, but should rather feel flattered at it. For what does it show, but that the opinion of the world concerning you is so great, that it desires that he who has done more for the culture of his nation than any other, should at last do everything!"

"I will not say what I think," returned Goethe. "There is more ill-will towards me hidden beneath that remark than you are aware of. I feel therein a new form of the old hatred with which people have persecuted me, and endeavored quietly to wound me for years. I know very well that I am an eye-

sore to many; that they would all willingly get rid of me; and that, since they cannot touch my talent, they aim at my character. Now, it is said, I am proud; now, egotistical; now, full of envy towards young talents; now, immersed in sensuality; now, without Christianity; and now, without love for my native country, and my own dear Germans. You have now known me sufficiently for years, and you feel what all that talk is worth. But if you would learn what I have suffered, read my 'Xenien,' and it will be clear to you, from my retorts, how people have from time to time sought to embitter my life.

"A German author is a German martyr. Yes, my friend, you will not find it otherwise! And I myself can scarcely complain; none of the others have fared better — most have fared worse; and in England and France it is quite the same as with us. What did not Molière suffer? What Rousseau and Voltaire? Byron was driven from England by evil tongues; and would have fled to the end of the world, if an early death had not delivered him from the Philistines and their hatred.

"And if it were only the narrow-minded masses that persecuted noble men! But no! One gifted man and one talent persecutes another; Platen scandalizes Heine, and Heine Platen, and each seeks to make the other hateful; while the world is wide enough for all to live and to let live; and every one has an enemy in his own talent, who gives him quite enough to do.

"To write military songs, and sit in a room! That forsooth was my duty! To have written them in the bivouac, when the horses at the enemy's outposts are heard neighing at night, would have been well enough; however, that was not my life and not my business, but that of Theodore Körner. His war-songs suit him perfectly. But to me, who am not of a warlike nature, and who have no warlike sense, war-songs would have been a mask which would have fitted my face very badly.

"I have never affected anything in my poetry. I have never uttered anything which I have not experienced, and which has not urged me to production. I have only composed love-songs when I have loved. How could I write songs of hatred without hating! And, between ourselves, I did not hate the French, although I thanked God that we were free from them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?

"Altogether," continued Goethe, "national hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture. But there is a degree where it vanishes altogether; and where one stands to a certain extent *above* nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighboring people, as if it had happened to one's own. This degree of culture was conformable to my nature, and I had become strengthened in it long before I had reached my sixtieth year."

Translated by John Oxenford

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER was born November 10, 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Württemberg situated near the junction of the Murr and the Neckar. He was the second child and only son of Johann Caspar Schiller, a worthy man of humble origin, but of sterling character and superior abilities; who began his career as barber and cupper, was advanced to surgeon in a Bavarian regiment of hussars, received the rank of captain and finally of major, and died as landscape gardener in the service of the Duke of Württemberg. Schiller's mother, Elisabeth Dorothea Kodweiss, the daughter of an innkeeper in Marbach, was a woman of warm affections, as well as a person of uncommon intelligence and fine taste, with a special fondness for poetry, in which she showed a discrimination rare in people of her class. Both parents were sincerely and even fervently pious, and wished their son to study theology; and this desire corresponded to his own early inclinations. He afterwards abandoned divinity for jurisprudence, and then exchanged law for medicine, before finding his true vocation in literature.

The dull military drill and preceptorial pedantry of the school founded by Duke Karl, and entered by Schiller at the age of fourteen, were extremely irksome to him, and tended to repress and stunt rather than to cherish and develop the natural propensities and powers of his mind. His love of letters, and especially his passion for poetry, could be gratified only by stealth, or by the feint of a headache or a sore throat, which enabled him to evade for a few hours the stern eye of the pedagogical taskmaster and to devote himself to his favorite pursuits in his own room. But notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, his genius kept its native bent with laudable firmness, and he succeeded in cultivating the best literature of his day: Klopstock's 'Messiah,' Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen' and 'Werther,' Lessing's dramas, Klinger's tragedies, and other products of the "Storm and Stress" period; also Shakespeare, through the imperfect medium of Wieland's translation.

He left the Ducal Academy December 14, 1780, as a doctor of medicine, and even practised this profession for a time as assistant surgeon in a grenadier regiment at a salary of eighteen florins [\$7.50] a month. Meanwhile, when he was scarcely eighteen years of age, he had written 'The Robbers,' the existence of which he prudently kept secret until after his graduation; then, not being able to find a publisher, printed it at his own expense and even borrowed the money for this purpose. This play, in which not only his hatred of

the galling personal restraints and daily vexations he had suffered, but also the restless and impetuous spirit of the "Storm and Stress" movement, found vigorous expression, excited great enthusiasm in Germany, and was soon translated into the principal languages of Europe. It also made a strong but by no means favorable impression on the mind of the Duke of Württemberg, who punished the author with a fortnight's arrest for going clandestinely to Mannheim to see it performed in January 1782, and forbade him "henceforth and forever to compose comedies or anything of the sort." Having before his eyes the fate of the poet Schubart, whom for a less heinous offense the same paternal sovereign had confined for ten years in the fortress of Hohenasperg, he took advantage of some public festivity on September 17, 1782, to slip out of the gates of Stuttgart and flee to Mannheim, beyond the reach of Württemberg bailiffs.

'The Robbers' is a work of unquestionable but undisciplined genius; a generous wine in the first stages of fermentation. The characters are the mental creations of an ardent and enthusiastic youth, taking shape and color in a great measure from the dramatic literature on which his imagination had fed. As Schiller himself confessed, it was an attempt to portray men by one who had not the slightest knowledge of mankind. Its power and popularity, in spite of all defects, and the firm hold it still has of each rising generation, are due to the sincere spirit of revolt against social, political, and intellectual tyranny that permeates it, and is the sole source of its verity and vitality.

Not feeling himself safe at Mannheim, Schiller went to Bauerbach near Meiningen, where he was hospitably received by Frau von Wolzogen, the mother of one of his school-fellows; and remained for several months under the name of Dr. Ritter. In this friendly retreat and place of refuge he finished 'The Conspiracy of Fiesco,' brought in a rough draft from Stuttgart; and wrote 'Cabal and Love,' or 'Luise Miller' as it was originally called. The first of these plays marks a decided advance in artistic execution: the situations are more probable and the characters truer to life; indeed, the ambitions, intrigues, loves, hatreds, pomp and pageantry of the Genoese nobility in the sixteenth century are vividly and vigorously delineated, although a certain crudeness in laying on the glowing colors, and a conspicuous lack of delicacy in blending them, still betray the hand of the novice. 'Cabal and Love' is a bold exposure of the selfish greed, corruption, and cruelty of contemporary court life in Germany; and pillories the Hessian landgrave who sold his subjects to fight against American independence in order to get money to squander on his mistresses.

During his stay at Bauerbach he began a new drama, 'Don Carlos,' based chiefly on a historical novel with the same title published by the Abbé de Saint-Réal at Paris in 1672. This partially finished piece he took with him to Mannheim, whither he went as poet to the theater in July 1783; but he did not complete and print it until 1786, when he was living with Körner at

Loschwitz near Dresden. This is his first drama in blank verse, and it is in every respect maturer than the earlier ones, which are all in prose; it follows these also in its tendency as an apt and logical sequel. In the three former plays he inveighs vehemently against existing evils; in 'Don Carlos' he sets forth his own ideas of humanity and liberty, in the utterances of the Infante and especially of Marquis Posa. Schiller's intention was to make the prince the hero of the piece, and he did so in the first three acts: but as the composition was delayed, the marquis gradually usurped this place in the poet's imagination, and finally overshadowed Carlos altogether; and although this change may mar the artistic unity of the plot, it adds immensely to the energy of the action in the last two acts and to the impressiveness of the whole.

The poet now turned his attention to historical and philosophical studies, as the best means of correcting the defects — arising from inadequate acquaintance with human nature and human affairs, and from imperfect knowledge of esthetic principles — that had hitherto characterized his dramatic productions. In 1787 he went to Weimar, where he enjoyed the friendship of Herder and Wieland. In 1788 he published 'The History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands,' and in the following year was appointed to a professorship in the philosophical faculty of Jena. From 1790 to 1793 appeared his 'History of the Thirty Years' War,' in three volumes. These works, while showing careful and conscientious research, are most remarkable for the vivid descriptions of events and lifelike delineations of individual characters, congenial to the pre-eminently plastic taste and talent of the dramatist. In the province of esthetics he wrote a series of thoughtful and readable dissertations bearing throughout the visible stamp of Kantian criticism and speculation: 'On Tragic Art,' 'On Grace and Dignity,' 'On the Sublime,' 'Letters on Man's Esthetic Education,' and finally a less abstract and more distinctively literary essay 'On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry.' Besides some occasional poems and amatory odes to Laura, evidently suggested by Petrarch's canzoni, he wrote at this time the exalted and exultant hymn 'To Joy,' subsequently set to music in Beethoven's ninth symphony. This was followed by numerous lyrics and ballads, the most noteworthy of which are 'The Gods of Greece,' 'The Artists,' 'The Knight Toggenburg,' 'The Sharing of the Earth,' 'The Visit' (dithyramb), 'The Power of Song,' 'Worth of Women,' 'German Art,' 'The Fight with the Dragon,' 'The Glove,' 'The Maiden from Afar,' 'Resignation,' and 'The Song of the Bell.' As a purely lyrical poet Schiller is decidedly inferior to Goethe; and the best of his minor poems are those in which the qualities of the historian, the philosopher, and the poet are combined, and epic narration and didactic meditation are blended and fused with lyrical emotion, as in 'The Song of the Bell.'

It is the historical drama for which Schiller showed a strong predilection and peculiar talent, and in which he stands pre-eminent. While engaged in his 'History of the Thirty Years' War' he was irresistibly attracted by the im-

posing form of *Wallenstein*, and resolved to make him the hero of a drama; which was originally conceived as a single piece in five acts, but was gradually expanded into three parts: '*Wallenstein's Camp*' (one act), '*The Piccolomini*' (five acts), and '*Wallenstein's Death*' (five acts). In the following year (1800) appeared '*Maria Stuart*'; then '*The Maid of Orleans*' (1801), '*The Bride of Messina*' (1803), and '*William Tell*' (1804) — of which the last mentioned surpasses all the others in dramatic continuity and creative power: the individuals are admirably portrayed, and the idyllic life and occupations of the honest, fearless, freedom-loving Swiss peasants brought out with wonderful fidelity, in contrast to the blind brutality of their Austrian oppressors. Indeed, the very fact (which some critics have regarded as a defect) that there is no outward connection between the deed of Tell and the oath of the men of Rütli, so far from disturbing the unity of the plot, renders it more effective; since they both work together, like unconscious forces of nature, for the attainment of the same noble end. The first part of '*Wallenstein*' is a masterpiece of its kind; in the second part the action drags somewhat, but in the third moves on with the force and irresistibility of fate, in a tumult of conflicting aims and interests, and with touches of tender pathos, as in the relations of Max to Thekla, to its tragical conclusion. '*Maria Stuart*' violates to some extent the truth of history, by making the conflict chiefly a matter of personal animosity instead of an antagonism of political principles and religious systems; but is distinguished for depth of psychological insight in the delineation of the characters of the rival queens and the principal statesmen and courtiers — Burleigh, Talbot, Leicester, Mortimer, and Shrewsbury. In '*The Maid of Orleans*' the heroine is the pure-souled and patriotic representative of her people, and the divinely chosen defender of her country; and the contest is between nations. She is here no longer the devil's satellite and sorceress of her English foes and of Shakespeare, and her memory is cleansed of the filth with which Voltaire defiled it. In this "romantic tragedy," as Schiller called it, he images forth with wonderful accuracy the romantic spirit of the age, which rendered such apparitions and supernatural agencies credible. Touchingly human and true is the scene with Lionel, in which the invincible and inexorable virgin is suddenly transformed into a tender-hearted and weak-handed woman through the power of earthly love. The plot of '*The Bride of Messina*,' the fatal enmity of two brothers, rivals in love, was the theme of Greek tragedy. The dialogue is interspersed with choral odes, suitable to the action and summing up the supposed reflections of the spectators; and the traditional idea of fate pervades the whole, although Schiller gives larger scope to free-will, and makes the individual in reality the author of his own destiny through the inevitable sequence of cause and effect. The poet comprises it all in the concluding verse: "Life is not the chief good, and the greatest of evils is guilt." Schiller's dramatic style is the grand style, and rather ornate and oratorical. He is truly eloquent, and in the glit-

tering coils of his rhetoric there is no pinchbeck; but his speeches are often too long, and in the mouths of second-rate actors are apt to degenerate into rant. It would be unjust, however, to hold the poet responsible for the deficiencies of the player.

While holding his professorship at Jena, Schiller married, and in 1799 he settled permanently in Weimar; in 1802 he was raised to the nobility — a distinction for which he cared little himself, but which he thought might be of some advantage to his children. Personally he prized far more highly the honorary citizenship of the French Republic, which had been conferred upon him by the National Convention in 1793. In 1797 he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm. In 1791 he had a severe illness, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered. Fortunately his pecuniary anxieties were partially relieved by the Danish poet Jens Baggesen, who induced the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg and the Danish minister, Count von Schimmelmann, to grant him a pension of a thousand *speciesdaler* [equivalent to about \$1000], with the injunction to take care of his health and not overwork. In the spring of 1804 he went to Berlin to a representation of 'William Tell,' which exertion caused a recurrence of his old malady. He grew better, however; translated Racine's 'Phèdre' in twenty-six days, and completed two acts of a new play, 'The False Demetrius' — and died on May 9, 1805.

During the last ten years of his life, Schiller's relations to Goethe were those of cordial friendship and literary co-operation; one of the most important results of which was the joint production of a series of satirical epigrams called 'Xenien,' and published in the *Musenalmanach* in 1797. The more philosophic and less personal, or what Schiller called the "harmless" ones, were also collected and printed under the title of 'Tabulæ Votivæ' [Votive Tablets]. In the ordinary relations of life Schiller was a simple-hearted, noble-minded, and clear-sighted man, all alive with enthusiasm and full of delicate sensibility, but free from every sort of affectation. He was endowed with an intellect of high order, which he spared no pains to cultivate by assiduous and systematic study. The versatility of his genius was remarkable; and he might have excelled as a philosopher or historian, had it not been for the predominance of his poetic gifts, to which he made all acquisitions of learning subordinate and contributory. Perhaps the least conspicuous of his qualities was humor; but the scenes in 'Wallenstein's Camp,' 'The Famous Wife, an Epistle from One Husband to Another,' and some of his epigrams and parables, show that he was by no means destitute of it. Remembering that he died before he was forty-six, and suffered severely from sickness during the last decade of his life, one cannot but wonder at the extent and brilliancy of his achievements as a poet and scholar.

E. P. EVANS

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH

TAKE the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men — "I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given:
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire:
The harvest the husbandman seizes;
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the squire.

The merchant his warehouse is locking;
The abbot is choosing his wine;
Cries the monarch, the thoroughfare blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the poet — he came from afar;
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me! is there nothing remaining
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of thy dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God, "Canst thou murmur at *me*?
Where wert *thou* when the earth was dividing?"
"*I was*," said the poet, "by thee!"

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured,
Mine ear by thy music of bliss:
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptured
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God, "earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!
What say you to quarters in heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

Translated by Bulwer

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR

WITHIN a vale each infant year,
 When earliest larks first carol free,
 To humble shepherds doth appear
 A wondrous maiden fair to see.

Not born within that lowly place:
 From whence she wandered, none could tell;
 Her parting footsteps left no trace,
 When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessèd was her presence there:
 Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
 Yet something loftier still than fair
 Kept man's familiar looks away.

From fairy gardens known to none
 She brought mysterious fruits and flowers;
 The products of a brighter sun,
 Of nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared —
 To some the fruits, the flowers to some:
 Alike the young, the aged, fared;
 Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
 Yet some the maiden held more dear;
 And culled her rarest sweets whene'er
 She saw two loving hearts draw near.

Translated by Bulwer

WORTH OF WOMEN

HONOR to Woman! To her it is given
 To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
 All blessèd, she linketh the Loves in their choir —
 In the veil of her Graces her beauty concealing,
 She tends on each altar that's hallowed to Feeling,
 And keeps ever living the fire!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering,
Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the far,
Chasing his own dream forever
On through many a distant star!

But Woman, with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck that wild truant again
By the spell of her presence beguiled;
In the home of the Mother her modest abode,
And modest the manners by Nature bestowed
On Nature's most exquisite child.

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife —
Man the Wild One, never resting,
Roams along the troubled life:
What he planneth, still pursuing;
Vainly as the hydra bleeds,
Crest the severed crest renewing,
Wish to withered wish succeeds.

But Woman at peace with all being reposes,
And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong and proud and self-depending,
Man's cold bosom beats alone:
Heart with heart divinely blending
In the love that Gods have known.
Soul's sweet interchange of feeling,
Melting tears — he never knows;
Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
 If wooed by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
 Is Woman to Hope and to Fear;
 Ah, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
 How quiver the chords — how thy bosom is heaving —
 How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labor,
 Might to right the Statute gave;
 Laws are in the Scythian's saber;
 Where the Mede reigned, see the Slave!
 Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
 Prowls the War lust, rude and wild;
 Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
 Where the vanished Graces smiled.

But Woman, the Soft One, persuasively prayeth;
 Of the mild realm of manners the scepter she swayeth;
 She lulls, as she looks from above,
 The Discord whose hell for its victims is gaping,
 And blending awhile the forever-escaping,
 Whispers Hate to the Image of Love.

Translated by Bulwer

THE KNIGHT TOGGENBURG

K NIGHT, a sister's quiet love
 Gives my heart to thee!
 Ask me not for other love,
 For it paineth me!

Calmly couldst thou greet me now.
 Calmly from me go;
 Calmly ever — why dost thou
 Weep in silence so? ”

Sadly — not a word he said —
 To the heart she wrung,
 Sadly clasped he once the maid,
 On his steed he sprung!

"Up, my men of Switzerland!"
Up, awake the brave!
Forth they go — the Red-Cross band —
To the Saviour's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! oh,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore;
Never can his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair —
On to that belovèd land
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at the castle gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives — a Nun!
To the world she died
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownèd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.

There when dawn was in the skies,
 Till the eve-star shone,
 Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
 Sate he there — alone!

Looking to the cloister still,
 Looking forth afar,
 Looking to her lattice till
 Clinked the lattice bar.
 Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
 Paused her image pale,
 Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
 Meekly towards the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er;
 Then, consoled awhile,
 Down he lay, to greet once more
 Morning's early smile.
 Days and years are gone, and still
 Looks he forth afar,
 Uncomplaining, hoping — till
 Clinks the lattice bar;

Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
 Paused her image pale,
 Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
 Meekly towards the vale.
 So upon that lonely spot
 Sate he, dead at last,
 With the look where life was not,
 Towards the casement cast.

Translated by Bulwer

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE SONG OF THE BELL'

SEE the mold of clay, well heated,
 In the earth walled firmly, stand.
 Be the bell to-day created!
 Come my comrades, be at hand!
 From the glowing brow
 Sweat must freely flow,
 So the work the master showeth;
 Yet the blessing Heaven bestoweth.

The work we earnestly are doing
 Befitteth well an earnest word;
Then toil goes on, more briskly flowing,
 When good discourse is also heard.
So let us then with care now ponder
 What through weak strength originates:
To him no reverence can we render,
 Who never heeds what he creates.
'Tis this indeed that man most graceth,
 For this 'tis his to understand —
That in his inner heart he traceth
 What he produces with his hand. . . .

See how brown the pipes are getting!
 This little rod I dip it in;
If it show a glazed coating,
 Then the casting may begin.
 Now my lads, enough!
 Prove me now the stuff,
 The brittle with the tough combining,
 See if they be rightly joining.

For when the strong and mild are pairing,
The manly with the tender sharing,
Then is the concord good and strong.
 See ye, who join in endless union,
 If heart with heart be in communion!
For fancy's brief, repentance long. . . .

Be the casting now beginning;
 Finely jagged is the grain.
But before we set it running,
 Let us breathe a pious strain.

 Let the metal go!
 God protect us now!
Through the bending handle hollow
Smoking shoots the fire-brown billow.

Benignant is the might of flame,
When man keeps watch and makes it tame;
In what he fashions, what he makes,
Help from this heaven's force he takes:
But fearful is this heaven's force
When all unfettered in its course

It steps forth on its own fierce way,
 Thy daughter, Nature, wild and free.
 Woe! when once emancipated,
 With naught her power to withstand,
 Through the streets thick populated,
 Waves she high her monstrous brand!
 By the elements is hated
 What is formed by mortal hand. . . .

From the tower,
 Heavy and slow,
 Tolls the funeral
 Note of woe,
 Sad and solemn, with its knell attending
 Some new wanderer on the last way wending.
 Ah! the wife it is, the dear one,
 Ah! it is the faithful mother,
 Whom the angel dark is tearing
 From the husband's arms endearing,
 From the group of children, far,
 Whom she, blooming, to him bare,
 Whom she on her faithful breast
 Saw with joy maternal rest;
 Ah! the household ties so tender
 Broken are for evermore,
 For the shadow-land now holds her,
 Who the household ruled o'er!
 For her faithful guidance ceases;
 No more keepeth watch her care;
 In the void and orphaned places
 Rules the stranger, loveless there. . . .
 Woe! if, heaped up, the fire-tender
 Should the still heart of cities fill,
 Their fetters rending all asunder,
 The people work then their own will!
 Then at the bell-ropes tuggeth riot;
 The bell gives forth a wailing sound —
 Sacred to peace alone and quiet,
 For blood it rings the signal round.
 "Equality and Freedom" howling,
 Rushes to arms the citizen,
 And bloody-minded bands are prowling,
 And streets and halls are filled with men;

Then women, to hyenas changing,
 On bloody horrors feast and laugh,
 And with the thirst of panthers ranging,
 The blood of hearts yet quivering quaff.
 Naught sacred is there more, for breaking
 Are all the bands of pious awe;
 The good man's place the bad are taking,
 And vice acknowledges no law.
 'Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
 Deadly to cross the tiger's path,
 But the most terrible of terrors
 Is man himself in his wild wrath.
 Alas! when to the ever blinded
 The heavenly torch of light is lent!
 It guides him not — it can but kindle
 Whole States in flames and ruin blent.

Translated by William H. Furness

THE EPIC HEXAMETER

STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
 Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

Translated by Coleridge

THE DISTICH

IN the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
 In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

Translated by Coleridge

MY CREED

WHAT'S the religion I confess? Well, none of all those
 Which you mention. Why none? From sense of religion.

KANT AND HIS INTERPRETERS

HOW one prosperous man gives a living to legions of beggars?
 If kings only will build, carters have plenty to do.

FROM 'WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH'

['Wallenstein' is a trilogy built around the career and death of Count Albrecht von Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, and commander of the troops of Ferdinand II. An able general and leader, Wallenstein had crushed the Protestant states and repelled the Swedish invasion; subsequently, however, he himself entered into negotiations with the Swedes, was discovered, and assassinated at the instance of the emperor. — 'Wallenstein's Death' is the third member of the trilogy. Max Piccolomini loves Thekla, Wallenstein's daughter, and it had been hoped that this would definitely attach him to the Duke; but Thekla herself assures Max that he must remain faithful to the emperor, and he forsakes Wallenstein and is killed in battle.]

MAX PICCOLOMINI [*advancing to Wallenstein*].

My general!

Wallenstein. That I am no longer, if

Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer,

Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, general?

Wallenstein. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

Max. And thou wilt leave the army?

Wallenstein.

Rather I hope

To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

[*He seats himself.*]

Yes, Max, I have delayed to open it to thee,

Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.

Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily

The absolute right — yea, and a joy it is

To exercise the single apprehension

Where the sums square in proof;

But where it happens that of two sure evils

One must be taken, where the heart not wholly

Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,

There 'tis a blessing to have no election,

And blank necessity is grace and favor.

This is now present. Do not look behind thee!

It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!

Think not! Judge not! Prepare thyself to act!

The Court — it hath determined on my ruin,

Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.

We'll join the Swedes — right gallant fellows are they

And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.*]

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not,
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises and retires to the back of the stage. Max remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion Wallenstein returns, and places himself before him.*]

Max. My general, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person;
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
Today, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wallenstein. Soft cradled thee thy fortune till today:
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act forever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other, duties strive with duties:
Thou must needs choose thy part in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as Heaven's pestilence;
Yet it is good, is it Heaven's will, as *that* is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this!
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who, like the fixed star of the Pole,
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
Oh, what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obedience —
Must I pluck life asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me:
It always was a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds; although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wallenstein.

Max, hear me.

Max. Oh! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!

There is a pure and noble soul within thee
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste; it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee — and innocence.
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief
Which holdeth nothing noble in free-will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wallenstein. The world will judge me sternly: I expect it.

Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
Th' extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes, I must use
Or suffer violence — so stands the case;
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. So be it then! Maintain thee in thy post

By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel.
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But do not be a *traitor* — yes! the word
Is spoken out — be not a traitor.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature; that is wholly different;
Oh, that is black, black as the pit of hell! . . .
Oh, turn back to thy duty. That thou canst
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, duke, with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wallenstein. It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happened.

Max. Were it too late, and were it gone so far,

That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then — fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendor do it — do it too

With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others:
 At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
 My destiny I never part from thine.

Wallenstein. It is too late. Even now, while thou art losing
 Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
 Left fast behind by my post couriers,
 Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[*Max stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.*]

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
 I cannot give assent to my own shame
 And ruin. *Thou* — no — thou canst not forsake me!
 So let us do what must be done, with dignity,
 With a firm step. What am I doing worse
 Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
 When he the legions led against his country,
 The which his country had delivered to him?
 Had he thrown down the sword he had been lost,
 As I were if I but disarmed myself.
 I trace out something in me of his spirit.
 Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

Translated by Coleridge

THE LAST INTERVIEW OF ORANGE WITH EGMONT

From the 'History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands': date 1567

THE warning of Orange came from a sad and dispirited heart; and for Egmont the world still smiled. To quit the lap of abundance, of affluence and splendor, in which he had grown up to youth and manhood, to part from all the thousand comforts of life which alone made it of value to him, and all this in order to escape an evil which his buoyant courage regarded as still far off — no, that was not a sacrifice which could be asked from Egmont. But even had he been less self-indulgent than he was, with what heart could he have made a princess pampered by long prosperity — a loving wife and children, on whom his soul hung — acquainted with privations at which his own courage sank, which a sublime philosophy alone can exact from sensuality? "Thou wilt never persuade me, Orange," said Egmont, "to see things in this gloomy light in which they appear to thy mournful prudence. When I have succeeded in abolishing the public preach-

ings, in chastising the iconoclasts, in crushing the rebels and restoring their former quiet to the provinces, what can the King have against me? The King is kind and just, and I have earned claims upon his gratitude; and I must not forget what I owe to myself." "Well then," exclaimed Orange with indignation and inner anguish, "risk the trust in this royal gratitude! But a mournful presentiment tells me — and may Heaven grant that I may be deceived! — thou wilt be the bridge, Egmont, over which the Spaniards will pass into the country, and which they will destroy when they have passed over it." He drew him, after he had said this, with ardor to himself, and clasped him fervently and firmly in his arms. Long, as though for the rest of his life, he kept his eyes fixed upon him and shed tears. . . . They never saw each other again.

Translated by E. P. Evans

ON THE ESTHETIC EDUCATION OF MAN

Extract from Letter No. 9

THE artist, it is true, is the son of his age; but woe be to him if he is also its pupil, or even its favorite. Let a beneficent divinity snatch him betimes as a suckling from his mother's breast, nurse him with the milk of a better time, and let him ripen to manhood beneath a distant Grecian sky. Then when he has attained his full growth, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not however to delight it by his presence, but terrible, like Agamemnon's son, to purify it. The subject-matter he will of course take from the present; but the form he will derive from a nobler time, or rather from beyond all time — from the absolute, unchangeable unity of his own being. Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual nature, flows down the fountain of beauty, uncontaminated by the corruption of generations and ages, which welter in turbid whirlpools far beneath it. The matter caprice can dishonor, as she has ennobled it; but the chaste form is withdrawn from her mutations. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his emperors when the statues were still standing erect; the temples remained holy to the eye when the gods had long served as a laughing-stock, and the infamies of a Nero and a Commodus were put to shame by the noble style of the edifice which gave them its concealment. Man has lost his dignity, but art has saved it and preserved it in significant stones; truth lives on in-fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored. As noble art survived noble nature, so too it goes before it in the inspiration that awakens and creates it. Before truth sends its conquering light into the depths of the heart, the poetic imagination catches its rays, and the summits of humanity begin to glow, while the damp night is still lying in the valleys.

But how is the artist to guard himself against the corruptions of his time, which encircle him on every side? By contempt for its judgments. Let him look upward to his dignity and the law of his nature, and not downward to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from the vain activity that would fain make its impress on the fleeting moment, and from the impatient spirit of enthusiasm that measures the meager product of the time by the standard of absolute perfection, let him leave to common-sense, which is here at home, the sphere of the actual; but let him strive from the union of the possible with the necessary to bring forth the ideal. Let him imprint this in fiction and truth; let him imprint it in the play of his imagination and in the earnestness of his deeds; imprint it in all sensible and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into endless time.

Translated by E. P. Evans

FROM 'WILLIAM TELL'

['William Tell' deals with the struggle for Swiss independence, achieved early in the fourteenth century. — Gessler, the Governor of Schwyz and Uri, feeling the growing rebelliousness of the people, has put up a hat on a pole and given orders that all who go by must salute it. The following celebrated scene from the third act gives a vivid picture of tyranny facing the unbending will of the Swiss people.]

[Enter GESSLER on horseback, with a falcon on his wrist; RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, BERTHA, and RUDENZ, and a numerous train of armed attendants, who form a circle of lances round the whole stage.]

HARRAS. Room for the Viceroy!

Gessler.

Drive the clowns apart.

Why throng the people thus? Who calls for help?

[General silence.]

Who was it? I will know.

[Friesshardt steps forward.]

And who art thou?

And why hast thou this man in custody?

[Gives his falcon to an attendant:]

Friesshardt. Dread sir, I am a soldier of your guard,
And station'd sentinel beside the hat;
This man I apprehended in the act

Of passing it without obeisance due,
 So I arrested him, as you gave order,
 Whereupon the people tried to rescue him.

Gessler [*after a pause*]. And do you, Tell, so lightly hold your king,
 And me, who act as his viceregent here,
 That you refuse the greeting to the hat
 I hung aloft to test your loyalty?
 I read in this a disaffected spirit.

Tell. Pardon me, good my lord! The action sprung
 From inadvertence — not from disrespect.
 Were I discreet, I were not William Tell:
 Forgive me now — I'll not offend again.

Gessler [*after a pause*]. I hear, Tell, thou'rt a master with the bow,
 And bear the palm away from every rival.

Walter. That must be true, sir! At a hundred yards
 He'll shoot an apple for you off the tree.

Gessler. Is that boy thine, Tell?

Tell. Yes, my gracious lord.

Gessler. Hast any more of them?

Tell. Two boys, my lord.

Gessler. And, of the two, which dost thou love the most?

Tell. Sir, both the boys are dear to me alike.

Gessler. Then, Tell, since at a hundred yards thou canst
 Bring down the apple from the tree, thou shalt
 Approve thy skill before me. Take thy bow —
 Thou hast it there at hand — and make thee ready
 To shoot an apple from the stripling's head!
 But take this counsel — look well to thine aim,
 See that thou hitt'st the apple at the first,
 For, shouldst thou miss, thy head shall pay the forfeit.

[*All give signs of horror.*]

Tell. What monstrous thing, my lord, is this you ask?
That I, from the head of mine own child! — No, no!
It cannot be, kind sir, you meant not that —
God in His grace forbid! You could not ask
A father seriously to do that thing!

Gessler. Thou art to shoot an apple from his head!
I do desire — command it so.

Tell. What! I
Level my cross-bow at the darling head
Of mine own child? No — rather let me die!

Gessler. Or thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy.

Tell. Shall I become the murd'rer of my child?
You have no children, sir — you do not know
The tender throbbings of a father's heart.

Gessler. How now, Tell, so discreet upon a sudden?
I have been told thou wert a visionary,
A wanderer from the paths of common men.
Thou lov'st the marvelous. So have I now
Cull'd out for thee a task of special daring.
Another man might pause and hesitate;
Thou dashest at it, heart and soul, at once.

Bertha. Oh, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See how they tremble, and how pale they look,
So little used are they to hear thee jest.

Gessler. Who tells thee that I jest?
[*Grasping a branch above his head.*]

Here is the apple.
Room there, I say! And let him take his distance —
Just eighty paces — as the custom is —
Not an inch more or less! It was his boast
That at a hundred he could hit his man.
Now, archer, to thy task, and look thou miss not!

Harras. Heavens! this grows serious — down, boy, on thy knees,
And beg the governor to spare thy life.

Fürst [*Aside to Melchthal, who can scarcely restrain his impatience.*]
Command yourself — be calm, I beg of you!

Bertha [*to the governor*]. Let this suffice you, sir! It is inhuman
 To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
 Although this wretched man had forfeited
 Both life and limb for such a slight offense,
 Already he has suffer'd tenfold death.
 Send him away uninjured to his home;
 He'll know thee well in future; and this hour
 He and his children's children will remember.

Gessler. Open a way there — quick! Why this delay?
 Thy life is forfeited; I might despatch thee,
 And see, I graciously repose thy fate
 Upon the skill of thine own practis'd hand.
 No cause has he to say his doom is harsh
 Who's made the master of his destiny.
 Thou boastest of thy steady eye. 'Tis well!

Now is a fitting time to show thy skill.
 The mark is worthy, and the prize is great.
 To hit the bull's eye in the target — that
 Can many another do as well as thou;
 But he, methinks, is master of his craft
 Who can at all times on his skill rely,
 Nor lets his heart disturb or eye or hand.

Fürst. My lord, we bow to your authority;
 But oh, let justice yield to mercy here.
 Take half my property, nay, take it all,
 But spare a father this unnatural doom!

Walter. Grandfather, do not kneel to that bad man!
 Say where I am to stand. I do not fear;
 My father strikes the bird upon the wing,
 And will not miss now when 'twould harm his boy!

Stauffacher. Does the child's innocence not touch your heart?

Rösselmann. Bethink you, sir, there is a God in heaven,
 To whom you must account for all your deeds.

Gessler [*pointing to the boy*].
 Bind him to yonder lime-tree straight!

Walter

Bind me?

No, I will not be bound! I will be still,
Still as a lamb — nor even draw my breath!
But if you bind me, I cannot be still.
Then I shall writhe and struggle with my bonds.

Harras. But let thine eyes at least be bandaged, boy!*Walter.* And why my eyes? No! Do you think I fear

An arrow from my father's hand? Not I!

I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink.

Quick, father, show them that thou art an archer!

He doubts thy skill — he thinks to ruin us.

Shoot, then, and hit, though but to spite the tyrant!

[*He goes to the lime-tree, and an apple is placed on his head.*]

Melchthal [*to the country people*]. What! Is this outrage to be perpetrated
Before our very eyes? Where is our oath?

Stauffacher. 'Tis all in vain. We have no weapons here;
And see the wood of lances that surrounds us!

Melchthal. Oh! would to Heaven that we had struck at once!
God pardon those who counsel'd the delay!

Gessler [*to Tell*]. Now, to thy task! Men bear not arms for nought.
'Tis dangerous to carry deadly weapons,
And on the archer oft his shaft recoils.
This right these haughty peasant churls assume
Trenches upon their master's privileges.
None should be armed but those who bear command.
It pleases thee to wear the bow and bolt; —
Well — be it so. I will provide the mark.

Tell [*bends the bow and fixes the arrow*].
A lane there. Room!

Stauffacher. What, Tell? You would — no, no!
You shake — your hand's unsteady — your knees tremble.

Tell [*letting the bow sink down*].
There's something swims before mine eyes!

Women.

Great Heavens!

Tell. Release me from this shot! Here is my heart!

[*Tears open his breast.*]

Summon your troopers — let them strike me down!

Gessler. I do not want thy life, Tell, but the shot.

Thy talent's universal! Nothing daunts thee!

Thou canst direct the rudder like the bow!

Storms fright not thee, when there's a life at stake.

Now saviour, help thyself — thou savest all!

[*Tell stands fearfully agitated by contending emotions, his hands moving convulsively, and his eyes turning alternately to the governor and heaven. Suddenly he takes a second arrow from his quiver and sticks it in his belt. The governor watches all these motions.*]

Walter [*beneath the lime-tree*].

Come, father, shoot! I'm not afraid!

Tell [*collects himself and levels the bow*]. It must be!

Rudenz [*who all the while has been standing in a state of violent excitement, and has with difficulty restrained himself, advances*].

My lord, you will not urge this matter further.

You will not. It was surely but a test.

You've gained your object. Rigor push'd too far

Is sure to miss its aim, however good,

As snaps the bow that's all too straitly-bent.

Gessler. Peace, till thy counsel's ask'd for!

Rudenz.

I will speak!

Ay, and I dare. I reverence my king;

But acts like these must make his name abhorr'd.

He sanctions not this cruelty. I dare

Avouch the fact. And you outstep your powers

In handling thus an unoffending people.

Gessler. Ha! thou grow'st bold, methinks!

Rudenz.

I have been dumb

To all the oppressions I was doom'd to see.

I've closed mine eyes, that they might not behold them,

Bade my rebellious, swelling heart be still,
 And pent its struggles down within my breast.
 But to be silent longer were to be
 A traitor to my king and country both.

Bertha [*casting herself between him and the governor*].
 O Heaven! you but exasperate his rage!

Rudenz. My people I forsook — renounced my kindred —
 Broke all the ties of nature, that I might
 Attach myself to you. I madly thought
 That I should best advance the general weal
 By adding sinews to the Emperor's power.
 The scales have fallen from mine eyes — I see
 The fearful precipice on which I stand.
 You've led my youthful judgment far astray —
 Deceived my honest heart. With best intent,
 I had well nigh achiev'd my country's ruin.

Gessler. Audacious boy, this language to thy lord?

Rudenz. The Emperor is my lord, not you! I'm free
 As you by birth, and I can cope with you
 In every virtue that beseems a knight.
 And if you stood not here in that king's name
 Which I respect e'en where 'tis most abused,
 I'd throw my gauntlet down, and you should give
 An answer to my gage in knightly fashion.
 Ay, beckon to your troopers! Here I stand;
 But not like these [*pointing to the people*] — unarmed. I have a sword,
 And he that stirs one step —

Stauffer [*exclaims*]. The apple's down!

[*While the attention of the crowd has been directed to the spot where Bertha
 had cast herself between Rudenz and Gessler, Tell has shot.*]

Rösseimann. The boy's alive!

Many voices. The apple has been struck!

[*Walter Fürst staggers and is about to fall. Bertha supports him.*]

Gessler [*astonished*]. How? Has he shot? The madman!

Bertha.

Worthy father,

Pray you, compose yourself. The boy's alive.

Walter [*runs in with the apple*].

Here is the apple, father! Well I knew
Thou wouldst not harm thy boy.

[*Tell stands with his body bent forward, as though he would follow the arrow. His bow drops from his hand. When he sees the boy advancing he hastens to meet him with open arms, and embracing him passionately sinks down with him quite exhausted. All crowd round them, deeply affected.*]

Bertha.

O ye kind Heavens!

Fürst [*to father and son*]. My children, my dear children!

Stauffacher.

God be praised!

Leuthold. Almighty powers! That was a shot indeed!
It will be talked of to the end of time.

Harras. This feat of Tell, the archer, will be told
While yonder mountains stand upon their base.
[*Hands the apple to Gessler.*]

Gessler. By Heaven! The apple's cleft right through the core.
It was a master shot, I must allow.

Rösselmann. The shot was good. But woe to him who drove
The man to tempt his God by such a feat!

Stauffacher. Cheer up, Tell, rise! You've nobly freed yourself,
And now may go in quiet to your home.

Rösselmann. Come, to the mother let us bear her son!
[*They are about to lead him off.*]

Gessler. A word, Tell.

Tell. Sir, your pleasure?

Gessler. Thou didst place
A second arrow in thy belt — nay, nay!
I saw it well — what was thy purpose with it?

Tell [*confused*]. It is the custom with all archers, Sir.

Gessler. No, Tell, I cannot let that answer pass.

There was some other motive, well I know.

Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth; —

Whate'er it be, I promise thee thy life.

Wherefore the second arrow?

Tell

Well, my lord,

Since you have promised not to take my life,

I will, without reserve, declare the truth.

[*He draws the arrow from his belt and fixes his eyes sternly
upon the governor.*]

If that my hand had struck my darling child,

This second arrow I had aimed at you.

And, be assured, I should not then have miss'd.

Gessler. Well, Tell, I promised thou shouldst have thy life;

I gave my knightly word, and I will keep it.

Yet, as I know the malice of thy thoughts,

I will remove thee hence to sure confinement,

Where neither sun nor moon shall reach thine eyes.

Thus from thy arrows I shall be secure.

Seize on him, guards, and bind him!

[*They bind him.*]

Stauffacher.

How, my lord —

How can you treat in such a way a man

On whom God's hand has plainly been reveal'd?

Gessler. Well, let us see if it will save him twice!

Remove him to my ship; I'll follow straight.

In person I will see him lodged at Küssnacht.

Rösselmann. You dare not do't. Nor durst the Emperor's self

So violate our dearest chartered rights.

Gessler. Where are they? Has the Emp'ror confirm'd them?

He never has. And only by obedience

Need you expect to win that favor from him.

You are all rebels 'gainst the Emp'ror's power,

And bear a desperate and rebellious spirit.

I know you all — I see you through and through.
 Him do I single from amongst you now,
 But in his guilt you all participate.
 The wise will study silence and obedience.
[Exit followed by Bertha, Rudenz, Harras, and attendants.
Friesshardt and Leuthold remain.]

Fürst [in violent anguish]. All's over now! He is resolved to bring
 Destruction on myself and all my house.

Stauffacher [to Tell]. Oh, why did you provoke the tyrant's rage?

Tell. Let him be calm who feels the pangs I felt.

Stauffacher. Alas! alas! Our every hope is gone.
 With you we all are fettered and enchain'd.

Country People [surrounding Tell].
 Our last remaining comfort goes with you!

Leuthold [approaching him].
 I'm sorry for you, Tell, but must obey.

Tell. Farewell!

Walter [clinging to him in great agony]. O father, father, my dear father!

Tell [pointing to heaven]. Thy father is on high — appeal to him!

Stauffacher. Hast thou no message, Tell, to send thy wife?

Tell [clasping the boy passionately to his breast].
 The boy's uninjured; God will succor me!

[Tears himself suddenly away and follows the soldiers of the guard.]

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

(1800-1870)

AUTOCRACY implies repression and invites rebellion. That such rebellion may easily lead to bloodshed is clearly shown by the course of events in eighteenth century France. Here the impassioned pleadings of Rousseau for a return to nature, for freedom, individuality, and humanity, gave a voice to forces that rocked all Europe. In Germany the revolution spent its force on the battlefields of the intellect and there flowered a golden age of literature. But the similarity between the French Revolution and that of Germany will be clear when we remember that the first writers of the "Storm and Stress" — so called from a play of that title by Maximilian Klinger — preached the destruction of every check on the growth of the individual, and war on all authority.

The German spirit is by nature introspective and philosophical, and it may well be that this rebellious tendency would not have come to the point of action in any case. Certainly the untoward course of events in France dampened the ardor of many a revolutionary soul in Germany; and the political disunity of the German lands must have served in some degree to check conspiracy or revolt. Hence the flame of individualism in Germany burned in individuals; no general conflagration resulted. The so-called Romantic movement manifested itself largely in the higher intellectual life.

The towering genius of a Goethe was able to rise above the disintegrating influence of the Napoleonic wars, its roots lying far back in the rich soil of the eighteenth century. But the time was unfavorable to artistic creation. Autocracy and democracy came once more to grips, and the former gained some barren triumphs, but lost ground steadily, and could only delay but not block the march of events. The new industrial era — the age of steam and electricity — made its first advances, accompanied by some violent dislocations of the body politic. At the same time, the German peoples, after centuries of dissension and civil war, were drawing together slowly, fitfully, and at the last incompletely in the formation of the new empire.

In spite of all, the age proved to be not unfruitful, for it was a period of growing material welfare, and the wars and other conflicts which punctuated it were neither sufficiently protracted nor engrossing to deplete the surplus energies of the people. In all fields of literature — drama, novel, lyric — we find numerous outstanding figures and works, and in the other arts, such as painting and music, there is a flow of significant production.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

HISTORICAL EVENTS

- 1805 Battle of Austerlitz
 1806 Confederation of the Rhine
 Francis II resigns crown of
 Holy Roman Empire
 1809 Peace of Vienna
- 1813 Battle of Leipzig
 1815 Battle of Waterloo
 Congress of Vienna
 1818 German Customs Union formed
- 1840 Frederick William IV King of
 Prussia
- 1848 Insurrection in Berlin
 Revolution in Austria-Hungary
 Francis Joseph Emperor
 1850 New constitution in Prussia
 1851 Kossuth executed at Pest
- 1854 Treaty between Austria and
 Prussia
- 1861 William I King of Prussia
 1862 Bismarck premier of Prussia
- 1864 War: Prussia and Austria
 against Denmark
 1866 War: Prussia against Austria
 1870 Franco-Prussian War

LITERARY DATES

- 1805 Schiller dies
 1806 Goethe, *Part One of Faust*
- 1809 Goethe, *Elective Affinities*
 1811 Kleist, *Prince von Homburg*
 Goethe, *Autobiography*
 1813 Chamisso, *Peter Schlemihl*
- 1818 Grillparzer, *Sappho*
 Schopenhauer, *The World as*
 Will and Idea
 1821 Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister's*
 Travels
 Tieck, *Poems*
 Hegel, *Philosophy of Right*
 1826 Heine, *Through the Harz*
 1827 Heine, *Book of Songs*
 1831 Goethe, *Part Two of Faust*
 1832 Goethe dies
- 1844 Hebbel, *Maria Magdalena*
- 1850 Ludwig, *Hereditary Forester*
 1851 Hebbel, *Herod*
 1853 Freytag, *Journalists*
- 1855 Freytag, *Debit and Credit*
 1856 Heine dies
- 1863 Wagner, *Nibelung Ring*
 Wagner, *Mastersingers*

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE

ON August 18, 1791, a manuscript work entitled 'An Attempt at a Critique of all Revelation' was laid before Immanuel Kant by a young man twenty-nine years of age, Johann Gottlieb Fichte. This irresistible letter of introduction, composed by Fichte in four weeks, turned his life of effort and failure into the channel it had been vainly seeking, and thus profoundly modified the intellectual and political development of Western Europe in the nineteenth century.

The early childhood of Fichte, who was a descendant of a Swedish soldier of the army of Gustavus Adolphus, left by the fortunes of war within the bounds of Saxony, was passed in herding geese and in a reverie, looking into vacancy. Born at Rammenau in Upper Lusatia, on May 19, 1762, as the son of a weaver, he was by accident removed from the bondage of parental poverty and transferred to the favor of a wealthy patron, thereby receiving the benefits of the celebrated seminary at Schulpforta. He entered the University of Jena at the age of eighteen, and pursued the study of theology for three years. His passion for influencing men was checked by poverty, whose buffetings he endured seven years longer. The outcome of a last short tutorship at Warsaw paved the way for a visit to the aged sage at Königsberg. Kant's initial coolness to the young stranger soon gave place to a genial influence. It secured a publisher for the above-mentioned essay. Appearing in 1792, the work placed its anonymous author, when he became known, in the first rank of philosophical thinkers. The blind alley Fichte had been treading for years suddenly opened into a broad highway.

Some months after his marriage, Fichte began in May 1794 a significant career as a professor at Jena. In the few succeeding years he displayed keen, prolific literary qualities, and rapidly brought to its first maturity one of the world's greatest systems of reflective thinking. It is contained in 'Foundations of the Whole Theory of Science' (1794), 'Introductions to the Theory of Science' (1797), and a 'System of Ethics' (1798) — his masterpieces of this period. His unique and somewhat stormy term of usefulness, which brought forth the Sunday lectures to the student body, contained in the elevating 'Vocation of the Scholar,' was cut short in 1799 by an accusation of atheism from the Saxon government. The keen metaphysician was incapable of adroitly handling the charge, and he resigned. The Prussian government alone did not confiscate the journal in which his views were published, and in Berlin, the ablest expounder of the Kantian philosophy continued his lecturing

and literary activities, except in the summer of 1805, when he taught in the University at Erlangen.

'The Vocation of Man' (1800) and 'The Way to a Blessed Life' (1805-6) are the most important works of the Berlin period, and indicate the ethical and religious directions taken by his reflections. The fortunes of war in 1806 drove him and his king out of Germany for safety. The return in 1807 placed him in the midst of the dangers of a foreign occupancy in the Prussian capital. The bravery of the heroic teacher appeared in his public demand that the national losses should be recovered by education. He became one of the organizers of a new university in Berlin in 1809, its rector for two years, and one of its most distinguished professors until his death in 1814. His educational career closed with attention to public and practical affairs, as it had begun with the theoretical foundations of life.

Fichte's philosophy is nothing apart from his life. Both radiated from self-activity and crystallized in it. Externally regarded, his character was impetuous and selfish, often bringing him into stormy conflict with his friends and associates. So too his metaphysical speculations embedded themselves in harsh egoistic forms, and were defended by the heavy artillery of German logic. But within the man there was a spirit of docility and reverence, and within the system a throbbing heart. What the French Revolution was in theory and blood, that was Fichte in thought and practice — an apotheosis of the human will. His structures were erected from within. This unyielding independence and moral integrity were his earliest traits. A story is told that he threw his first story-book into a brook because it unduly attracted his attention from his studies, and buried his pain at its loss under an uncomplaining sense of right.

Fichte's first intellectual conclusion was in favor of determinism. He became entrapped in the web of cause and effect, from which his acquaintance with the Kantian philosophy soon released him. He entertained, with enthusiasm a belief in man's freedom, and resolved to give his energies to an extension of Kant's teachings. He moved onward in a direction all his own, and soared into an abstruse realm, searching for that great principle which should unify both knowledge and conduct. In this way he perfected the results of the Kantian thought which were disconnected. The principle became the "ego." All the standards of truth and virtue he found in the secrets of personal consciousness. All the contrarieties contained in experience, such as objects and thought, knowledge and volitions, were removed by deducing them strictly and logically from the activities of one and the same "ego." This "ego" does not exist before it puts forth activity, but its being arises in its doing. All the forms of intelligence and of the world were derived from this primal principle. These exist in order that we may do our duty. Action is the mark and end of our existence. In order to act, and that duty may triumph over external and internal nature, the will must be free. This one principle of freedom as activity and activity as freedom, in the light of abso-

lute reason, ran through his life, both theoretical and practical, in such a manner as to make him "the doughtiest man that ever lived." His method and thinking are a climax. There have never been any Fichteans.

The stately solitariness of Fichte the philosopher stands in bold contrast with Fichte the national hero of Germany. A philosopher never goes to war, and seldom becomes involved in the administration of practical affairs. Fichte's hardened and dignified spirit, however, was touched at the sight of his country's humiliation at the hands of the French conqueror. In 1804 he presented, in a series of public lectures appearing under the title 'Characteristics of the Present Age,' a terrible arraignment of the degenerate movements of his time, from the standpoint of pure reason. In the third winter following came the famous Sunday evening 'Addresses to the German Nation.' Such stirring language had not been heard since the thunders of Luther. To have delivered those 'Addresses' within French ear-shot was a work of the highest heroism. Their effects are visible today in Germany's better system of education, which grew out of Fichte's recommendation. Again, in 1813, Fichte wished to accompany the soldiers and encourage them by his oratory in the camp — a desire denied a second time by his king. The solitary thinker of 1795 descended from his transcendental pedestal and gave himself to public affairs. He died on January 27, 1814, stricken by a fever contracted from devotion to his noble wife, who had become infected in her charitable attendance upon the wounded soldiers in the Berlin hospitals.

Fichte's fame rests not a little on his eloquent service to a nation bowed down in defeat. He must be reckoned among those who effected the moral and religious regeneration of a people. His age had reached, in his eyes, the condition of "completed sinfulness." He called loudly to humanity to work out its great destiny in the light of freedom and in a consciousness of growing perfection. In this way the strong character of an ideal educator, a profound philosopher, a fiery patriot, and a lucid, prolific writer wrought itself into the making of a foremost nation of modern times, leaving to the world a heritage the result of deep insight, noble feeling, and strenuous effort.

EDWARD F. BUCHNER

PERORATION OF THE 'ADDRESSES TO THE GERMAN NATION'

IN these addresses the memory of your forefathers speaks to you. Think that with my voice there are mingled the voices of your ancestors from the far-off ages of gray antiquity, of those who stemmed with their own bodies the tide of Roman domination over the world, who vindicated with

their own blood the independence of those mountains, plains, and streams which under you have been suffered to fall a prey to the stranger. They call to you: — "Take ye our place; hand down our memory to future ages, honorable and spotless as it has come down to you, as you have gloried in it and in your descent from us. Hitherto our struggle has been deemed noble, great, and wise; we have been looked upon as the consecrated and inspired ones of a divine world-plan. Should our race perish with you, then will our honor be changed into dishonor, our wisdom into folly. For if Germany were ever to be subdued to the Empire, then had it been better to have fallen before the ancient Romans than before their modern descendants. We withstood those and triumphed; these have scattered you like chaff before them. But as matters now are with you, seek not to conquer with bodily weapons, but stand firm and erect before them in spiritual dignity. Yours is the greater destiny — to found an empire of mind and reason; to destroy the dominion of rude physical power as the ruler of the world. Do this, and ye shall be worthy of your descent from us."

With these voices mingle the spirits of your later fathers, of those who fell in the second struggle for freedom of religion and of faith. "Save our honor too," they cry. "To us it had not become wholly clear what we fought for; besides our just determination to suffer no outward power to control us in matters of conscience, we are also impelled by a higher spirit, which never wholly unveiled itself to our view. To you this spirit is no longer veiled, if you have vision for the spiritual world; — it now regards you with high clear aspect. The confused and intricate mixture of sensuous and spiritual impulses shall no longer be permitted to govern the world. Mind alone, pure from all admixture of sense, shall assume the guidance of human affairs. In order that this spirit should have liberty to develop itself, and rise to independent existence, our blood was shed. It lies with you to give a meaning and a justification to the sacrifice, by establishing this spirit in its destined supremacy. Should this result not ensue, as the ultimate end of all the previous development of our nation, then were our struggles but a vain and forgotten farce, and the freedom of mind and conscience for which we fought an empty word, since neither mind nor conscience should any longer have a place among us."

The races yet unborn plead with you. "Ye were proud of your forefathers," they cry, "and proudly ranked yourselves in a noble line of men. See that with you the chain is not broken. Act so that we also may be proud of you; and through you, as through a spotless medium, claim our descent from the same glorious source. Be not ye the cause of making us revile our ancestry as low, barbarous, and slavish; of causing us to hide our origin or to assume a foreign name and a foreign parentage, in order that we may not be, without further inquiry, cast aside and trodden under foot. According as the next generation which proceeds from you shall be, so shall be your future fame:

honorable, if this shall bear honorable witness to you; beyond measure ignominious, if ye have not an unblemished posterity to succeed you, and leave it to your conqueror to write your history. Never has a victor been known to have either the inclination or the means of passing a just judgment on the subdued. The more he degrades them, the better does he justify his own position. Who can know what great deeds, what excellent institutions, what noble manners of many nations of antiquity may have passed away into oblivion, because their succeeding generations have been enslaved, and have left the conqueror in his own way and without contradiction to tell their story?"

Even the stranger in foreign lands pleads with you, in so far as he understands himself, and knows aright his own interest. Yes! there are in every nation minds who can never believe that the great promises to the human race of a kingdom of law, of reason, of truth, are vain and idle delusions, and who therefore cherish the conviction that the present iron age is but a step towards a better state. These, and with them all the after-ages of humanity, trust in you. Many of them trace their lineage from us; others have received from us religion and all other culture. Those plead with us by the common soil of our Fatherland, the cradle of their infancy, which they have left to us free; these, by the culture which they have accepted from us as the pledge of a higher good — to maintain for their sakes the proud position which has hitherto been ours, to guard with jealous watchfulness against even the possible disappearance from the great confederation of a newly arisen humanity of that member which is to them more important than all others; or that when they shall need our counsel, our example, our co-operation in the pursuit and attainment of the true end of this earthly life, they shall not look around for us in vain.

All ages — all the wise and good who have ever breathed the air of this world of ours, all their thoughts and aspirations towards a higher good — mingle with these voices and encompass you about and raise suppliant hands towards you; Providence itself, if we may venture so to speak, and the Divine plan in the creation of a human race — which indeed exists only that it may be understood of men, and by men be wrought into reality — plead with you to save their honor and their existence. Whether those who have believed that humanity must ever advance in a course of ceaseless improvement, and that the great ideas of its order and worth were not empty dreams but the prophetic announcement and pledge of their future realization; — whether those, or they who have slumbered on in the sluggish indolence of a mere vegetable or animal existence, and mocked every aspiration towards a higher world, have been in the right — this is the question upon which it has fallen to your lot to furnish a last and decisive answer. The ancient world, with all its nobility and greatness, has fallen — through its own unworthiness and through the might of your forefathers. If there has been truth in that which

I have spoken to you in these addresses, then it is you to whom, out of all other modern nations, the germs of human perfection are especially committed, and on whom the foremost place in the onward advance towards their development is conferred. If you sink to nothing in this your peculiar office, then with you the hopes of humanity for salvation out of all its evils are likewise overthrown. Hope not, console not yourselves with the vain delusion that a second time, after the destruction of an ancient civilization, a new culture will arise upon the ruins of the old from a half-barbaric people. In ancient times such a people existed, fully provided with all the requisites for their mission; they were well known to the cultivated nation, and were described in its literature; and that nation itself, had it been able to suppose the case of its own downfall, might have discovered the means of renovation in this people. To us also the whole surface of the earth is well known, and all the nations who dwell upon it. Do we know one of all the ancestral tribes of modern Europe, of whom like hopes may be entertained? I think that every man who does not give himself up to visionary hopes and fancies, but desires only honest and searching inquiry, must answer this question, No! There is then no way of escape: if ye sink, humanity sinks with you, without hope of future restoration.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER was born as the "twin brother of spring," on March 21, 1763, at Wunsiedel, a little town of the Fichtelgebirge in the principality of Bayreuth, where his father was assistant schoolmaster and organist. His mother, Sophie Rosina, was the daughter of a clothier, Johann Paul Kuhn, of Hof, an important manufacturing center nearby. The child received the names of this grandfather and of his other sponsor, a bookbinder, Johann Friedrich Thieme; the first of his names he translated some years later into French, out of admiration for Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

When scarcely five months old, he was taken to the death-bed of his grandfather, Johann Richter, rector or head-master of the school at Neustadt on the Kulm, in the Upper Palatinate. The dying man, like Jacob of old, laid his hand on the child and blessed him. The event left a strong impression in the repeated relation of it by his father in after years. "Pious grandfather," exclaims Jean Paul in his autobiography, "often have I thought of thy hand, blessing as it grew cold, when fate led me out of dark hours into brighter; and I can already hold fast to the belief in thy blessing in this world, penetrated, ruled, and animated as it is by miracles and spirits."

In the second year of his age his father became pastor of the church in Joditz, a village not far from Hof, and situated in a charming region on the Saale, where the boy developed that delicacy of feeling for the beauties of nature which finds expression in his writings. The arid instruction furnished by his father in the catechism and in Latin grammar was relieved only by stealthy reading in theological tomes, whose contents, as he confesses, were wholly unintelligible to him. It was only after his father was promoted to the more important pastorate of Schwarzenbach in 1776, that the youngster of thirteen received systematic instruction from the kind-hearted and clear-headed Rector Werner, and had access to poems, romances, historical works, philosophical treatises, and a casual volume of controversial divinity, which seems to have attracted him in proportion as it "leaned to the heterodox side." Three years later he was sent to the *gymnasium* at Hof, and in 1781 matriculated as a student of theology in the University of Leipzig.

Meanwhile the death of his father on April 15, 1779, had reduced the family to extreme poverty, and caused the widowed mother to look to him as her only strength and stay. Often on the verge of starvation, he remained convinced that as a rule "wealth weighs heavier than poverty on talent." The choice of theology as a profession grew somewhat distasteful to him even

during his preparatory course of study at Hof, and was wholly abandoned soon after he entered the University, where, as he states, the academic atmosphere was impregnated with religious scepticism, and "most of the professors and nearly all the students had a leaning to heterodoxy." Thus he wrote in one of his letters to Pastor Vogel: —

"I am no longer a theologian, and do not pursue any science *ex professo*: indeed, none of them have any attraction for me except so far as they bear upon my literary work; even philosophy is now indifferent to me, since I doubt everything."

The literary work here referred to was the series of satirical sketches entitled 'Grönländische Processe' [Greenland Lawsuits], published in two parts in 1783-4. It is a rather unripe production, of rioting fancy, but with a delicate vein of sentiment and genuine humor in it reminding the reader occasionally of Sterne. Of like character, though more mature and less extravagant, are 'Auswahl aus des Teufels Papieren' [Selection from the Devil's Papers] (1788), and 'Biographische Belustigungen unter der Gehirnschale einer Riesin' [Biographical Diversions under the Brain-pan of a Giantess] (1796). But these works brought neither fame nor pecuniary returns to the author; who in 1784 was obliged to flee from Leipzig, as Lessing had done thirty-six years before, in order to avoid the debtor's prison. It may be proper to add that in both cases the creditors, thus constrained to possess their souls with patience, received their own with usury in due time. Meanwhile Jean Paul earned his daily food as private tutor; but, although devoting himself conscientiously and lovingly to the training of his pupils, gave his best energies to the more congenial task of "bringing up his own children" — namely, to the writing of books. The first of this literary progeny that excited favorable attention, and was thought to do credit to him, was 'Die unsichtbare Loge' [The Invisible Lodge], which appeared in two volumes in 1793, and bore the secondary title of 'Mummies.' From a purely artistic point of view this novel, in which the influence of Rousseau is clearly perceptible, is a failure. Jean Paul himself speaks of it as "a born ruin" — a characteristically mixed metaphor, though sufficiently expressive of the fact that the work not only remained unfinished, but was positively unfinishable. It is important, however, as a turning-point in the career of the author, who was not only praised by the critics, but received a still more welcome recognition from the publisher in the form of a hundred ducats.

It was doubtless due in a great measure to this encouragement that a more cheerful and less sardonic tone prevails in his next novel, 'Hesperus' (1794), as well as in most of his subsequent writings: 'Leben des Quintus Fixlein' [Life of Quintus Fixlein] (1796); 'Blumen-, Frucht-, und Dornenstücke; oder Ehestand, Tod, und Hochzeit des Armenadvocaten Siebenkäs' [Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces; or, Wedded Life, Death, and Nuptials of the Poor Man's Advocate Siebenkäs] (1796-7); 'Das Kampaner Thal; oder, Über die

Unsterblichkeit der Seele' [The Campan Valley; or, On the Immortality of the Soul] (1797); 'Titan' (1800-3); 'Flegeljahre' [Wild Oats] (1804-5); 'Dr. Katzenbergers Badereise' [Dr. Katzenberger's Journey to the Bath] (1809); 'Des Feldpredigers Schmäzle Reise nach Plätz' [Chaplain Schmäzle's Journey to Plätz] (1809); 'Leben Fibels' [Life of Fibel] (1812); and 'Der Komet; oder, Nikolaus Marggraf' [The Comet; or, Nicholas Marggraf] (1820-2). To these titles, which comprise his principal works, may be added 'Die Vorschule der Aesthetik' [Introduction to Esthetics] (1804); 'Levana; oder Erziehungslehre' [Levana; or, Theory of Education] (1807); and 'Selina; oder Über die Unsterblichkeit' [Selina; or, On the Immortality of the Soul]. The last-mentioned discourse on his favorite theme was left unfinished at the time of his death on November 14, 1825, and was borne on his bier to the grave, but was not published till two years later.

To complete the account of Richter's outer life, it may be added that after the death in 1797 of his mother, whose last years were cheered and made comfortable by his literary success, he lived for a time in Leipzig and Weimar, and then went to Berlin, where in 1801 he found a highly cultivated and thoroughly congenial wife in Caroline Mayer, the daughter of a Prussian privy-councilor. In 1804 he settled permanently in Bayreuth; and four years later the Archbishop and Prince Primate von Dalberg granted him a pension of one thousand florins, which, after the dissolution of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1813, continued to be paid by the King of Bavaria. Titular honors were also bestowed upon him: he was made Legationsrath [Councilor of Legation] by the Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen; in 1817 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Heidelberg; and was chosen a member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences in 1820.

Richter's best and most brilliant works of fiction are 'Hesperus,' 'Titan,' 'Quintus Fixlein,' 'Flegeljahre,' and 'Siebenkäs.' He himself seems to have thought most highly of 'Flegeljahre'; but the critical reader of today will probably give the preference to 'Fixlein' and 'Siebenkäs.' The permanent value of these products of the imagination, as well as of his so-called scientific writings — 'Introduction to Esthetics,' 'Levana,' and 'Selina' — lies less in their symmetry and unity as artistic creations (in which respects they are woefully deficient) than in the wealth of isolated thoughts, aphoristic utterances, and original conceits which they contain. Even in Germany the dust on the sixty-five volumes of his 'Complete Works,' issued shortly after his death, is nowadays seldom disturbed. It is only in anthologies that he is read or can be really enjoyed by the present generation. Even his humor, which is his one precious quality, is apt to cloy through excess of sensibility running over into sentimentality. It is also difficult to find a passage of considerable length in which his metaphors do not halt, and to use his own comparison, go limping along like an actor with a buskin on one foot and a sock on the other. The meaning, too, is apt to be obscured by unintelligible allusions; a peculiarity

due in part to his lifelong habit of keeping a commonplace-book, which gradually grew into numerous volumes. Indeed, as early as 1808, the Hamburg publicist Carl William Reinhold deemed it necessary to prepare a dictionary explaining Richter's strange modes of speech, and rendering the more difficult passages into plain German for the benefit of his own countrymen and contemporaries. In this respect he is the very antithesis of Lessing, whose thoughts are simply and strongly expressed, and need no exegetical apparatus to make them understood.

But with all these defects as an artist, Richter was an original thinker, a keen but kind-hearted humorist, a genuine poet, and a noble man. However much he may love to peer into graves and charnels, and to weep over the wrongs and miseries of human life, his melancholy is "a most humorous sadness"; the wormwood and the gall of cynicism are not the ingredients of his satire, and in his bosom there beats a stout, warm, cheerful heart, with no drop of misanthropic bitterness in it. He studied men and nature through a microscopic lens, and thus discovered a world of wonders where the common eye saw nothing. Owing to the circumstances of his youth, the sphere of his observation of social phenomena was limited, but his vision exceedingly sharp within this narrow range. His one point of firm footing on the earth was his genuine sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the common people, the sufferings and sacrifices of the poor; and herein lay his strength.

E. P. EVANS

EXTRA LEAF ON CONSOLATION

From 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces'

A TIME will come — that is, must come — when we shall be commanded by morality not only to cease tormenting others, but also ourselves. A time must come when man, even on earth, shall wipe away most of his tears, were it only from pride.

Nature indeed draws tears out of the eyes, and sighs out of the breast, so quickly that the wise man can never wholly lay aside the garb of mourning from his body; but let his soul wear none. For as it is ever a merit to bear a small suffering with cheerfulness, so must the calm and patient endurance of the worst be a merit, and will only differ in being a greater one; as the same reason which is valid for the forgiveness of small injuries is equally valid for the forgiveness of the greatest.

The first thing that we have to contend against and despise, in sorrow as in anger, is its poisonous, enervating sweetness, which we are so loath to exchange for the labor of consoling ourselves, and to drive away by the effort of reason.

We must not exact of philosophy that with one stroke of the pen it shall reverse the transformation of Rubens, who with one stroke of his brush changed a laughing child into a weeping one. It is enough if it change the full mourning of the soul into half-mourning; it is enough if I can say to myself — I will be content to endure the sorrow that philosophy has left me: without it, it would be greater, and the gnat's bite would be a wasp's sting.

Even physical pain shoots its sparks upon us out of the electrical condenser of the imagination. We could endure the most acute pangs calmly, if they only lasted the sixtieth part of a second; but in fact we never have to endure an hour of pain, but only a succession of the sixtieth parts of a second, the sixty beams of which are collected into the burning focus of a second, and directed upon our nerves by the imagination alone. The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless or immaterial — namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.

There is many a loss over which we all know for certain that we shall no longer grieve in twenty — ten — two years. Why do we not say to ourselves — I will at once then, today, throw away an opinion which I shall abandon in twenty years? Why should I be able to abandon errors of twenty years' standing, and not of twenty hours'?

When I awake from a dream which has painted an Otaheite for me on the dark ground of the night, and find the flowery land melted away, I scarcely sigh, thinking to myself, "It was only a dream." Why is it that if I had really possessed this island while awake, and it had been swallowed up by an earthquake — why is it that I do not then exclaim, "The island was only a dream?" Wherefore am I more inconsolable at the loss of a longer dream than at the loss of a shorter — for that is the difference; and why does man find a great loss less probable, and less a matter of necessity when it occurs, than a small one?

The reason is, that every sentiment and every emotion is mad, and exacts and builds its own world. A man can vex himself that it is already, or only, twelve o'clock. What folly! The mood not only exacts its own world, its own individual consciousness, but its own time. I beg every one to let his passions, for once, speak out plainly within himself, and to probe and question them to the bottom, as to what they really desire. He will be terror-struck at the enormity of these hitherto only half-muttered wishes. Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; pride, two bent knees.

Translated by Edward Henry Noel

FROM 'FIRST FLOWER PIECE'

ONCE on a summer evening I was lying in the sunshine on a mountain, and fell asleep. Then I dreamed that I awoke in a churchyard. The down-rolling wheels of the steeple-clock, which was striking eleven, had awakened me. I looked for the sun in the empty night-heaven, for I thought an eclipse was veiling it with the moon. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were moved to and fro by invisible hands. Shadows which no one cast flitted on the walls; and other shadows walked erect in the thin air. In the open coffins none were sleeping now but children. In the sky hung in large folds merely a gray, sultry mist, which a giant shadow like a net was drawing down nearer, tighter, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; under me the first step of an illimitable earthquake. The church wavered up and down with two unceasing discords, which contended with each other and vainly endeavored to mingle in unison. At times a gray gleam skipped up along its windows, and under the gleam the lead and iron ran down molten. The net of the mist and the reeling earth thrust me into that fearful temple, at the door of which, in two poisonous thickets, two glittering basilisks were brooding. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed. All the shadows were standing round the empty altar; and in all of them the breast, instead of the heart, quivered and beat. One dead man only, who had just been buried in the church, still lay on his pillow without a quivering breast, and on his smiling countenance stood a happy dream. But as a living one entered, he awoke, and smiled no more; he lifted with difficulty his heavy eyelids, but within was no eye, and in his beating breast there was, instead of a heart, a wound. He lifted up his hands and folded them to pray; but the arms lengthened out and dissolved, and the hands, still folded, fell away. Above, on the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of *eternity*, on which no number appeared, and which was its own index hand; but a black finger pointed thereon, and the dead sought to see the time by it. . . .

An immense and immeasurably extended hammer was about to strike the last hour of time and shatter the universe, when I awoke.

My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God; and the joy, and the weeping, and the faith in him were my prayer. And as I arose, the sun was glowing deep behind the full purpled ears of corn, and casting meekly the gleam of its twilight red on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora; and between the sky and the earth, a gay transient air people was stretching out its short wings, and living, as I did, before the Infinite Father; and from all nature around me flowed peaceful tones as from distant evening bells.

MAXIMS FROM RICHTER'S WORKS

HE who remains modest, not when he is praised but when he is blamed, is truly modest.

If you wish to become acquainted with your betrothed, travel with him for a few days — especially if he is accompanied by his own folks — and take your mother along.

It is the misfortune of the bachelor that he has no one to frankly tell him his faults; but the husband has this happiness.

Marriages are so unhappy, because men cannot make up their minds to substitute love for force and arguments, and because they wish to attain their purpose by might and right.

Wedlock is happiest when one discovers the greatest advantages in it and not before it. It is therefore perilous to marry a poet.

Men of imagination more easily make up with a lady-love when she is absent than when she is present.

If you are unable to refute an argument, you find fault with the way in which it is put.

No two persons are ever more confidential and cordial than when they are censuring a third.

So easily are we impressed by numbers, that even a dozen wheelbarrows in succession seem quite imposing.

Reformers are constantly forgetting that the hour-hand must make progress if only the minute-hand keeps moving.

It is of little avail that fortune makes us rich, if our desires make us poor again.

The Indians mistook the clothes of the first Europeans they saw for the body; we mistake them for the soul.

It is not always the best actor that plays the part of king, either on the stage or in real life.

The head, like the stomach, is most easily infected with poison when it is empty.

The whole constitution of the English is like their manufactured cloth, which may not have a fair gloss, but is capable of standing bad weather.

The timid fear before danger, the cowardly in the midst of it, and the courageous after it is over.

Between no two things are the resemblance and the antipathy stronger than between critic and author, unless it be between wolf and dog.

The public is so fond of reading reviews because it likes to see authors, as the English used to like to see bears, not only made to dance, but also goaded and baited.

We wish for immortality not as the reward, but as the perpetuity, of virtue.

Virtue can be no more rewarded than joy; its sole reward is its continuance.

Vice wins the battle-field, but virtue the Elysian fields.

Art may not be the bread, but it is the wine, of life. To disparage it on the plea of utility is to imitate Domitian, who ordered the grape-vines to be rooted out in order to promote agriculture.

A conversation about a work of art can embrace almost everything.

Knowledge and Action. — It is a fine thing in the springtide of youth to poetize and theorize, and then in the years of manhood to rule from a higher throne and to crown thoughts with deeds. It is like the sun, which in the morning merely paints the clouds and lights up the earth, but at midday fructifies it with heat, and yet continues to shine and to paint rainbows on storm-clouds.

It were damnable if I should not have as much freedom to do good as other poetic heads have to work evil.

If a ruler has received the two heavenly gifts of knowledge and purity of heart, the earthly gift of statecraft will come of itself. Thus two celestial telescopes combine to form one terrestrial telescope.

Necessity is the mother of the arts; but also the grandmother of vices.

NOVALIS

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG, better known under the pseudonym of Novalis, was born upon the family estate of Wiederstedt, Mansfeld, Germany, May 2, 1772. His early education and environment were conducive to the development of the best that was in him. His father, the Baron von Hardenberg, was in every respect an exemplary man and a wise father; his mother was loving and pious: and the family circle, which included seven sons and four daughters, was bound together by the closest ties of affection and congeniality.

As a lad, Novalis was delicate and retiring, and of a dreamy disposition. He withdrew from the rough sports of his companions, and amused himself by reading and composing poetry. He wrote poetical plays, in which he and his brothers enacted the characters of the spirits of the earth and air and water. His parents were Moravians; and his strict religious training had a deep effect upon his sensitive nature. His thoughts dwelt constantly upon the unseen. His eyes burned with the light of an inward fire, and he wandered about in a kind of day-dream, in which the intangible was more real than his material surroundings. A severe illness during his ninth year seems to have left him not only better physically, but more cheerfully awake to the things of this world. His education now began in earnest. He applied himself diligently to his studies, and entered the University of Jena in 1789. Here he met Fichte and Friedrich Schlegel. His passionate friendship for Schiller, whom he also met at Jena, and later for Goethe, were molds for his plastic nature. He remained at Jena until 1792, when he went to the University of Leipzig with his brother Erasmus; and the following year he finished his studies at Wittenberg.

With the intention of following a business career he went to Arnstadt, where, under the instruction of Just, the principal judiciary of the district, he applied himself to practical affairs. In 1795 he was appointed to a position in the Saxony salt works, of which his father was director. In the meantime, early in the spring of 1795, he had made the acquaintance of Sophie von Kuhn, a beautiful child of thirteen, for whom he at once conceived a poetic passion. In spite of her youth, they were betrothed; but Sophie died just after her fifteenth birthday, and Novalis entered upon a period of darkness and despair that threatened to engulf him. Shortly after her death, his brother Erasmus died at Weissenfels; and this double grief seemed to transfigure Novalis. For him the boundary line between the seen and the unseen disappeared. He longed for death, and yet was in a state of exaltation. He wrote to his brother Charles: "Be comforted. Erasmus has conquered. The flowers of the

beloved wreath here drop off one by one, in order that there they may be reunited into one more beautiful and eternal."

It was during this time and a little later that he wrote some of the most beautiful and spiritual of his compositions, notably 'Hymnen an die Nacht' [Hymns to the Night]. These fragmentary pieces of prose are the breathings of a poet's soul. "I turn aside to the holy, ineffable, mysterious Night. Afar lies the world submerged in the deep vault of heaven. Waste and lonely is her place. The chords of the bosom are stirred by deep sadness. I will descend in dew-drops and mix myself with the ashes. Distances of memory, wishes of youth, dreams of childhood, the short joys and vain hopes of a whole long life, come in gray apparel, like the evening mist after the sunset. In other spaces Light has pitched its joyful tents. Will it never return to its children who await it with the faith of innocence?"

With the intention of diverting his mind from his sorrow, his parents persuaded him to carry out a plan of his younger days, and undertake a course of study in the Mining School of Freiburg. Here, amid congenial friends and in the interests of his pursuits, he gradually recovered health and cheerfulness. He loved again, and shortly became engaged to Julie, the daughter of the famous mineralogist Charpentier. Novalis remained in Freiburg until the summer of 1799, when he returned to Weissenfels, where he was made assessor and was appointed under his father chief judiciary of the Thuringian district. He now visited often at Jena, where he established the warmest relations with Ritter, Schelling, Wilhelm Schlegel, and Tieck; of whom the last, in connection with Friedrich Schlegel, became his biographer and literary executor.

Always delicate, always spiritually toying with death, at last, to the invincible forces that had so long held aloof, he fell a prey. In August of the year 1800 he became very ill; and though he still attended to the duties of his office, and wrote constantly, his weakness increased, and on March 25, 1801, he died at the house of his parents in Weissenfels, not quite twenty-nine years of age.

The influence of Novalis was due more to the time of his appearance than to his power as a writer; and it is as a factor in the evolution of German literature, rather than by the amount or even the quality of his work, that he is to be judged. His entire writings are comprised within two or three small volumes, and the years of his literary activity were but six; and yet the name of Novalis is the brightest of the old Romantic school. Although his early death disappointed the expectations of his friends, who regarded him as the torch-bearer in the struggle against the materialism of the "Enlighteners," yet his union of religion and poetry, his philosophy, and his deep faith in Christianity, made him a power quite unique in the world of letters. 'Geistliche Lieder' [Spiritual Songs] are matchless of their kind; and all his poems have an illusive beauty and fragrance quite impossible to translate.

A great part of the works of Novalis are made up of miscellaneous fragments, philosophical reflections, aphorisms, and irrelevant thoughts set down

in disconnected sentences. Many of these were published in the *Athenæum* under the title of 'Blumenstaub' [Flower-Dust], and many more were collected from his papers after the death of the author. 'Die Lehrlinge zu Sais' [The Disciples at Sais] is a fragment of an unfinished psychological romance, which in its vagueness and philosophical speculation has many points of resemblance to his later and also unfinished work, 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen.'

Novalis was a leader in the new school of Romanticism, and 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' was a protest against rationalism. This allegorical romance, if indeed what is pure allegory may be called a romance, was written during the last months of Novalis' life. It was intended to be an apotheosis of poetry, and in it the poet's fancy is all supreme. Dreams and allegories may transcend all laws of mind and matter; nothing astonishes, nothing is impossible. Heinrich von Ofterdingen in his search for the Blue Flower, the absolute ideal, represents the struggle of the spirit of poesy against the environment of the material. The first part, 'Expectation,' which is complete, tells of the gradual preparation of the hero for reception of this ethereal essence. The second part, 'The Fulfillment,' has been completed in outline by Tieck, the author's intimate friend and literary confidant, and is supposed to represent the full blossoming of the poet's soul. "To the poet who comprehends the nature of his art to its center, nothing appears contradictory and strange. To him all riddles are solved. By the magic of the imagination he can unite all ages and all worlds. Miracles disappear, and everything transforms itself into miracles." And so throughout the tale the marvels advance by gigantic strides, until at the end it only dimly stirs us to learn that "Heinrich plucks the Blue Flower and releases Matilda from her enchantment, but she is again lost to him. He becomes insensible through pain, and turns into a stone. Edda (the Blue Flower, the Eastern Maiden, Matilda) sacrifices herself upon the stone, which is then transformed into a melodious tree. Cyane hews down the tree and burns it, and herself with it. He now becomes a golden ram which Edda—that is, Matilda—must sacrifice, when he again becomes man," etc.

'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' as a romance is unworthy of the place assigned it by contemporary critics. Although full of passages of rare beauties, and ideas which outstrip their time, it is nevertheless vague, obscure, and chaotic. Its importance lies in its effect as the leaven of the new literature just springing into being. It embodies all the beauties, as well as all the faults and extravagances, of the old Romantic school, before time had pruned its growth and developed it into a fruitful maturity.

HYMNS TO THE NIGHT

WHAT living, feeling being loves not the gorgeous hues which proclaim the dawn of day?

The ever-moving stars, as they whirl in boundless ether, hail the dawn-bright herald of the day, the glistening rocks hail its rays, the tender growing plants raise their pure eyes rejoicing, and the wild animal joins in the happy chorus which welcomes another day.

More than all these rejoices the glorious Being, the Monarch of the Earth. His deep, thoughtful eyes survey his creation. His melodious voice summons nature to resume her magic works. He binds or looses a million ties, and stamps all earthly life with some impress of his power. His presence reveals the marvels of the Kingdom of Earth.

But sacred Night, with her unspoken mysteries, draws me to her. The world is far, far away, buried in a deep and lonely grave. My heart is full of sadness. Let me dissolve in drops of dew, and join the beloved dust. Long past memories, youthful ambitions, childhood's dreams, a long life of brief joys and blighted hopes, pass before me — dusky forms, like evening mist.

In another region merry day returns triumphant. Will it never return to us, its children, who await its coming in childlike trust?

What stirs this weary heart, and banishes my sorrow? Dost thou feel pity for us, O holy Night?

What soothing influence pervades my being? What hand sheds costly opiate on my throbbing heart? The wings of fancy no longer droop, fresh energy arises within me. In joyful surprise I see a calm, grave face bend lovingly over me; the face of a tender mother, beaming with eternal youth. How poor and childish in comparison are the joys of day, how blessed and consoling the return of night!

The active work of day is over; the boundless ocean of space, with its lustrous spheres, proclaims Night's eternal power and presence.

The eyes of the Night are countless hosts of glittering orbs, a glory far exceeding that of Day. They see far beyond the most distant of those countless hosts; they need no light to perceive the unfathomable depth of that loving Spirit who fills boundless space with happiness.

All hail, Queen of the Earth! thou herald of holier worlds, thou revealer of holy love! Much-loved sun of the night, thou art her gift.

My whole being awakes. I am thine, and thou art mine. Night has aroused me to life and manhood. Consume my earthly frame, draw me into deeper and closer union, and may our bridal night endure forever. . . .

I know when the last day shall come — when Light no longer shall be scared by Night and Love: then slumber shall not cease, and existence shall become an endless dream. Heavenly weariness oppresses me, long and dreamy was my

pilgrimage to the Holy Grave, crushing was the cross I bore. He who has drunk of the crystal wave which wells forth from the gloomy grave on which earth's billows break, he who has stood on earth's border-land and perceived that new country, the dwelling of Night, returns not to the tumult of life, to the land where light reigns amid ceaseless unrest.

He builds himself a refuge far from the tumult — a peaceful home, and awaits the welcome hour when he too shall be drawn into the crystal wave. All that savors of earth floats on the surface, and is driven back by tempests; but what love has hallowed flows in hidden channels, to another region where it mingles — a fragrant essence — with those loved ones who have fallen asleep.

Ah! merry Light, thou still arousest the weary to their task, and strivest to inspire me too with cheerful life; but thou hast no charm to tempt me from my cherished memories. With joy I watch the busy hands, and look around to fulfil my own duty; I praise thy glorious works, admire the matchless blending of thy cunning designs, watch the varied workings of the busy hours, and seek to discover the symmetry and laws which rule the marvels of endless space and measureless ages.

But my heart remains ever true to Night and her daughter, creative Love. Canst thou show me one ever-faithful heart? Has thy sun a friendly glance for me? Do thy stars hold out a welcoming hand? Do they return the gentle pressure and the caressing word? Hast thou clothed them in color and beauty? What joys or pleasure can life offer to outweigh the charm of death? Does not all that inspires us bear the colors of Night? Night bears thee gently like a mother; to her thou owest all thy glory. Thou wouldst have sunk into endless space had not Night upheld thee, and bound thee, till earth arose. Truly I existed long ere thou wert: I and my sisters were sent to dwell in thy world, and hallow it with love, to make it an enduring memorial; to plant it with unfading flowers. Not yet have these blossoms opened, few are the traces which mark our way. But the end of time is at hand; then thou wilt rejoin us, and gently fade away, full of longing and fervent desire. All thy busy restlessness will end in heavenly freedom, a blessed home-coming. With bitter grief I acknowledge thy forsaking of our home, thine unconquered hatred to the old glorious heaven.

But in vain is thy wrath and fury. The Cross stands firm forever, the banner of our race.

The many scattered races of mankind lay bound for ages in the grasp of an iron fate. Light was hidden from their weary souls. The eternal world was the home and dwelling of the Gods. Its mysterious form had existed from eternity. Over the glowing mountains of the East abode the Sun, with its all-pervading heat and light. An aged Giant bore the Earth on his shoulders. The Titans, the first children of Mother Earth — who had waged impious war against

the new glorious race of Gods and their kinsfolk, the merry race of men — lay fast bound under the mountains. The dark green depth of Ocean was the lap of a Goddess. A gay, luxurious race dwelt in the crystal grottoes. Beasts, trees, flowers, and animals had the gift of speech. Richer was the flavor of the grapes, for a God dwelt in the luxuriant vine; the golden sheaves took their birth from a loving motherly Goddess; and love was the sweet service rendered to the deities. Age followed age, a ceaseless spring; and the happy life of Earth's children was ever enlivened by celestial presences. All races honored the flashing, many-hued flame, as the highest manifestation in life.

Only one shadow obscured the common joy — the cruel specter of Death. This mysterious decree — separation from all that was loved and lovely — weighed heavy on the hearts of all; even the Gods could find no remedy for this evil. Unable to overcome the menacing fate, man strove to cast a glamour of beauty over the ghastly phantom, and pictured him as a lovely youth extinguishing a torch, and sinking to rest. Still the cruel enigma remained unsolved, and spoke of the irresistible might of some unknown power.

The old world waned; the flowers of the first Paradise faded away; and the race of men, casting off their early innocence, strayed into a wild, uncultivated desert. The Gods and their retinues vanished from earth. Nature stood lonely and lifeless, bound in the iron chains of custom and laws. The bloom was brushed from life. Faith took flight from the dreary scene; and with her fled her heavenly companion, Fancy, who could cast over all things her magic vesture. A cruel north wind swept over the barren waste, and the devastated wonder-home was blown into space. Heaven's blue ocean showed new dazzling spheres, and the Spirit of the World withdrew to higher regions to await the dawn of a renewed earth. Light ceased to be the abode and the symbol of the Gods; they covered themselves with the veil of Night. Night was the cradle of the coming age; in it the Gods took refuge, and sleep came upon them, until a new era should call them forth in new and more glorious forms.

The new era arose at last amidst a nation scorned and despised, a people who had cast off their native innocence. In poverty was born the son of the first Virgin Mother, mysterious offspring of heavenly origin. The wise sons of the East were first to acknowledge the commencement of the strange new epoch, and humbly bent their way to worship the King in his lowly cradle; a mystic star guided their wandering steps. They did him homage, offering him the sweetness and brightness of the earth, the gold and the perfume, both miracles of nature. The Heavenly Heart unfolded slowly — a flower chalice of Almighty love, with eyes upturned to a Divine Father, while his head rested on the tender bosom of a loving earthly mother. With prophetic eye and god-like zeal, the blooming Child, despising the cruel days of earthly conflict before him, looked far ahead to the future of his beloved race, the offshoots of a divine root. Soon he gathered around him a loving band of childlike hearts. A strange new life arose, like that of the flowers of the field; unceasing words

of wisdom and utterances of deepest love fell from his lips, like sparks of divine fire.

From the far shores of Hellas and her sunny skies, a poet came to Palestine, and laid his heart at the feet of the Wonder-Child.

Oh! thou art he who from unending years
Hast looked with pity on our earthly tomb;
Thou gav'st a sign of life in deepest night,
And thou wilt bring our higher manhood home.
Thou hast upheld us here, mid grief and tears —
Lead thou our nobler longings up to heaven:
In death alone eternal life is found,
For thou art death, and thou our life hast given.

Full of joy, his heart beating with new love and hope, the singer bent his way to Hindustan, pouring out under its cloudless sky such burning songs that myriads of hearts turned to him, and the joyful news spread far and near. Soon after the poet left, the precious Life fell a sacrifice to fallen man: he died young, torn away from the much-loved earth, his weeping mother, and his faint-hearted friends. The moment of anguish, the birth of the new world was at hand. He fought with the old dreaded form of death; struggled hard to shake off the clutch of the old world; his sweet lips drained the bitter chalice of unspeakable anguish. Once more he cast a loving glance at his mother; then came the delivering hand of Mighty Love, and he fell asleep. For many days a thick mist lay on the raging waters and the quaking earth; countless were the tears shed by those who loved him; the secret of the grave was made clear, and heavenly spirits rolled away the heavy stone from the tomb. Angels watched by the slumbering Form: rising in new godlike glory, he soared to the heights of the newly made world, buried the old earthly shape in the depths of a cavern, and laid his mighty hand on it, so that no power might ever move it.

The loving ones still wept by his grave, but they wept tears of emotion and gratitude. Again they see thee and rejoice at thy resurrection; they see thee weeping on thy mother's sacred bosom; they walk once more as friends, listening to words like leaves fluttering from the Tree of Life; they behold thee hasten with untold longing to the Father's arms, bearing aloft the new manhood and the victorious chalice. The mother soon hastened to join thy triumph; she was the first to enter the New Home. Long years have passed since *then*, and thy new creation soars to higher powers; thousands and thousands drawn by thee from bitter grief and pain now roam with thee and the heavenly Virgin in the Kingdom of Love, serve in the Temple of Divine Death, and are thine eternally.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN GERMANY

STRICTLY speaking, of course, the term 'school' is a misnomer, even in the currently accepted phraseology of literary history: one might better speak of a Romantic trend or movement, or even period. For the tendencies represented by the outstanding personalities of that age are not restricted to a particular group of German authors, but are shared by almost all the writers of the time, and have their analogues in England and France; nor are these tendencies concerned with literature alone, but extend to science, religion, art, and life as well. Moreover, while the Romantic movement represents in its outward manifestations a sharp break with and revolt against the so-called classical period of German literature, the internal essence of its phenomena derives in large measure from fundamental aspects of eighteenth century literature: the passionate rebellion of the 'Stürmer und Dränger,' the philosophy of Schiller, the poetic catholicity of Herder, the emotional language of Klopstock, the frank sensuality of Wieland, the whole range of Goethe's thought and work. Formally, however, there is a wide cleavage, and this external clash, so evident to even the most casual reader, has obscured the inner connections.

The basis for this wide divergence on the formal side lies in a particular conception of the function and nature of the art-work itself, and its relation to the creative artist and the public — a conception first discriminatively set forth by Friedrich and A. W. Schlegel in the *Athenäum* (1798-1800), for which reason the Schlegels are often spoken of as the founders of the Romantic school. According to this conception, the art-work is not a goal but a means, and its importance lies not in its effect upon the public, but in its gratification of the writer's urge to creation; the literary artist being regarded, then, by both the older and the younger Romanticists, such as Brentano and Hoffmann, as a being of higher order, whose calling is sacred and far above the rights of the "philistine," whether the latter be a scribbler or a reader. The world and its beauty really exists for the soul that can experience and recreate it, and creative work is but a means to the fullest enjoyment of existence. Hence formal completeness or perfection is relatively valueless, and the "fragment," which may stimulate to further creation, may have a higher justification than the "finished" product. The result of this theory was the production of works which, whatever their episodic charm or phrasal beauty, could not in the long run satisfy the exacting reader and hence were bound to lose the influence they

might otherwise have exerted. Thus one of the most talented and versatile geniuses in all German literature, Ludwig Tieck, frittered away his great powers and is today hardly more than a sad example and a warning, despite the undoubted merit of much of his writing.

On the other hand, German literature owes the Romantic school some lasting benefits. Fruitful and of far-reaching importance was the return to religion from the cold atheism of the eighteenth century Enlightenment, brought about largely by the prophets and mystics among the Romanticists (Schleiermacher, Novalis). A second effect of Romantic theory and practice was the emphasis upon the world of Nature, leading on the one hand to an immense stimulation of nature-study and the natural sciences, on the other hand to an esthetic appreciation of the beauty of the external world, in particular of the homeland. In the third place, it was the Romantic poets, following of course in the footsteps of Klopstock, who directed the eyes of their compatriots to the glories of German history, and thus helped to bring about not only the revival of primitive art and letters, recovery of poetic tradition and legend, and scholarly research into German language and institutions (the Brothers Grimm), but also contributed largely to those forces which ultimately resulted in the unification of the German people.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

FRIEDRICH AND AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL

FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL was born in Hanover on March 10, 1772. At Göttingen and at Leipzig he pursued the study of law; in 1793, however, he abandoned this, and the remainder of his life was devoted to scholarly and literary labors. His mind turned first to the Greeks, and for the literature of Greece he aspired to do what Winckelmann had done for her art; but beyond a few thoughtful essays his attainments in this field never grew, and in 1796 he turned all his energies to the study of modern literature and philosophy. Fichte was the largest influence in his intellectual life; Goethe was his idolized master in the realms of poetry. The offensive tone of his reviews, however, led to a bitter unpleasantness with Schiller. In 1797 Schlegel went to Berlin, where he began a campaign against the rationalistic philistinism that dominated the intellectual life of the Prussian capital.

During this sojourn in Berlin, Schlegel met the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the wife of a Jewish merchant named Veit. This was the famous Dorothea, who played so prominent a part in the annals of the Romantic circle. One year later she separated from her husband, to live thenceforth with Friedrich von Schlegel. Their relations have been set forth in Schlegel's 'Lucinde,' the exemplification of the author's dogma that the poet's caprice is the supreme esthetic law. This book became the center of a literary strife in which Schleiermacher undertook its defense. It has been omitted from the later editions of Schlegel's collected works. In April 1804 Friedrich and Dorothea were married. Four years later, both became Catholics. Dorothea outlived her husband by ten years. Her few writings, including the unfinished romance, 'Florentia' (1801), all appeared under her husband's name. The standard German version of Madame de Staël's 'Corinne' was her work.

Schlegel's career was a brilliant one. For a brief space he was tutor at Jena; but his most effective work was as a lecturer. With a most unusual scholarly equipment, including a knowledge of ancient, modern, and remote literatures, honors were showered thickly upon him; crowds thronged to his lecture-room. When he went to Vienna in 1809 he was made court councilor, and became the literary secretary of the State Chancellery. The ringing proclamations with which Austria announced her uprising against Napoleon in 1809 were from his pen. In the campaign that followed, it was he who at the headquarters of the Archduke Karl took editorial charge of the army paper, known as the Austrian Gazette. But after the disillusioning peace in the autumn Schlegel fell back into that state of pessimistic resignation which characterized the Met-

ternich régime. From 1815 to 1818 he was counsel of the Austrian legation at Frankfort. In 1819 he accompanied Metternich to Italy; but on his return he left the service of the State, and gave his energies exclusively to literature. He founded a magazine called *Concordia*, whose purpose was to bring all confessions back into the fold of the Church. A course of lectures which in 1827 he delivered in Vienna on the 'Philosophy of History' showed that his Catholicism had injured his catholicity. In the following year, in Dresden, he began another course on the 'Philosophy of Language and of Words'; but it was never finished. He died on January 12, 1829.

Schlegel's most important contributions to literature, with one notable exception, were conceived in the form of lectures. That exception was the ripe fruit of his Oriental studies, and appeared in 1808 under the title of '*Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*' [Language and Wisdom of the (East) Indians]. It gave an important impulse to the then young science of comparative philology. Of more far-reaching influence was the course of lectures, delivered in Vienna before crowded audiences in the years 1810 to 1812, on '*Die Geschichte der alten und neuen Litteratur*' [History of Ancient and Modern Literature]. Although the heyday of his youthful enthusiasm is tamed, and a growing intolerance is evident, there is an exultant vigor in these lectures that marks the man who consciously commands his subject, and develops it with a sure mastery along clearly thought-out and original lines. He fights for the ideal of a free individuality which he saw incorporated in Goethe; but the tinge of medievalism is apparent in his exaltation of Dante and Calderon. Schlegel, if he was not creative, may be called productive; his work was vital, and the rich nobility of his essentially poetic mind has made his critical writings a positive constructive force.

August Wilhelm, the elder brother (1767-1845), was the less original of the two, but he nevertheless won distinction as a poet and a scholar. His chief claim to the grateful remembrance of the German people, however, rests upon his masterly translations of the dramas of Calderon and of Shakespeare, particularly the latter. Schlegel began his translation of Shakespeare's plays in 1798 and completed seventeen, including many of the most important dramas. This translation, later continued under the supervision of Ludwig Tieck, is still the standard version of Shakespeare in Germany, and has resulted in a most extraordinary situation, unparalleled in the history of literature: the fact that Shakespeare has become a German author, that his lines are as frequently quoted in German literature as in English, and that his plays are given more performances in Germany than in all the English-speaking countries combined.

August von Schlegel's lectures on 'Dramatic Art and Literature,' delivered in Vienna in 1808, have been translated into many languages and in England deeply influenced the criticism of Coleridge. In life and in letters he was intimately associated with two brilliant women — with his wife, Karoline, who aided him in his translations, and who, after her divorce, married the philos-

opher Schelling — and with Madame de Staël, with whom he traveled about Europe and whom he assisted with her famous book 'De l'Allemagne' [Germany]. His later years were passed as professor of literature in the University of Bonn. He was a pioneer in Sanskrit scholarship in Germany. As a critic he did much to establish the romanticist principle that criticism should be appreciative and interpretative.

THE ROMANTIC DRAMA

From 'Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature'

SO many things among men have been handed down from century to century and from nation to nation, and the human mind is in general so slow to invent, that originality in any department of mental exertion is everywhere a rare phenomenon. We are desirous of seeing the result of the efforts of inventive geniuses when, regardless of what in the same line has elsewhere been carried to a high degree of perfection, they set to work in good earnest to invent altogether for themselves; when they lay the foundation of the new edifice on unopened ground, and draw all the preparations, all the building materials, from their own resources. We participate, in some measure, in the joy of success, when we see them advance rapidly from their first helplessness and need to a finished mastery in their art. The history of the Grecian theater would afford us this cheering prospect could we witness its rudest beginnings, which were not preserved, for they were not committed to writing; but it is easy, when we compare together Æschylus and Sophocles, to form some idea of the preceding period. The Greeks neither inherited nor borrowed their dramatic art from any other people; it was original and native, and for that very reason was it able to produce a living and powerful effect. But it ended with the period when Greeks imitated Greeks; namely, when the Alexandrian poets began learnedly and critically to compose dramas after the model of the great tragic writers. The reverse of this was the case with the Romans: they received the form and substance of their dramas from the Greeks; they never attempted to act according to their own discretion, and to express their own way of thinking; and hence they occupy so insignificant a place in the history of dramatic art. Among the nations of modern Europe, the English and Spaniards alone (for the German stage is but forming), possess as yet a theater entirely original and national, which, in its own peculiar shape, has arrived at maturity.

Those critics who consider the authority of the ancients as models to be such that in poetry, as in all the other arts, there can be no safety out of the pale of imitation, affirm that as the nations in question have not followed this course, they have brought nothing but irregular works on the stage, which, though they may possess occasional passages of splendor and beauty, must yet,

as a whole, be forever reprobated as barbarous, and wanting in form. We have already, in the introductory part of these Lectures, stated our sentiments generally on this way of thinking; but we must now examine the subject somewhat more closely.

If the assertion be well founded, all that distinguishes the works of the greatest English and Spanish dramatists, a Shakespeare and a Calderon, must rank them far below the ancients; they could in no wise be of importance for theory, and would at most appear remarkable, on the assumption that the obstinacy of these nations in refusing to comply with the rules may have afforded a more ample field to the poets to display their native originality, though at the expense of art. But even this assumption, on a closer examination, appears extremely questionable. The poetic spirit requires to be limited, that it may move with a becoming liberty, within its proper precincts, as has been felt by all nations on the first invention of meter; it must act according to laws derivable from its own essence, otherwise its strength will evaporate in boundless vacuity.

The works of genius cannot therefore be permitted to be without form; but of this there is no danger. However, that we may answer this objection of want of form, we must understand the exact meaning of the term form, since most critics, and more especially those who insist on a stiff regularity, interpret it merely in a mechanical, and not in an organical sense. Form is mechanical when, through external force, it is imparted to any material merely as an accidental addition without reference to its quality; as, for example, when we give a particular shape to a soft mass that it may retain the same after its induration. Organical form, again, is innate; it unfolds itself from within, and acquires its determination contemporaneously with the perfect development of the germ. We everywhere discover such forms in nature throughout the whole range of living powers, from the crystallization of salts and minerals to plants and flowers, and from these again to the human body. In the fine arts, as well as in the domain of nature — the supreme artist — all genuine forms are organical, that is, determined by the quality of the work. In a word, the form is nothing but a significant exterior, the speaking physiognomy of each thing, which, as long as it is not disfigured by any destructive accident, gives a true evidence of its hidden essence.

Hence it is evident that the spirit of poetry, which, though imperishable, migrates, as it were, through different bodies, must, so often as it is newly born in the human race, mold to itself, out of the nutrimental substance of an altered age, a body of a different conformation. The forms vary with the direction taken by the poetical sense; and when we give to the new kinds of poetry the old names, and judge of them according to the ideas conveyed by these names, the application which we make of the authority of classical antiquity is altogether unjustifiable. No one should be tried before a tribunal to which he is not amenable. We may safely admit that most of the English

and Spanish dramatic works are neither tragedies nor comedies in the sense of the ancients: they are romantic dramas. That the stage of a people who, in its foundation and formation, neither knew nor wished to know anything of foreign models, will possess many peculiarities, and not only deviate from, but even exhibit a striking contrast to, the theaters of other nations who had a common model for imitation before their eyes, is easily supposable, and we should only be astonished were it otherwise. But when in two nations, differing so widely as the English and Spanish, in physical, moral, political, and religious respects, the theaters (which, without being known to each other, arose about the same time) possess, along with external and internal diversities, the most striking features of affinity, the attention even of the most thoughtless cannot but be turned to this phenomenon; and the conjecture will naturally occur, that the same, or at least a kindred, principle must have prevailed in the development of both.

The similarity of the English and Spanish theaters does not consist merely in the bold neglect of the Unities of Place and Time, and in the commixture of comic and tragic elements: that they were unwilling or unable to comply with the rules and with right reason (in the meaning of certain critics these terms are equivalent), may be considered as an evidence of merely negative properties. The ground of the resemblance lies far deeper, in the inmost substance of the fictions, and in the essential relations through which every deviation of form becomes a true requisite, which, together with its validity, has also its significance. What they have in common with each other is the spirit of romantic poetry, giving utterance to itself in a dramatic shape. However, to explain ourselves with due precision, the Spanish theater, in our opinion, down to its decline and fall in the commencement of the eighteenth century, is almost entirely romantic; the English is completely so in Shakespeare alone, its founder and greatest master: in later poets the romantic principle appears more or less degenerated, or is no longer perceivable, although the march of dramatic composition introduced by virtue of it has been, outwardly at least, pretty generally retained. The manner in which the different ways of thinking of the two nations, one a northern and the other a southern, have been expressed; the former endowed with a gloomy, the latter with a glowing imagination; the one nation possessed of a scrutinizing seriousness disposed to withdraw within itself, the other impelled outwardly by the violence of passion; the mode in which all this has been accomplished will be most satisfactorily explained at the close of this section, when we come to institute a parallel between Shakespeare and Calderon, the only two poets who are entitled to be called great.

Of the origin and essence of the romantic I treated in my first Lecture, and I shall here, therefore, merely briefly mention the subject. The ancient art and poetry rigorously separate things which are dissimilar; the romantic delights in indissoluble mixtures; all contrarieties: nature and art, poetry and prose,

seriousness and mirth, recollection and anticipation, spirituality and sensuality, terrestrial and celestial, life and death, are by it blended together in the most intimate combination. As the oldest lawgivers delivered their mandatory instructions and prescriptions in measured melodies; as this is fabulously ascribed to Orpheus, the first softener of the yet untamed race of mortals; in like manner the whole of the ancient poetry and art is, as it were, a *rhythmical nomos* (law), an harmonious promulgation of the permanently established legislation of a world submitted to a beautiful order, and reflecting in itself the eternal images of things. Romantic poetry, on the other hand, is the expression of the secret attraction to a chaos which lies concealed in the very bosom of the ordered universe, and is perpetually striving after new and marvelous births; the life-giving spirit of primal love broods here anew on the face of the waters. The former is more simple, clear, and like to nature in the self-existent perfection of her separate works; the latter, notwithstanding its fragmentary appearance, approaches more to the secret of the universe. For Conception can only comprise each object separately, but nothing in truth can ever exist separately and by itself; Feeling perceives all in all at one and the same time.

Respecting the two species of poetry with which we are here principally occupied, we compare the ancient Tragedy to a group in sculpture: the figures corresponding to the characters, and their grouping to the action; and to these two in both productions of art is the consideration exclusively directed, as being all that is properly exhibited. But the romantic drama must be viewed as a large picture, where not merely figure and motion are exhibited in larger, richer groups, but where even all that surrounds the figures must also be portrayed; where we see not merely the nearest objects, but are indulged with the prospect of a considerable distance; and all this under a magical light, which assists in giving to the impression the particular character desired.

Such a picture must be bounded less perfectly and less distinctly than the group; for it is like a fragment cut out of the optic scene of the world. However the painter, by the setting of his foreground, by throwing the whole of his light into the center, and by other means of fixing the point of view, will learn that he must neither wander beyond the composition, nor omit anything within it.

In the representation of figure, Painting cannot compete with Sculpture, since the former can only exhibit it by a deception and from a single point of view; but, on the other hand, it communicates more life to its imitations, by colors which in a picture are made to imitate the lightest shades of mental expression in the countenance. The look, which can be given only very imperfectly by Sculpture, enables us to read much deeper in the mind, and to perceive its lightest movements. Its peculiar charm, in short, consists in this, that it enables us to see in bodily objects what is least corporeal, namely, light and air.

The very same description of beauties are peculiar to the romantic drama. It does not (like the Old Tragedy) separate seriousness and the action, in a rigid manner, from among the whole ingredients of life; it embraces at once the whole of the checkered drama of life with all its circumstances; and while it seems only to represent subjects brought accidentally together, it satisfies the unconscious requisitions of fancy, buries us in reflections on the inexpressible signification of the objects which we view blended by order, nearness and distance, light and color, into one harmonious whole; and thus lends, as it were, a soul to the prospect before us.

The change of time and of place (supposing its influence on the mind to be included in the picture; and that it comes to the aid of the theatrical perspective, with reference to what is indicated in the distance, or half-concealed by intervening objects); the contrast of sport and earnest (supposing that in degree and kind they bear a proportion to each other); finally, the mixture of the dialogical and the lyrical elements (by which the poet is enabled, more or less perfectly, to transform his personages into poetical beings): these, in my opinion, are not mere licenses, but true beauties in the romantic drama. In all these points, and in many others also, the English and Spanish works, which are pre-eminently worthy of this title of Romantic, fully resemble each other, however different they may be in other respects.

Of the two we shall first notice the English theater, because it arrived earlier at maturity than the Spanish. In both we must occupy ourselves almost exclusively with a single artist, with Shakespeare in the one and Calderon in the other; but not in the same order with each, for Shakespeare stands first and earliest among the English. . . .

In England, the greatest actors vie with each other in the impersonation of his characters; the printers in splendid editions of his works; and the painters in transferring his scenes to the canvas. Like Dante, Shakespeare has received the perhaps indispensable but still cumbersome honor of being treated like a classical author of antiquity. The oldest editions have been carefully collated, and where the readings seemed corrupt, many corrections have been suggested; and the whole literature of his age has been drawn forth from the oblivion to which it had been consigned, for the sole purpose of explaining the phrases and illustrating the allusions of Shakespeare. Commentators have succeeded one another in such number that their labors alone, with the critical controversies to which they have given rise, constitute of themselves no inconsiderable library. These labors deserve both our praise and gratitude; and more especially the historical investigations into the sources from which Shakespeare drew the materials of his plays, and also into the previous and contemporary state of the English stage, and other kindred subjects of inquiry.

Translated by John Black

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK

AMONG the poets of the romantic movement in German literature — idealists who sought the Blue Flower, and reviving the native literary past, found their inspiration in medieval mysticism or Catholicism, or in the airy fields of pure imagination — Ludwig Tieck occupies an honorable place. Indeed, he is often referred to as the father of the older romanticism in Germany — that of the first quarter of the last century. He took the lead in developing and applying the principles earlier laid down by Goethe and Schiller. His many-sided literary and intellectual activity was remarkable. As poet, story-teller, translator, critic, essayist, and editor, he did work all of which was able and interesting, and some of it of rare and high merit. Tieck was a scholar with a touch of genius; a poet, as Carlyle said of him long ago, "born as well as made."

Johann Ludwig Tieck was the son of a rope-maker, and was born at Berlin, May 31, 1773. He attended a good *gymnasium*, and continued his studies in Halle, Göttingen, and Erlangen; giving special attention to history, philology, and literature, ancient and modern. He then returned to Berlin, and began his career as a writer, first publishing tales and romances which showed the influence of the Storm and Stress atmosphere: 'Peter Lebrecht' (1795) and 'William Lovell' (1795-6) are novels typical of this phase, which does not stand for Tieck's most representative work. This found its expression in his use of medieval legends and fairy tales. In this *genre* he was pre-eminently successful: however light and fantastic, the conception is poetical; and delicate fancy mingles with playful irony to make his prose stories delightful reading. A wonder tale like 'The Fair-haired Eckbert' is a little masterpiece. The unfinished 'Sternbald's Travels,' the 'Blue Beard,' and the 'Puss in Boots' are further well-known examples of his adaptation of popular traditions. In the 'Phantasmus' (1812-17) are gathered tales, sketches, and plays, mostly of this sort, but with less of mysticism and more of satiric intent. Tieck's revival of folk traditions pleased the public, while it revealed his own romantic tendencies; he was hailed as a leader of that movement, and, with over-generous laudation, compared favorably with Goethe himself.

Tieck's services as a translator were conspicuous. He made a masterly rendering of 'Don Quixote' in 1799-1801, translated the 'Minnesongs' in 1803, and in his 'Old English Theater' in 1811 gave a German version of the plays doubtfully ascribed to Shakespeare, who was a lifelong object of Tieck's devoted study. In the same year appeared the Schlegel-Tieck translation of the dramas of the greatest of English poets, Tieck editing and completing the

mighty work done by August von Schlegel; the version remains standard, and puts all German lovers of Shakespeare under a lasting obligation to the translators. Much of the actual translating of the dramas not done by Schlegel was the work of Tieck's gifted daughter, Dorothea. But his name will always be associated with this great Shakespeare version.

Tieck settled in Dresden in 1819, where he became a director of the court theater, and drew around him a group of admirers who swore by his views, and were antagonized by a counter party. His literary activity during the Dresden sojourn was constant and fruitful, many of his strongest novels and most alluring tales being composed between the date of his arrival and his removal to Berlin in 1841, on the invitation of King William IV. Such productions as 'The Pictures,' 'The Betrothal,' 'The Travelers,' 'Luck Brings Brains,' 'The Old Book,' 'The Scarecrow,' 'The Revolt in the Cevennes,' 'Witch's Sabbath,' and 'Vittoria Accorombona' are prominent among them. He was in his prose fairy-tales in the broad sense a poet; and found in those tales his truest medium. The faults of Tieck's idyls and fantasies are those of construction; he lacked condensation and the sense of plastic form. His work as editor, in rehabilitating the literary past, or in introducing comparatively unknown figures, continued to be vigorous—one of his main services being the editing of the complete works of the dramatist Heinrich von Kleist. He died in Berlin in 1853.

THE FAIR-HAIRED ECKBERT

IN a district of the Harz dwelt a knight, whose common designation in that quarter was the Fair-haired Eckbert. He was about forty years of age, scarcely of middle stature; and short, light-colored locks lay close and sleek round his pale and sunken countenance. He led a retired life, had never interfered in the feuds of his neighbors; indeed, beyond the outer wall of his castle he was seldom to be seen. His wife loved solitude as much as he; both seemed heartily attached to one another; only now and then they would lament that Heaven had not blessed their marriage with children.

Few came to visit Eckbert; and when guests did happen to be with him, their presence made but little alteration in his customary way of life: Temperance abode in his household, and Frugality herself appeared to be the mistress of the entertainment. On these occasions, Eckbert was always cheerful and lively; but when he was alone, you might observe in him a certain mild reserve—a still, retiring melancholy.

His most frequent guest was Philip Walter; a man to whom he had attached himself, from having found in him a way of thinking like his own. Walter's residence was in Franconia; but he would often stay for half a year

in Eckbert's neighborhood, gathering plants and minerals and then sorting and arranging them. He lived on a small independency, and was connected with no one. Eckbert frequently attended him in his sequestered walks; year after year, a closer friendship grew betwixt them. . . .

It was late in the autumn, when Eckbert, one cloudy evening, was sitting with his friend and his wife Bertha, by the parlor fire. The flame cast a red glimmer through the room, and sported on the ceiling; the night looked sullenly in through the windows, and the trees without rustled in wet coldness. Walter complained of the long road he had to travel; and Eckbert proposed to him to stay where he was, to while away half of the night in friendly talk, and then to take a bed in the house till morning. Walter agreed, and the whole was speedily arranged; by-and-by wine and supper were brought in; fresh wood was laid upon the fire; the talk grew livelier and more confidential.

The cloth being removed, and the servants gone, Eckbert took his friend's hand, and said to him: "Now you must let my wife tell you the history of her youth; it is curious enough, and you should know it." — "With all my heart," said Walter; and the party again drew round the hearth.

It was now midnight; the moon looked fitfully through the breaks of the driving clouds. "You must not reckon me a babbler," began the lady. "My husband says you have so generous a mind that it is not right in us to hide aught from you. Only do not take my narrative for a fable, however strangely it may sound.

"I was born in a little village; my father was a poor herdsman. Our circumstances were not of the best: often we knew not where to find our daily bread. But what grieved me more than this were the quarrels which my father and mother often had about their poverty, and the bitter reproaches they cast on one another. Of myself too I heard nothing said but ill: they were forever telling me I was a silly, stupid child, that I could not do the simplest turn of work; and in truth I was extremely inexpert and helpless: I let things fall, I neither learned to sew nor spin, I could be of no use to my parents; only their straits I understood too well. Often I would sit in a corner and fill my little heart with dreams how I would help them if I should all at once grow rich; how I would overflow them with silver and gold, and feast myself on their amazement; and then spirits came hovering up, and showed me buried treasures, or gave me little pebbles which changed into precious stones. In short, the strangest fancies occupied me; and when I had to rise and help with anything, my inexpertness was still greater, as my head was giddy with these motley visions.

"My father in particular was always very cross to me: he scolded me for being such a burden to the house; indeed he often used me rather cruelly, and it was very seldom that I got a friendly word from him. In this way I had struggled on to near the end of my eighth year; and now it was seriously fixed that I should begin to do or learn something. My father still maintained that

it was nothing but caprice in me, or a lazy wish to pass my days in idleness; accordingly he set upon me with furious threats, and as these made no improvement, he one day gave me a most cruel chastisement, and added that the same should be repeated day after day, since I was nothing but a useless sluggard.

"That whole night I wept abundantly: I felt myself so utterly forsaken; I had such a sympathy with myself that I even longed to die. I dreaded the break of day; I knew not on earth what I was to do or try. I wished from my very heart to be clever, and could not understand how I should be worse than the other children of the place. I was on the border of despair.

"At the dawn of day I rose, and scarcely knowing what I did, unfastened the door of our little hut. I stepped upon the open field; next minute I was in a wood, where the light of morning had yet hardly penetrated. I ran along, not looking round; for I felt no fatigue, and I still thought my father would catch me, and, in his anger at my flight, would beat me worse than ever.

"I had reached the other side of the forest, and the sun was risen a considerable way; I saw something dim lying before me, and a thick fog resting over it. Ere long my path began to mount, at one time I was climbing hills, at another wending among rocks; and I now guessed that I must be among the neighboring mountains—a thought that made me shudder in my loneliness. For, living in the plain country, I had never seen a hill; and the very word mountains, when I heard talk of them, had been a sound of terror to my young ear. I had not the heart to go back—my fear itself drove me on; often I looked round affrighted when the breezes rustled over me among the trees, or the stroke of some distant woodman sounded far through the still morning. And when I began to meet with charcoal-men and miners, and heard their foreign way of speech, I had nearly fainted for terror.

"I passed through several villages: begging now and then, for I felt hungry and thirsty; and fashioning my answers as I best could when questions were put to me. In this manner I had wandered on some four days, when I came upon a little footpath, which led me farther and farther from the highway. The rocks about me now assumed a different and far stranger form. They were cliffs so piled on one another that it looked as if the first gust of wind would hurl them all this way and that. I knew not whether to go on or stop. Till now I had slept by night in the woods—for it was the finest season of the year—or in some remote shepherd's hut; but here I saw no human dwelling at all, and could not hope to find one in this wilderness. The crags grew more and more frightful; I had many a time to glide along by the very edge of dreadful abysses; by degrees my foot-path became fainter, and at last all traces of it vanished from beneath me. I was utterly comfortless: I wept and screamed; and my voice came echoing back from the rocky valleys with a sound that terrified me. The night now came on, and I sought out a mossy nook to lie down in. I could not sleep: in the darkness I heard the strangest noises;

sometimes I took them to proceed from wild beasts, sometimes from wind moaning through the rocks, sometimes from unknown birds. I prayed; and did not sleep till towards morning.

"When the light came upon my face I awoke. Before me was a steep rock; I clomb up, in the hope of discovering some outlet from the waste, perhaps of seeing houses or men, But when I reached the top there was still nothing, as far as my eye could reach, but a wilderness of crags and precipices: all was covered with a dim haze; the day was gray and troubled, and no tree, no meadow, not even a bush could I find — only a few shrubs shooting up stunted and solitary in the narrow clefts of the rocks. I cannot utter what a longing I felt but to see one human creature, any living mortal, even though I had been afraid of hurt from him. At the same time I was tortured by a gnawing hunger; I sat down, and made up my mind to die. After a while, however, the desire of living gained the mastery; I roused myself, and wandered forward amid tears and broken sobs all day: in the end I hardly knew what I was doing; I was tired and spent, I scarcely wished to live, and yet I feared to die.

"Towards night the country seemed to grow a little kindlier; my thoughts, my desires revived, the wish for life awoke in all my veins. I thought I heard the rushing of a mill afar off; I redoubled my steps; and how glad, how light of heart was I, when at last I actually gained the limits of the barren rocks, and saw woods and meadows lying before me, with soft green hills in the distance! I felt as if I had stepped out of a hell into a paradise; my loneliness and helplessness no longer frightened me.

"Instead of the hoped-for mill, I came upon a waterfall, which in truth considerably damped my joy. I was lifting a drink from it in the hollow of my hand, when all at once I thought I heard a slight cough some little way from me. Never in my life was I so joyfully surprised as at this moment; I went near, and at the border of the wood I saw an old woman sitting resting on the ground. She was dressed almost wholly in black; a black hood covered her head, and the greater part of her face; and in her hand she held a crutch.

"I came up to her and begged for help; she made me sit by her, and gave me bread and a little wine. While I ate, she sang in a screeching tone some kind of spiritual song. When she had done, she told me I might follow her. [Bertha tells of her sojourn with the old woman, of the little dog, whose name she cannot recall, and of the bird that sang a verse and laid eggs each of which contained a pearl or jewel. At the age of fourteen, during the absence of the old woman, Bertha took the bird and departed. Eventually she killed the bird, for fear it would reveal her secret. Later she met Eckbert and married him.]

"Ay, you should have seen her then," said Eckbert warmly; "seen her youth, her loveliness, and what a charm her lonely way of life had given her. I had no fortune; it was through her love these riches came to me: we moved hither, and our marriage has at no time brought us anything but good."

"But with our tattling," added Bertha, "it is growing very late; we must go to sleep."

She rose, and proceeded to her chamber; Walter, with a kiss of her hand, wished her good-night, saying: "Many thanks, noble lady; I can well figure you beside your singing bird, and how you fed poor little *Strohman*."

Walter likewise went to sleep; Eckbert alone still walked in a restless humor up and down the room. "Are not men fools?" said he at last. "I myself occasioned this recital of my wife's history, and now such confidence appears to me improper! Will he not abuse it? Will he not communicate the secret to others? Will he not—for such is human nature—cast unblest thoughts on our jewels, and form pretext and lay plans to get possession of them?"

It now occurred to his mind that Walter had not taken leave of him so cordially as might have been expected after such a mark of trust. The soul once set upon suspicion finds in every trifle something to confirm it. Eckbert, on the other hand, reproached himself for such ignoble feelings to his worthy friend; yet still he could not cast them out. All night he plagued himself with such uneasy thoughts, and got very little sleep.

Bertha was unwell next day, and could not come to breakfast; Walter did not seem to trouble himself much about her illness, but left her husband also rather coolly. Eckbert could not comprehend such conduct. He went to see his wife, and found her in a feverish state; she said her last night's story must have agitated her.

From that day Walter visited the castle of his friend but seldom; and when he did appear, it was but to say a few unmeaning words and then depart. Eckbert was exceedingly distressed by this demeanor: to Bertha or Walter he indeed said nothing of it; but to any person his internal disquietude was visible enough.

Bertha's sickness wore an aspect more and more serious; the doctor grew alarmed: the red had vanished from his patient's cheeks, and her eyes were becoming more and more inflamed. One morning she sent for her husband to her bedside; the nurses were ordered to withdraw.

"Dear Eckbert," she began, "I must disclose a secret to thee, which has almost taken away my senses, which is ruining my health, unimportant trifle as it may appear. Thou mayest remember, often as I talked of my childhood, I could never call to mind the name of the dog that was so long beside me; now, that night on taking leave, Walter all at once said to me: 'I can well figure you, and how you fed poor little *Strohman*.' Is it chance? Did he guess the name? Did he know it, and speak it on purpose? If so, how stands this man connected with my destiny? At times I struggled with myself, as if I but imagined this mysterious business; but alas! it is certain, too certain. I felt a shudder that a stranger should help me to recall the memory of my secrets. What sayest thou, Eckbert?"

Eckbert looked at his sick and agitated wife with deep emotion; he stood

silent and thoughtful; then spoke some words of comfort to her, and went out. In a distant chamber he walked to and fro in indescribable disquiet. Walter for many years had been his sole companion; and now this person was the only mortal in the world whose existence pained and oppressed him. It seemed as if he should be gay and light of heart, were that one thing but removed. He took his bow, to dispel these thoughts; and went to hunt.

It was a rough, stormy, winter day; the snow was lying deep on the hills, and bending down the branches of the trees. He roved about; the sweat was standing on his brow; he found no game, and this embittered his ill-humor. All at once he saw an object moving in the distance: it was Walter gathering moss from the trunks of trees. Scarce knowing what he did, he bent his bow: Walter looked round, and gave a threatening gesture; but the arrow was already flying, and he sank transfixed by it. . . .

For a great while after this occurrence, Eckbert lived in the deepest solitude; he had all along been melancholy, for the strange history of his wife disturbed him, and he dreaded some unlucky incident or other; but at present he was utterly at variance with himself. The murder of his friend arose incessantly before his mind; he lived in the anguish of continual remorse. . . .

A young knight, named Hugo, made advances to the silent, melancholy Eckbert, and appeared to have a true affection for him. Eckbert felt himself exceedingly surprised; he met the knight's friendship with the greater readiness, the less he had anticipated it. The two were now frequently together; Hugo showed his friend all possible attentions: one scarcely ever went to ride without the other; in all companies they got together. In a word, they seemed inseparable.

Eckbert was never happy longer than a few transitory moments: for he felt too clearly that Hugo loved him only by mistake; that he knew him not, was unacquainted with his history; and he was seized again with the same old longing to unbosom himself wholly, that he might be sure whether Hugo was his friend nor not. But again his apprehensions, and the fear of being hated and abhorred, withheld him. There were many hours in which he felt so much impressed with his entire worthlessness, that he believed no mortal, not a stranger to his history, could entertain regard for him. Yet still he was unable to withstand himself: on a solitary ride he disclosed his whole history to Hugo, and asked if he could love a murderer. Hugo seemed touched, and tried to comfort him. Eckbert returned to town with a lighter heart.

But it seemed to be his doom that in the very hour of confidence he should always find materials for suspicion. Scarcely had they entered the public hall, when, in the glitter of the many lights, Hugo's looks had ceased to satisfy him. He thought he noticed a malicious smile: he remarked that Hugo did not speak to him as usual; that he talked with the rest, and seemed to pay no heed to him. In the party was an old knight, who had always shown himself the enemy of Eckbert, had often asked about his riches and his wife in a

peculiar style. With this man Hugo was conversing; they were speaking privately, and casting looks at Eckbert. The suspicions of the latter seemed confirmed; he thought himself betrayed, and a tremendous rage took hold of him. As he continued gazing, on a sudden he discerned the countenance of Walter — all his features, all the form so well known to him; he gazed, and looked, and felt convinced that it was none but Walter who was talking to the knight. His horror cannot be described; in a state of frenzy he rushed out of the hall, left the town over-night, and after many wanderings returned to his castle. . . .

He resolved to take a journey, that he might reduce his thoughts to order; the hope of friendship, the desire of social intercourse, he had now forever given up.

He set out without prescribing to himself any certain route; indeed he took small heed of the country he passed through. Having hastened on for some days at the quickest pace of his horse, on a sudden he found himself entangled in a labyrinth of rocks, from which he could discover no outlet. At length he met an old peasant, who guided him by a path leading past a waterfall; he offered him some coins for his guidance, but the peasant would not take them.

"What use is it?" said Eckbert. "I could believe that this man too was none but Walter." He looked round once more, and it was none but Walter. Eckbert spurred his horse as fast as it could gallop over meads and forests, till it sank exhausted to the earth. Regardless of this, he hastened forward on foot.

In a dreamy mood he mounted a hill: he fancied he caught the sound of a lively barking at a little distance; the birch-trees whispered in the intervals, and in the strangest notes he heard this song: —

"Alone in the wood so gay,
Once more I stay;
None dare me slay,
The evil far away:
Ah, here I stay,
Alone in wood so gay."

The sense, the consciousness, of Eckbert had departed; it was a riddle which he could not solve, whether he was dreaming now, or had before dreamed of a wife and friend. The marvelous was mingled with the common; the world around him seemed enchanted, and he himself was incapable of thought or recollection.

A crooked, bent old woman crawled coughing up the hill with a crutch. "Art thou bringing me my bird, my pearls, my dog?" cried she to him. "See how injustice punishes itself! No one but I was Walter, was Hugo."

"God of heaven!" said Eckbert, muttering to himself: "in what frightful solitude have I passed my life?"

"And Bertha was thy sister."

Eckbert sank to the ground.

"Why did she leave me deceitfully? All would have been fair and well: her time of trial was already finished. She was the daughter of a knight, who had her nursed in a shepherd's house; the daughter of thy father."

"Why have I always had a forecast of this dreadful thought?" cried Eckbert.

"Because in early youth thy father told thee: he could not keep this daughter by him on account of his second wife, her stepmother."

Eckbert lay distracted and dying on the ground. Faint and bewildered, he heard the old woman speaking, the dog barking, and the bird repeating its song.

HEINRICH VON KLEIST

H EINRICH VON KLEIST is a tragic figure, an unhappy man born in an unhappy time. Endowed with poetic powers which in a more fortunate age might have made him chief among the poets of Germany, he stood beneath the overmastering shadow of Shakespeare; he was hampered by the dominating genius of Goethe and Schiller; he was embittered by the neglect of his contemporaries, and finally was crushed by the ignominy of national disaster and disgrace. Born of a noble family, Kleist fell heir to all the inconveniences of rank; he was poor, but precluded by birth from any except a military or an official career. At strife with himself, richly gifted for one calling but obliged to adopt another, he consumed the energy of his younger years in an endeavor to attain a clear intellectual vision. But when at last Kleist had almost worked out his spiritual problem and had discovered the true sources of his strength, his country's liberties were crushed at Jena. "More deeply than most of his contemporaries," says Kuno Francke, "did Kleist feel the agony of an age which saw the creation of centuries sink into dust." And national dishonor followed close upon military defeat. Although the distant mutterings were already audible of the storm which was to sweep the French from German soil, Kleist was destined never to see the glorious outcome of that struggle. Hopeless but resigned, he fell by his own hand before the national uprising had taken shape. In less than two years after his death, on the anniversary of his birthday, came the victory at Leipzig. He would have been thirty-six years old.

The story of Kleist's life may be briefly told. He was born on October 18, 1777, at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. An orphan at eleven, he was educated by a clergyman in Berlin, and at the age of sixteen entered the guards and served in the Rhine campaign. When he left the army he took up the study of law, and obtained a position in the civil service, which he lost after the battle of Jena. It was then that his genius was developed, and the next five years were those of his greatest productivity; but meanwhile an ignominious peace destroyed all his hopes for Germany. The despair of the poet without an audience, and of the patriot without a country, brought him to his last act. With Henriette Vogel, the high-strung wife of a Berlin merchant, he went to Potsdam; and in accordance with their romantic agreement, on November 21, 1811, he shot first her and then himself. A simple stone marks the spot where the greatest of Prussian poets lies buried.

The works which Kleist has left behind are of the highest importance in German literature. His dramas hold the stage today beside those of Goethe,

of Schiller, and of Lessing. The characters he has created have become indispensable members of that immortal company which peoples the imagination of the German race. Potentially he was the greatest dramatist that Germany has produced. Although he grew up among the extravagances of the Romantic school, Kleist was a realist. He had indeed sought, in the realms of fancy, relief from oppressive reality, and so it is that upon his most realistic pictures there falls a ray of weird light from dreamland. His characters move with heavy tread; they are robust living creatures: but they pursue high aims, are moved by noble impulses, and are significant of lofty thoughts that can find expression only in symbols. If they are sometimes lightly clad in romantic garb, these garments are but transparent robes from the Erl-king's chest, which only heighten the convincing reality of the figures they enwrap. Kleist's power of plastic presentation was not surpassed by either Goethe or Schiller.

Fate was the dominant note in Kleist's philosophy. The strands of his destiny were woven by the Norns, and no effort of the will could break the rope by which they had bound him. In all his works this inevitable succession of events reappears. It is fate not as a force from without but as a power from within, placed there at birth, relentless, from which there is no ultimate escape; even the struggle against it is only a part of the predestined plan, foredoomed to defeat. So Kleist struggled; so his characters struggle, but with this difference: these win a spiritual triumph, none ends as he ended. The poet saw the way, but the Prussian nobleman could not follow.

The characters in his dramas are involved without fault of their own in their tragic situations. In 'Das Käthchen von Heilbronn' [Kitty of Heilbronn] it is love, represented as an irresistible possession of the soul, that takes the form of fate. Not cruelty nor insult can shake Käthchen in her childlike devotion. So in the wonderland of 'Penthesilea,' in which the whole genius of Kleist is revealed, the heroine is relentlessly impelled to kill the man she loves, for the queen of the Amazons may not know love; then, by no act of violence but by a supreme effort of the will, she joins her lover in death. In the 'Prince of Homburg' fate takes the form of military discipline and obedience. The prince secures his spiritual triumph by recognizing at last the justice of the death sentence, and by urging its execution. It was the failure of this play to obtain a hearing that put the last bitter drop into the poet's cup of sorrow. This and the 'Hermannsschlacht' [Hermann's Battle] were not published until after Kleist's death, and they are his greatest works. The 'Battle of Hermann' is the embodiment of exuberant joy at the thought that now all other considerations may be laid aside, and that pitiless vengeance may at last be exacted. Kleist firmly believed in the ultimate overthrow of French domination, and he symbolized his belief in the splendid figure of the old Teutonic hero who threw off the Roman yoke. This is the most joyous note that Kleist ever struck. In all else the tragedy of his own life threw its shadow upon his work. Nothing in his external circumstances served to assist him in the attain-

ment of his true ambition. Only one of his plays ever received so much as a respectful hearing during his lifetime; and for fifty years he lay in a forgotten grave.

One comedy appears in the brief list of Kleist's works: 'Der zerbrochene Krug' [The Broken Jug]. It is the most compact and effective one-act comedy in German literature. This vivid picture of a village judge sitting in judgment upon a crime which he has himself committed has been likened to a Dutch *genre* piece; its popularity is undiminished today. In prose narration also Kleist showed himself a supreme master; and his masterpiece is 'Michael Kohlhaas,' a tale of popular rebellion in the sixteenth century. It moves before the reader with the stern vividness of actual event. Kohlhaas' keen sense of justice, at first a virtue and guaranty of good citizenship, makes him at last a rebel and a scourge. It is a story of the most substantial realism; but this ordinary horse-dealer is at heart an idealist, carrying within him the picture of an impossible world in which absolute justice reigns. His acts are the inevitable outgrowth of this ideal. The tale is told with thrilling simplicity, objectivity, and strength; there are no superfluous trappings of historical romance; the characters triumph by their own force.

Slowly Kleist has won the place which he is destined to occupy in German literature, and to which the aged Wieland long ago assigned him — beside Goethe whom he revered and Schiller from whom he revolted. As in the case of Byron, the imagination cannot refrain from the futile inquiry: What might he not have achieved, had he lived past the crisis? With the dawn of a happier time, Kleist's genius might, so far at least as the drama is concerned, have made good his audacious boast that he would one day tear the laurels from Goethe's brow.

CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

FROM 'THE PRINCE OF HOMBURG'

[In Kleist's 'Prince Friedrich von Homburg,' history and legend are blended and firmly wrought into a glorification of personal subordination to the will of the state. — Having been given strict orders to hold a certain post at the battle of Fehrbellin (1675), the Prince, impetuous and headstrong, dashes into the fray ahead of the appointed time and thus, although the battle is won, ruins the preconcerted plan of the Great Elector. The Prince, who is in love with Natalia, the Elector's niece, and has thought to win her by his prowess, is condemned to death by the military tribunal. The following scenes show the brilliant dénouement.]

ACT IV

Scene 3

Scene: Prison

[*The Prince of Homburg hangs his hat on the wall, and drops carelessly upon a cushion spread out on the ground.*]

Prince of Homburg. The Dervish calls this life of ours a journey,
 And that a short one. Surely! From one fathom
 Above the ground to just as much below it.
 I'll settle down halfway from this to t'other.
 Who wears his head today upon his shoulders,
 Tomorrow hangs it trembling on his body,
 Next day it lies beside his lifeless feet.
 'Tis true, they say a sun shines yonder too,
 And over fairer, gayer fields than here:
 May be; alas, those seeing eyes must molder,
 Which all that future glory should behold.

Scene 4

[*Princess Natalia enters, led by Major Reuss. Ladies follow. Before them walks a footman with a torch.*]

Footman. Her highness follows, the Princess of Orange.

Prince of Homburg [*rises*]. Natalia!

Footman. And here she is herself.

Natalia [*bows to Reuss*]. Pray leave us for a moment here alone. [*Exit Reuss and footman.*]

Prince of Homburg. My dear Natalia!

Natalia. Dear friend and cousin!

Prince of Homburg [*leads her forward*].

O say what word you bring! How is't with me?

Natalia. Well. All is well. As heretofore I told you,

You now are pardoned, free; here is a script

In his own hand, confirming what I say.

Prince of Homburg. It is not possible! No! 'Tis a dream.

Natalia. Read! Read his words! Thus shall you know the truth.

Prince of Homburg [*reads*].

"My Prince of Homburg, when to prison I sent you

For your attack, delivered prematurely,

I only thought my duty had been done;

I felt yourself my action would applaud.
 But if you think injustice has been done you,
 I beg you, write two words to tell me so —
 At once your sword I will return to you."

[*Natalia pales. Pause. The Prince looks questioningly at her.*]

Natalia [with an expression of sudden joy].

Why then, there 'tis! Two words it only needs — !

O dearest, sweetest friend! [*She presses his hand.*]

Prince of Homburg. Belovèd lady!

Natalia. O blissful hour that now is shining on me! —

Here, take it, is the pen; take it and write!

Prince of Homburg. And here the signature?

Natalia. The F; his token! — [*To one of the ladies*]

O Bork! O do be glad! — For O, his kindness

Is boundless, and I knew it, as the sea. —

Bring up a chair for him, that he may write.

Prince of Homburg. He says: if I were of opinion — ?

Natalia [interrupts him]. Surely!

Make haste! Sit down! I will dictate the letter.

[*She places a chair for him.*]

Prince of Homburg. I wish to read the letter through once more.

Natalia [snatches the letter out of his hand].

Wherefore? — Have you not seen the minster tomb,

With jaws wide open waiting to receive you? —

The moment is most urgent. Sit and write!

Prince of Homburg [smiling]. Upon my word, you act as if the tomb

Would pounce upon and rend me, like a panther.

[*He sits down and takes a pen.*]

Natalia [turns and weeps]. Write, if you would not rouse my anger now.

[*The Prince rings for a servant; the servant enters.*]

Prince of Homburg. Bring pen and paper, wax and seal to me.

[*The servant, after bringing these objects, goes out again. The Prince writes. — Pause.*]

Prince of Homburg. [*tearing up the letter he had begun and throwing it under the table*] A bad beginning. [*He takes another sheet.*]

Natalia [picks up the torn letter]. What? What did you say? —

Why, heavens, that is good; why, that is splendid!

Prince of Homburg [*to himself*].

Bah! — 'Twas a scoundrel's phrasing, not a prince's. —

I'll try to find a different form of words.

[*Pause. — He reaches for the Elector's letter, which the Princess holds in her hand.*]

What does he really tell me, anyway?

Natalia [*withholding it*]. Why, nothing.

Prince of Homburg. Give.

Natalia. You read it once.

Prince of Homburg [*snatches it*]. All one.

— I will but see how I may choose my words.

[*He unfolds and reads it over.*]

Natalia [*aside*]. O God of Hosts! Now every hope is gone!

Prince of Homburg [*startled*].

Look here! Most wondrous this, as I am living!

— I think thou didst not see those words?

Natalia. No! — Which ones?

Prince of Homburg. He calls upon myself to give the judgment.

Natalia. I know.

Prince of Homburg. Most noble, on my word, most worthy.

Just as a heart of greatness needs must act.

Natalia. O his nobility is without limits!

— But now do thou thy duty too, and write,

As he requests; thou seest, it is a pretext,

'Tis but a mere formality required:

So soon as thy two words are in his hands,

At once the strife is over.

Prince of Homburg [*lays the letter down*]. No, my dear!

I'll think the matter o'er until the morrow.

Natalia. Incomprehensible! What sudden change? —

How so? Wherefore?

Prince of Homburg [*rises passionately from his chair*].

I beg thee, ask me not!

Thou hast not weighed the contents of the letter.

That he has wronged me in the judgment spoke,

I cannot write him that; if I be forced

To give him answer in my present mood,

By God, I shall set down: thine act is just.

[*He sits down at the table again with folded arms and gazes at the letter.*]

Natalia [*pale*]. Thou madman! What a word for thee to say!

[*She bends over him, touched.*]

Prince of Homburg [*presses her hand*].

Desist, one moment. For methinks — [*He ponders.*]

Natalia. What sayest?

Prince of Homburg. I soon shall know what answer I must make.

Natalia [*pained*]. Homburg!

Prince of Homburg [*takes the pen*]. I hear! What then?

Natalia. My dearest friend.

I prize the impulse that thy heart has felt.

But this I swear to thee: the regiment
 Has had command to face thy grave tomorrow
 With loaded rifles; o'er thy lowered corpse
 To fire the death-salute, thy guilt atoned.
 Canst thou the sentence, noble as thou art,
 Not now refute, not, that it be annulled,
 Perform that which this letter here demands:
 Then I assure thee, he will take his stand
 In grandeur, as the matter lies, and let
 The law, for all his pity, take its course.

Prince of Homburg [*writing*]. All one.

Natalia.

All one?

Prince of Homburg.

Let him act, as he may;

My duty is to act here as I ought.

Natalia [*alarmed, advancing*]. Thou monster, I believe thy word is writ?

Prince of Homburg [*concluding*].

"Homburg; here dated, Fehrbellin, the twelfth —";

My answer's finished. — Franz!

[*He addresses and seals the letter.*]

Natalia.

O God in Heaven!

Prince of Homburg [*rises*]. This letter carry to my lord Elector. [*Exit*
Servant.]

I will not face him, worthy as he stands
 Before me, as a craven worthless wight.
 Guilt rests, most heavy guilt, upon my breast,
 And well do I perceive it; can he but
 Forgive my fault, if this I argue with him,
 Then of his pardon I will ask no grace.

Natalia [*kisses him*]. Then take this kiss! — And though twelve rifle-balls
 Should pierce thee all at once, I could no other
 But shout and weep and say: I like thee so!

ACT V

Scene 7

[*The Elector and other officers. Enter the Prince of Homburg.*]

Elector. My youthful Prince, I call you to assist me!
 For Colonel Kottwitz brings me, in your favor,
 This document: behold it, rows on rows
 Of signatures, a hundred noble names;
 The army craves, it says, your liberation,
 Does not approve the sentence of the law. —

I beg you, read it and inform yourself. [*Gives him the sheet.*]
Prince of Homburg [*after casting a glance at it, turns and looks about him at the officers.*]

Give me thy hand, my Kottwitz, trusty friend!
 Thou dost for me more than the just deserts
 I won in battle. But go swiftly now
 Once more to Arnstein, whence thou hither cam'st,
 Nor stir again; I have bethought myself:
 I will endure the death the law ordains.

[*He hands him the petition.*]

Kottwitz [*taken aback*].

What? Nay, not so, my prince! What, what is this?

Hohenzollern. He wishes death — ?

Count Truchss.

He shall and must not die!

Several Officers [*pressing forward*].

My Lord Elector! My commander! Hear us!

Prince of Homburg. Quiet! 'Tis my unbending will that speaks.

The sacred law of war, which I transgressed
 In sight of all the army, I would fain
 Make glorious by my voluntary death.
 What can the triumph mean to you, my brothers,
 That single paltry one, which I perhaps
 May yet from Wrangel win, compared with that
 Great victory o'er the most destructive
 Of enemies in us, o'er pride and arrogance,
 Superbly won tomorrow? Let him perish,
 The alien who would yoke us to his rule,
 And free, on mother-soil, let Brandenburg
 Maintain his ancient right; for it is his,
 The beauty of its fields blooms but for him.

Kottwitz [*moved*]. My son! My dearest friend! How shall I call thee?

Count Truchss. O God of Hosts!

Kottwitz.

Give me thy hand to kiss.

[*They press about him.*]

Prince of Homburg [*turns to the Elector*].

But thou, my lord, whom by a sweeter name
 I once had called — alas! lost by my fault:
 I lay myself before thee, deeply moved.
 Forgive me, that, in that decisive battle,
 I served thee but with over-hasty zeal:
 Death now shall wash me clean of every fault.
 So to my heart, that reconciled and cheerful
 Submits to thy just sentence, give this comfort,

That in thy breast all anger is appeased:
 And in this parting hour, as pardon's token,
 One favor grant me by thy gracious will.

Elector. Speak, youthful hero. What dost thou desire?

My word I pledge thee and my knightly honor,
 Whate'er it be, thy wish shall be fulfilled.

Prince of Homburg. Buy not, my lord, with thy fair niece's hand
 An empty peace of Gustav Charles. Away
 With yonder go-between from Sweden's camp,
 Who made thee such dishonorable offer:
 Let cannon-balls the fitting answer be!

Elector [*kisses his brow*]. So be it, as thou wilt! And with this kiss
 I do accord this last request to thee.

For what more need of that great sacrifice,
 Wrung from me solely by mischance of war;
 Since out of every word that thou hast spoken
 There grows a force to grind him in the dust!
 Betrothed to Homburg's prince — thus shall I write him —
 Who fell before the law at Fehrbellin,
 'Tis from his shade, that leads my flags to triumph,
 Gustav must win her on the battle-field!

[*He kisses him again and raises him up*].

Prince of Homburg. Behold, now dost thou grant my life indeed!

Now do I pray down every blessing on thee,
 Which, from the throne of clouds, the Seraphim
 Pour forth exulting on the heads of heroes:
 Go forth to war, my lord, and overmaster
 The world that fights thee — for it is thy right.

Elector. Guards, lead the Prince again into his prison.

Scene 8

[*Natalia and the Electress appear in the doorway, followed by ladies of the court*].

Natalia. Let be, O mother! Why prate now of duty?

The highest is to love, at such a moment.

— My dearest, most unhappy friend!

Prince of Homburg [*starting to go*]. Away!

Count Truchss [*hold him*]. It must not be, my Prince.

[*Several officers block his road.*]

Prince of Homburg.

Lead me away.

Hohenzollern. Elector, can thy heart — ?

Prince of Homburg [freeing himself violently]. Ye tyrants, would ye
 Drag me on chains of love to face the block?
 Away — My reckoning with the world is made. [Exit with guard.]
Natalia. [leaning on her aunt's breast].
 O earth, receive me in thy bosom now!
 Why should I longer view the light of day?

Scene 9

Field Marshal. O God in Heaven! And it must come to this!
 [The Elector speaks privately and urgently with an officer.]
Kottwitz [coldly]. My lord and Prince, in view of this event,
 Are we dismissed?
Elector. Not so! Not for the moment.
 I will announce when thou art free to go.
 [He looks fixedly at him for a while; then he takes from the table the papers
 which the page has brought him, and turns to the Field Marshal.]
 Here, take this pass and give it to Count Horn.
 Say that it was my cousin's wish — Prince Homburg's —
 Which to fulfil I feel an obligation:
 In three days let the war begin again.
 [Pause. — He casts a glance at the death sentence.]
 Now, gentlemen, be judge! The Prince of Homburg
 By frivolous defiance, this past year,
 Has turned for me two victories to defeats;
 Likewise a third he gravely jeopardized.
 The schooling of these days now left behind him,
 Would you a fourth time risk him as commander?
Kottwitz and Truchss [together]. What, my adored — my deified — ?
Elector. Would you? Would you?
Kottwitz. Now by the living God,
 Thou mightest stand on ruin's very brink,
 But he, to help thee, bring thee sure salvation,
 Uncalled would not so much as wave his saber!
Elector [tears up the sentence]. Then follow, friends, with me into the
 garden. [All exeunt.]

[Scene: Castle with the terrace that leads down into the garden; as in Act I.
 — It is night again.]

Scene 10

[*The Prince of Homburg, with eyes blindfolded, is led by Major Stranz through the lower garden fence. Officers with the guard. — In the distance one hears the drum-beat of the dead-march.*]

Prince of Homburg. Now, Immortality, thou'rt mine indeed!

Thou shin'st upon me, through my eyes' blindfolding,

With all the thousand radiance of the sun.

I feel the wings grow out of both my shoulders,

Through silent realms of ether floats my soul;

And as a ship, borne on by zephyr's breath,

Beholds the cheerful harbor sink from sight,

Thus in this twilight life for me is setting:

Now I distinguish forms as yet, and colors,

And now beneath me 'tis sheer mist that lies.

[*The Prince sits down upon the bench that is fashioned about the oak-tree in the middle of the space; Major Stranz withdraws from him and looks up the terrace.*]

Prince of Homburg. Ah, sweet the fragrance of dame's violet!

— Dost thou not smell it? [*Stranz returns to him.*]

Stranz.

Pinks and gilly-flowers.

Prince of Homburg. What, gilly-flowers? — From whence?

Stranz.

I cannot say. —

It seems, a maiden had them planted here.

— Wouldst that I pluck a pink for thee?

Prince of Homburg.

Dear fellow! —

At home I'll put it in a water-glass.

Scene 11

The Elector with the laurel-wreath, about which the golden chain is twined, the Electress, Princess Natalia, and many others appear on the terrace of the castle. — Hohenzollern steps to the balustrade with a scarf and waves to Major Stranz; whereupon the latter forsakes the Prince of Homburg and goes to speak with the guard in the background.]

Prince of Homburg. Dear lad, what is this light that shines around?

Stranz [*returns to him*]. My prince, wilt thou be kind enough to rise?

Prince of Homburg. What is it?

Stranz.

Nothing that should cause alarm. —

I would but take the bandage from thine eyes.

Prince of Homburg. It is my suffering's final moment?

Stranz.

Yes! --

All hail and blessing, 'tis thy just desert!

[*The Elector gives the wreath, with the chain pendent from it, to the Princess, takes her by the hand, and leads her down the terrace. Gentlemen and ladies follow. The Princess, surrounded by torches, steps up to the Prince, who rises in astonishment; she places the wreath on his head, puts the chain about his neck, and presses his hand to her heart. The Prince falls in a faint.*]

Natalia. O heaven! Joy has killed him!

Hohenzollern [*catches him up*]. Help, O help!

Elector. The cannon's roar shall bring him back from sleep.

[*Cannon-shots. A march. The castle is illuminated.*]

Kottwitz. Hail, hail the Prince of Homburg!

Officers.

Hail! Hail! Hail!

All. The victor on the field of Fehrbellin! [*Momentary silence.*]

Prince of Homburg. Nay, speak! Is it a dream?

Kottwitz.

A dream, what else?

Officers. To arms! To arms!

Count Truchss.

To fight!

Field Marshal.

And win the day!

All. And down with all the foes of Brandenburg!

FINIS

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL

HEGEL was born at Stuttgart on August 27, 1770, the son of a small government official. The events of his youth and early manhood are thoroughly prosaic, up to the time of his meeting with Schelling. He was sent to the Latin school at the age of five years, and at seven entered the *gymnasium*. His studies in Greek literature made the liveliest possible impression upon his mind. He very early perceived that the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle are the same substantially, both of them reaching to the truth that reason is the absolute, and he later became the interpreter of Greek philosophy in the language of German philosophy, and was able to demonstrate the harmony of the two great streams of human thinking.

At the age of eighteen he entered the University of Tübingen as student of theology. Schelling arrived at the same university two years later, and awakened the more sluggish intellect of Hegel into a new activity. Schelling could pierce at once to the essential necessity of thought. Schooled in the philosophies of Kant and Fichte, Schelling grappled with the fundamental problems of philosophy with as much assurance and familiarity as if they were everyday matters of the university lecture-room, or indeed of the students' boarding-house. Hegel, five years his senior, borrowed courage from Schelling, and commenced anew his studies in philosophy with an entirely different point of view.

Meanwhile the French Revolution had begun, and was now at its height. It was the external counterpart of the Kantian revolution in philosophy. All institutions were attacked by it, in the interest of individual freedom against authority. All over Europe there came to be a feeling that man is the maker of his institutions, and that he can demonstrate this authorship by taking to pieces Church and State, and reconstructing them at pleasure. Kant and Fichte had attacked the problems of philosophy in the same revolutionary spirit. It seemed to them as if they stood, for the first time, face to face with truth. Dogmatic philosophy had not attained truth, but merely likelihood, or opinion. With the newly acquired faculties of higher introspection discovered by Kant, it would be possible now to settle ultimately and finally the attitude of the mind towards fundamental problems of the universe.

These views aroused unbounded enthusiasm. The Germans call this epoch the "Aufklärung" [Enlightenment]. It was a clearing-up such as comes from cutting loose from the past, with a consciousness that the individual commences a new book, with new ideas and with no responsibilities to anything

that has been written before. Hegel had been much interested in Rousseau in his youth, and when the French Revolution came to be discussed all over Europe, he, like most young men of his time, adopted the gospel of liberty, equality, and fraternity as his own. He and Schelling took an active part in a political club founded for the dissemination of French ideas at the University. In the course of a few years, however, he discovered the shallowness of a movement which claims as its chief merit the neglect of the past and the wholesale condemnation of existing institutions. According to the principle of the French Revolution, no sooner has something become an accomplished fact than it becomes a menace to the freedom of the individual; it becomes tyrannical with its authority. Hence, no sooner did the Revolution make a new constitution than it began to amend it; for how could the people retain their consciousness of freedom from authority unless they continually recast their constitutional law? This lesson of the French Revolution made the profoundest impression upon the mind of Hegel, given as he was to looking behind the immediate appearance to the essential form of the deed. He saw at once the irrationality of the Revolution, and compared it to Saturn, who devoured his own offspring. He saw vividly the absurdity of constitutional conventions which are to discover and adopt reasonable foundations, to be followed immediately by new conventions which demolish the reasonable forms adopted by their predecessors. Hegel became conscious of the truth of the conservative principle which aims to build the present upon the past, and to reinforce the insight of the present moment by the reflections of all the rational hours that have gone before.

After two or three years' companionship with Schelling, Hegel, having completed his theological studies at the University, left Jena and became a private tutor in a family in Berne. The three years of tutorship passed in studies on the most difficult problems of all philosophies; namely, the reconciliation of the theoretical and practical sides of life — the relation of intellect to will. At this time, too, Hegel made a more thorough study of the Kantian critiques, and took up Fichte's 'Science of Knowledge,' finding it far more difficult to master than the 'Critique of Pure Reason,' though he obtained some assistance from Schelling. For Schelling hastened to construe the world of nature, *a priori*, by means of transcendental ideas. Self-consciousness revealed the hidden laws and principles implicit in ordinary knowing; and these laws and principles, discovered in the unconscious activity of the mind, were identified by him with the moving forces of nature. He attributed them to "an impersonal reason, a soul of the world." Thus it comes to pass that while Fichte laid the greatest stress on the subjective, the will of the individual, the consciousness of the particular person — that is to say, on the free moral will — Schelling on the other hand emphasized the objective, the unconscious development of nature, and laid great stress on the gradual unfolding of reason in the inorganic world of matter.

There was no necessary incongruity in the two systems. But the one-sidedness due to the intense emphasis given to the opposite poles soon produced a conflict. Fichte subordinated everything else to the moral will, and regarded nature as merely phenomenal and scarcely worthy of man's attention. Schelling, on the other hand, turned to nature and history as unconscious realizations of spirit in time and space, and held them up to view as worthy of all study. They were treated in his philosophy with reverence as Divine incarnations. Fichte slighted time and space, and what they contained. He neglected the forms of matter and the results of history — everything conventional, such institutions, customs, and philosophical systems. The world, in short, was treated somewhat as the French revolutionists treated the past. Schelling, on the other hand, looked upon the world as a revelation of the absolute, and held it sacred, while subjectivity (the ego and its interests) became less important in his eyes; and as a consequence, human aims and endeavors, even moral aims, lost their interest to him. Not so, however, with Hegel. Hegel did not for a moment, while he called himself a disciple of Schelling, fail to see that the moral world is more important than the physical world; although he believed the physical world to be what Schelling claimed for it.

In the midst of these great philosophical movements, Hegel had (in 1797) become a tutor in Frankfort, and had reinforced his insights obtained through the study of Fichte and the explanations of Schelling, by a study of Plato and Sextus Empiricus the sceptic. What was most important, he began to get a new insight into the dialectic which Fichte had set forth in his 'Science of Knowledge' as the strictly scientific form of expounding philosophy. He saw how, in the hands of Plato and Sextus, the negative plays the moving part in developing thought and correcting its imperfections.

In 1801 he returned to Jena, which had become not only a great center of literary activity but the chief center of philosophic activity in the world. Schelling was then lecturing at Jena as *professor extraordinarius*. Hegel began in 1806 to unfold what he called the phenomenology of spirit; by which he meant an exposition of the dialectic by which one's view of the world changes from that of the earliest infancy up to the most complete view to be found in the philosophy and religion of his civilization. He showed how the barest fragments are seized at first as if they were the truth of the whole world; next how these fragments are supplemented and enlarged by further insight, obtained by noticing their dependence on other things and their utter insufficiency by themselves. This work, 'The Phenomenology of Spirit,' published in 1807, remains the most noteworthy exposition of what Hegel calls his dialectic; although in some respects it is amended and made more complete in his larger 'Logic,' published in three volumes, 1812 to 1816.

But in 1803 Hegel had begun to be aware of a growing separation between his view of the world and that of Schelling. He had been substantially at one

with Schelling so long as Schelling held the doctrine that reason, or intelligence and will, is the absolute. This was Schelling's view up to 1801. At that time the idea of polarity became very attractive to him. The phenomenon of the magnet had suggested a symbol by which he could explain human consciousness and the world. We, the conscious human beings, represent one pole of being, the subjective pole; while nature, in time and space, represents the other pole, the objective pole of being. Just as the indifference-point unites the two poles in one magnet, so there is the absolute, which is the indifference-point between the subjective and objective poles of being; namely, between mind and nature: and of course this indifference-point is neither mind nor nature, but a higher principle uniting mind and nature. At this point Schelling very distinctly abandoned the current of European thought from Plato to Fichte, and adopted the Oriental standpoint, as revealed in Hindu philosophy and in the philosophy of the Gnostics and Neo-Platonists. It was a lapse into Orientalism, and if carried out would end in agnosticism, or in the doctrine of the incomprehensibility of the absolute. Another of its consequences would be the impossibility of recognizing morals or ethics in the Divine. Since the absolute would transcend the subjective as well as the objective, it would be something above morals, and consequently it could not be said to have self-activity. Hegel never for one moment assented to this view, but abode by the former attitude of Schelling, making the absolute to be, not an indifference-point, but the perfection of the subjective and objective as a reason whose will is creative, or a reason whose intellect, in the act of knowing, also creates. After 1803, Schelling ought to have seen that his new principle undermined the very possibility of philosophy, and he should have ceased philosophizing; for his absolute, as the indifference-point between reason and nature, proved only an empty unity which did not explain the origin of the polarity from it. The worlds of mind and nature could not be anything but illusions, the *Maya* of the East-Indian thinking. On the other hand, an absolute of reason could explain the rise of antithesis, and could explain also the world of unconscious nature as a progressive development of individuality—a sort of cradle for the development of immortal souls. But Hegel, even in his lectures on the history of philosophy nearly twenty years later, seems to take pleasure in recognizing Schelling as his master. He does not expound the final system as his own, but adopts the philosophy of Schelling as the last contribution to the 'History of Philosophy.'

Hegel's first original work, the 'Phenomenology of Spirit,' finished during the battle of Jena (1806), and published in the following year, may be described as an interpretation of the different standpoints at which the mind arrives, successively, on its way from mere animal sense-perception up to the highest stage of thinking, which sees the world to be a manifestation of Divine reason, and reads its purpose in everything. The book is rather a subjective clearing-up of the contents of his own mind, however, than an objective treatment of the contents of the world, systematically. But the first part

of it has something of a very general character; namely, the exhibition of the dialectic by which sense-perception passes from an immediate knowledge of the here and now, to a knowledge of force, and further on, to the insight that force must in all cases be a fragment of will-activity. This part of the track of development must be common to all peoples who have progressed up to, and beyond, the dynamic view of the world. And again, in the next phase of it, where he develops in order, one after the other, the germs of the several institutions of the social life of man; namely, beginning with slavery, on through the patriarchal despotism, up to free, constitutional forms of government. He shows the rise of the moral idea, first in the mind of the slave who, purified by his own sufferings, learns to see the importance of moral conduct on the part of his master, not only for his own (the slave's) well-being, but also for the accomplishment of anything reasonable by his master himself. This is a key to the explanation of the authorship of *Æsop's Fables*, the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, and the *Hitopadesa*, by slaves. In general, it explains how it is that in Asia, in the realm of arbitrary power and despotism, the moral systems of the world have arisen. It does not indicate any lofty superiority on the part of the Asiatic mind, but rather its backwardness in developing civil institutions such as we enjoy in Roman law, English local self-government, and the American Constitution. Hegel uses this key, not only to explain the history and arrested development of civilization among the Oriental peoples, but to explain the moral ideas of the Stoics, the Sceptics, and the Epicureans.

The first part of the *Phenomenology* treats of consciousness, the second part of self-consciousness, or the arrival at the certainty that a self is behind every total phenomenon, and that the self is an independent, originating being, and therefore morally responsible. He shows how this idea prompts man to a study of nature, with a view to understanding nature as a manifestation or revelation of mind. This is the third study of the *Phenomenology* under the general title of reason. In Hegel's technique, "reason" means the recognition of mind as the outcome of the world-process. Absolute reason is creating individual beings, and endowing them with reason. The world of nature and human history is a process whose object is the development of individuality. Side by side with this theoretical or intellectual side of the recognition of reason Hegel places the actual struggle of the will, and traces its ascent from mere caprice up to the consciousness of laws and obedience to them.

The fourth step of the *Phenomenology* he calls "spirit." It is the consciousness that makes institutions for the establishment and preservation of what is rational in the world. According to Hegel, reason includes the discovery of rational laws in nature and rational laws in human history and development; but in all this the individual acts as individual, and his seeing and knowing is individual. Spirit names the product of society, and not of the mere individual. In social combinations, according to Hegel, there is a higher manifestation of intelligence and will than in the mere individual, and he calls this manifestation

"spirit." Spirit is therefore man acting as a social whole. His insight into this is used as a key to explain the phenomena of his own time, particularly the French Revolution, in its entire cycle from revolt against the State to a restoration of the State under Napoleon.

Hegel closes his *Phenomenology* by a brief study of the nature of religion. He commences with the lowest forms of fetishism and idolatry, and rising through the art religion of the Greeks, comes to a third and highest religion, revealed religion; signifying by the word "revealed," not so much that the Scriptures are divinely inspired, as that they make known a God who reveals himself to men — not an inscrutable God, like that of the pantheistic religions, but a Divine-human God, an absolute, conscious reason, and above all, a moral God. For Hegel finds that the Hebrew insight in the Old Testament reaches by intuition to such a knowledge of the absolute as is presupposed by psychology, by the philosophy of nature, and by the philosophy of history.

Of many things man may be uncertain, but he can be absolutely certain that the fundamental Being in the universe must respect the moral law, otherwise he would destroy his own personality. Having convinced himself of this, Hegel has arrived at his final chapter, absolute knowing, and his "voyage of discovery" is done. He is certain that there must be absolute science, because the highest of religions presupposes this knowledge that the Divine being is ethical, and necessarily possesses goodness and righteousness. Now Hegel is ready to commence on his next work, the *Logic*, which will show how the mind reaches the moral ideal. It is an exploration of the thoughts of the mind which arise in it through its own activity, and not through mere experience. The category of being, for instance, is a category that underlies all experience, and it remains in the mind after having abstracted all that one has learned through each and all his special senses; for all things learned by experience are really qualities of being, but not being itself. So of the categories of negation and of becoming. Such categories as "somewhat," and "other," and "limit," "the finite," "the infinite," and all the other categories of quality; such categories as "quantity," "extensive" and "intensive," and "ratio" — all these categories of quality and quantity form a sort of surface to the thinking mind. Underneath this it thinks categories of "phenomenon and noumenon," categories of "positive and negative," "identity and difference," "force and manifestation," "substance and attribute," "cause and effect" — in short, the world of relativity.

Hegel goes on in his *Logic* to discuss — besides these categories of quality and quantity which belong to immediate being, and which constitute our superficial or surface thinking — the categories of essence, such as cause and effect, which are the chief categories of reflection, or the understanding; and finally comes to a third realm of thinking, which deals with life and mind, showing up the laws of the judgment and syllogism as found in Aristotle's *Logic*, and working out, along lines that Schelling first explored, into the realization of

mind in the mechanism, chemism, and teleology of the world; finally considering the life of animal and plant, and then intellect and will of man, and lastly the union of intellect and will in one being—the being of God, or as Hegel calls it, the “absolute idea.” This absolute idea has the form of perfectly altruistic action. Its Divine occupation is the creating of other beings, and the nurturing of the same up to their immortal individuality.

With the appearance of conscious self-determination in the world, there begins responsibility, and consequently conscious discrimination between evil and righteousness. The institutions of civilization arise in order to conserve the conscious practice of the right and the suppression of evil.

In the ‘Phenomenology’ we find the keys which Hegel applies to the several departments of philosophy; his work after 1807 lay in the lines therein mapped out. While in charge of a classical high school in Nuremberg, he elaborated and published his ‘Science of Logic,’ in three volumes (1812 to 1816). The outline of the ‘Philosophy of Nature’ he published in his ‘Encyclopedia of Philosophical Sciences’ in 1817 at Heidelberg, whither he had gone in October 1816 to assume a professorship in the University. The first volume of the ‘Encyclopedia’ contains a compend of his logic, and the third volume contains the ‘Philosophy of Spirit,’ which is mostly a systematic arrangement of materials to be found in his ‘Phenomenology.’

In October 1818 Hegel became a professor in the University of Berlin, occupying the chair formerly occupied by Fichte. In his Berlin period he elaborated the details of the ‘Philosophy of Spirit,’ and expanded its contents into a large number of volumes. In 1821 he published his ‘Philosophy of Right,’ containing the science of jurisprudence, morals, and politics. In the following years he lectured on the philosophy of history, on the science of the fine arts and poetry, on the philosophy of religion, and on the history of philosophy. His manuscripts were edited by his disciples after his death, additions being made to the manuscripts from the notes of the pupils taken during the lectures. While engaged on a new edition of his complete Logic, having finished the revision of the first volume, he died of cholera, November 14, 1831.

Hegel’s ‘Philosophy of Right’ gives by far the best philosophy of the family, industrial society, political economy, and the State, that has been produced by the Kantian critical school. It contains a brief but very luminous treatise on the science of morals as distinct from ethics in general, which Hegel construes as the science of institutions. Hegel’s ‘Philosophy of Esthetics,’ including the fine arts and poetry, treats of the three epochs of art, symbolic (Oriental), classic (Greek and Roman), and romantic (Christian), as well as the special arts, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. It shows, in accordance with broad principles, how the ideal of the beautiful is realized within the three great epochs of civilization; and gives the student a philosophical basis by which to criticize the merits and defects of each phase of art. It shows also the advantages and the defects of each of the special arts

in revealing the beautiful; architecture having one kind of limitation, sculpture another, painting, music, and poetry still others. If Hegel had left us only this work on the philosophy of art, says Bénard, it would have been sufficient to give him first rank among the thinkers of his century. But this may be truthfully said of four of his other works.

His 'Philosophy of Religion' commences with a discussion of the nature of religion, defining its limitations and showing its central value. The first part of his 'Philosophy of Art,' in the same way, shows the nature of art and its significance. The 'Philosophy of Religion' then proceeds to take up historically the religions of the chief nations, showing the Church from its earliest beginnings to its culmination in Christianity. The 'Philosophy of History' is the central book of this group. It takes up the nations of the world, and analyzes the fundamental idea of the civilization of each; then shows how this idea gets realized in the manners and customs of the people, and especially in their governmental form. He then shows how the colliding elements of this great idea get reconciled and harmonized within the nation itself; and then how it comes into collision with nations outside of it; and finally how it is overcome by the world-historical nation which is to become its successor as leader in civilization. The works on esthetics and religion reinforce the 'Philosophy of History' by showing how the national idea gets realized in the art and literature of the people, and also in its religious creed and methods of worship. It seems to be a tacit conviction of Hegel that in order to seize the truth of the individuality of a nation, and understand its career in the world, you must investigate not only its form of government and its manners and customs, but also its view of the world as found in religion, and its celebration of that view of the world, in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. A mistake in any one of these spheres would get corrected while other spheres are being investigated.

Hegel's 'History of Philosophy' is the most remarkable work of its kind, inasmuch as it has the advantage of the wonderful interpreting power of the master. Many of his pupils have attempted the history of philosophy, and have achieved great success in it, but no success equal to that of Hegel himself. His work is profoundly suggestive. He studies the thought of a nation always in the light of its institutions, its art, its literature, and its religion. By his very method he is protected against attributing to thinkers ideas which could not have arisen in their historical epoch. Hegel has done more than any other thinker to give the student what is called a historical sense, and thus guard him against misinterpreting the earlier forms of ideas for later ones.

In each of these works—the treatises on art, religion, history, and philosophy—the great contrast between Asiatic contributions and those of Europe is brought out with ever-fresh illustrations and profound suggestions. The difference of these two epochs of human history is shown to be the deepest possible. The Oriental thought is not strong enough in its synthetic power to

grasp the idea of an absolute, as an ethical personality, but remains standing at the idea of an empty infinite, devoid of all attributes. This impotency it illustrates in its works of art, its forms of civil government, its religious creeds, and its philosophy. The correspondence between the abstract theories of a civilization and its concrete results is worked out by Hegel so felicitously as to awaken the highest enthusiasm in the intelligent reader.

WILLIAM T. HARRIS

THE GREEK WORLD

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[In explaining the general characteristics of the Greek national mind, Hegel calls attention to the fact that Greek civilization is the first appearance of "spirit" in the world, using the world in the technical sense above described; namely, that it is the first nationality which adopts free institutions, that is to say, institutions which embody reason and are adapted to assist the individual citizen to attain free reasonable action. He uses the expression, "In Greece advancing spirit makes itself the content of its volition and its knowledge;" meaning, as he explains later, that the Greek citizen makes it his personal interest to adopt as his own will the will of the State; for this is the essence of freedom. The individual citizen, too, understands the motive of the State; that is to say, it is not a motive of some mere ruler or tyrant, but the motive that arises in the mind of the individual citizen, as such, and declared by his vote. He contrasts this form of spirit with a further developed one, in which the individual citizen lays less stress upon his individual satisfaction, and looks more to the reasonable result, even if at the cost of his individuality. One of the finest passages in Hegel is the paragraph upon Achilles and Alexander.]

AMONG the Greeks we feel ourselves immediately at home, for we are in the region of Spirit; and though the origin of the nation, as also its philological peculiarities, may be traced farther—even to India—the proper Emergence, the true Palingenesis of Spirit, must be looked for in Greece first. At an earlier stage I compared the Greek world with the period of adolescence; not indeed in *that* sense, that youth bears within it a serious anticipative destiny, and consequently by the very conditions of its culture urges towards [rests on] an ulterior aim—presenting thus an inherently incomplete and immature form, and being then most defective when it would deem itself perfect—but in *that* sense, that youth does not yet present the activity of work, does not yet exert itself for a definite intelligent aim, but rather exhibits a concrete freshness of the soul's life. It appears in the sensuous

actual world as Incarnate Spirit and Spiritualized Sense [*i. e.*, esthetic art], in a unity which owed its origin to Spirit. Greece presents to us the cheerful aspect of youthful freshness, of Spiritual vitality. It is here first that advancing Spirit makes *itself* the content of its volition and its knowledge; but in such a way that State, Family, Law, Religion, are at the same time objects aimed at by individuality, while the latter *is* individuality only in virtue of those aims. The [full-grown] man, on the other hand, devotes his life to labor for an objective aim; which he pursues consistently, even at the cost of his individuality.

The highest form that floated before the Greek imagination was Achilles, the Son of the Poet, the Homeric Youth of the Trojan War. Homer is the element in which the Greek world lives, as man does in the air. The Greek life is a truly youthful achievement. Achilles, the ideal youth of *poetry*, commenced it; Alexander the Great, the ideal youth of *reality*, concluded it. Both appear in contest with Asia: Achilles, as the principal figure in the national expedition of the Greeks against Troy, does not stand at its head, but is subject to the Chief of Chiefs; he cannot be made the leader without becoming a fantastic, untenable conception. On the contrary, the second youth, Alexander — the freest and finest individuality that the real world has ever produced — advances to the head of this youthful life that has now perfected itself, and accomplishes the revenge against Asia.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[After treating Rome as a kingdom and a republic, Hegel takes up, in the chapter on the Roman Empire, the subject of the introduction of Christianity, making one of his profoundest (and obscurest) analyses in his discussion of the doctrine of Christianity as related to the previous standpoints in world history. There is no passage in all his writings more worthy of study than this discussion of the elements of Christianity. It contains one of his best statements of the superiority of those forms of the State, religion, or philosophy, which give the individual independent subsistence, and do not make him a transient wave to be swallowed up by the ocean of being. Hegel has unfolded in the 'Philosophy of Right,' the 'Philosophy of Religion,' and the 'Phenomenology of Spirit,' this insight into the substantial and permanent character of the individual man, who possesses personal immortality. Here he treats of it as the essential element in Christianity, which recognizes individual personality in the absolute, and the reflection of that permanent individuality in human beings. In fact, Hegel sees in the doctrine of the incarnation, cruci-

fixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, the adequate religious statement of this final doctrine of the creation of the individual for immortality and reconciliation with God. It is the doctrine of the divine-human. "The Absolute Object, Truth, is Spirit;" that is to say, the object of God's thinking is man in the highest institutional form, called in revelation the "invisible Church" or the "City of God." This, however, is not only the object of God's consciousness, but also of man's as a member of the invisible Church; and thus, as Hegel goes on to say, man realizes that the essential being of the world is his own essential being, and thus he removes its mere objectivity, its existence as an alien being outside of himself, which he adopts merely on external authority, and thus comes to make it internal, subjective, seeing its truth by his own insight and not on mere hearsay.]

IT has been remarked that Cæsar inaugurated the Modern World on the side of *reality*, while its spiritual and inward existence was unfolded under Augustus. At the beginning of that empire whose principle we have recognized as finiteness and particular subjectivity exaggerated to infinitude, the salvation of the World had its birth in the same principle of subjectivity — *viz.*, as a *particular person*, in abstract subjectivity, but in such a way that conversely, finiteness is only the *form* of his appearance, while infinity and absolutely independent existence constitute the essence and substantial being which it embodies. The Roman World as it has been described — in its desperate condition and the pain of abandonment by God — came to an open rupture with reality, and made prominent the general desire for a satisfaction such as can only be attained in "the inner man," the Soul — thus preparing the ground for a higher Spiritual World. Rome was the Fate that crushed down the gods and all genial life in its hard service, while it was the power that purified the human heart from all speciality. Its entire condition is therefore analogous to a place of birth, and its pain is like the travail-throes of another and higher Spirit, which manifested itself in connection with the *Christian Religion*. This higher Spirit involves the reconciliation and emancipation of Spirit; while man obtains the consciousness of Spirit in its universality and infinity. The Absolute Object, *Truth*, is Spirit; and as man himself is Spirit, he is present [is mirrored] to himself in that object, and thus in his Absolute Object has found Essential Being and *his own* essential being. But in order that the objectivity of Essential Being may be done away with, and Spirit be no longer alien to itself — may be *with* itself [self-harmonized] — the Naturalness of Spirit, that in virtue of which man is a special empirical existence, must be removed; so that the alien element may be destroyed, and the reconciliation of Spirit be accomplished.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[Hegel goes on to show the significance of the doctrine of the Trinity, as a symbol of this deep truth. He discusses the appearance of concrete subjective caprice in the Greek national mind, and the abstract subjective mind in the Roman national mind, especially in the right of private property, in goods and chattels, and in land—a right which realized for the citizen a sphere of free individuality.]

GOD is thus recognized as *Spirit* only when known as the Triune. This new principle is the axis on which the History of the World turns. This is *the goal and starting-point* of History. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent his Son," is the statement of the Bible. This means nothing else than that *self-consciousness* had reached the phases of development [*momente*] whose resultant constitutes the Idea of Spirit, and had come to feel the necessity of comprehending those phases absolutely. This must now be more fully explained. We said of the Greeks, that the law for their Spirit was "Man, know thyself." The Greek Spirit was a consciousness of Spirit, but under a limited form, having the element of Nature as an essential ingredient. Spirit may have had the upper hand, but the unity of the superior and the subordinate was itself still Natural. Spirit appeared as specialized in the idiosyncrasies of the genius of the several Greek nationalities and of their divinities, and was represented by *Art*, in whose sphere the Sensuous is elevated only to the middle ground of beautiful form and shape, but not to pure Thought. The element of Subjectivity that was wanting in the Greeks we found among the Romans; but as it was merely formal and in itself indefinite, it took its material from passion and caprice;—even the most shameful degradations could be here connected with a divine dread [*vide* the declaration of Hispala respecting the Bacchanalia, Livy xxxix, 13]. This element of subjectivity is afterwards further realized as Personality of Individuals—a realization which is exactly adequate to the principle, and is equally abstract and formal. As such an Ego [such a personality], I am infinite to myself, and my phenomenal existence consists in the property recognized as mine, and the recognition of my personality. This inner existence goes no further; all the applications of the principle merge in this. Individuals are thereby posited as atoms; but they are at the same time subject to the severe rule of the *One*, which, as *monas monadum*, is a power over private persons [the connection between the ruler and the ruled is not mediated by the claim of Divine or of Constitutional Right, or any general principle, but is direct and individual, the Emperor being the immediate lord of each

subject in the Empire]. That Private Right is therefore, *ipso facto*, a nullity, an ignoring of the personality; and the supposed condition of Right turns out to be an absolute destitution of it. This contradiction is the misery of the Roman World.

THE NATURE OF EVIL

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[This free individuality, founded on the ownership of property, was not balanced by a freedom in the Roman imperial government. In relation to the Emperor everything was uncertain. All the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa were brought under the yoke of the Roman law. Deprived of his local religion, of his local rulers, and of all his special aims, Rome and the Roman Empire were placed before man as supreme object of his will, and there arose a feeling of longing, an unsatisfied aspiration. Hegel compares this feeling to that expressed in the Psalms of David and in the Prophets. This is a remarkable commentary on the expression, "The fullness of time was come." He makes a discrimination between the consciousness of sin revealed in the Old Testament, and the shallow idea of error or evil, giving a profound significance to the idea of the Fall.]

THE higher condition in which the soul itself feels pain and longing — in which man is not only "drawn," but feels that the drawing is into himself [into his own inmost nature] — is still absent. What has been reflection on our part must arise in the mind of the subject of this discipline in the form of a consciousness that in himself he is miserable and null. Outward suffering must, as already said, be merged in a sorrow of the inner man. He must feel himself as the negation of himself; he must see that his misery is the misery of his nature — that he is in himself a divided and discordant being. This state of mind, this self-chastening, this pain occasioned by our individual nothingness — the wretchedness of our [isolated] self, and the longing to transcend this condition of soul — must be looked for elsewhere than in the properly Roman World. It is this which gives to the *Jewish People* their World-Historical importance and weight; for from this state of mind arose that higher phase in which Spirit came to absolute self-consciousness — passing from that alien form of being which is its discord and pain, and mirroring itself in its own essence. The state of feeling in question we find expressed most purely and beautifully in the Psalms of David, and in the Prophets; the chief burden of whose utterances is the thirst of the soul after God; its profound sorrow for its transgressions, the desire for righteousness and holiness. Of this Spirit we have the mythical

representation at the very beginning of the Jewish canonical books, in the account of the Fall. Man, created in the image of God, lost, it is said, his state of absolute contentment, by eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Sin consists here only in Knowledge; this is the sinful element, and by it man is stated to have trifled away his Natural happiness. This is a deep truth, that evil lies in consciousness: for the brutes are neither evil nor good; the merely Natural Man quite as little. Consciousness occasions the separation of the Ego, in its boundless freedom as arbitrary choice, from the pure essence of the Will — *i. e.*, from the Good. Knowledge, as the disannulling of the unity of mere Nature, is the "Fall"; which is no casual conception, but the eternal history of Spirit. For the state of innocence, the paradisiacal condition, is that of the brute. Paradise is a park, where only brutes, not men, can remain. For the brute is one with God only implicitly [not consciously]. Only Man's Spirit [that is] has a self-cognizant existence. This existence for self, this consciousness, is at the same time separation from the Universal and Divine Spirit. If I hold in my abstract Freedom, in contraposition to the Good, I adopt the standpoint of Evil.

THE GRIMM BROTHERS

JAKOB and Wilhelm Grimm, whose names are inseparably connected in the history of German antiquities, philology, and literature, were the oldest sons of a petty official then stationed at Hanau in Hesse-Cassel. Their father died in 1796 when they were eleven and ten years old, but though poor, they were able to study law at the University of Marburg, where Professor Savigny gave them their first inspiration and directed their minds to early German literature and institutions. After their graduation, both were connected with the Library at Cassel; which post they left in 1828 for the University Library at Göttingen, where Jakob also lectured, until they were ejected from office for a manly protest (1837) against the broken pledges of the King of Hanover. "With no desire of applause, or fear of blame when he had acted as he must" — words that show his whole character — Jakob withdrew with his brother to Cassel, and thence in 1840 to Berlin, where they had been appointed professors and members of the Academy. Here they passed a life of tireless investigation, interrupted only by Jakob's brief and not very happy share in the National Assembly at Frankfort in 1848. Here they died (in 1863 and 1859, respectively) and here they were buried, as they had lived, together. The brothers had passed their whole lives in common labor, of which the elder thus spoke in a memorial oration: —

"In the slow-gliding school years, one bed and one study held us. There we sat working at the same table, and afterwards in our student years two beds and two tables stood in the same room; in later life, still two tables in the same room; and at last, to the very end, two rooms beside one another, always under one roof, in undisturbed and untroubled community of our money, and books, except for a few that each must have immediately at hand, and which were therefore bought in duplicate; and so also our last beds will be laid, it seems, close by one another. Let one consider, then, whether in speaking of him I can avoid speaking of myself." (*Minor Writings*, i. 166.)

Their work may be treated as a unit, though Jakob's was the most dominant spirit. He had an "iron industry," a clear vision, an unfailing cheerfulness in labor. His style has a peculiar rugged earnestness. It is not unpolished, but picturesque and full of a woodland savor; while Wilhelm had a frailer constitution and a gentler nature, that showed itself in the graceful naïveté of those legends and tales to which he gave literary form.

The genius of their common studies was a noble patriotism. One could say of both what Jakob said of himself, that nearly all their labors were "directed to the investigation of early German language, laws, and poetry"; labors

which might seem useless to some, but were to them "inseparably connected with the Fatherland, and calculated to foster the love of it." Again, he says, "I strove to penetrate into the wild forests of our ancestors, listening to their noble language, watching their pure customs," recognizing their "ancient freedom and their rational and hearty faith."

These labors took the form of studies in early law, mythology, and legends ('Sagen' or Legends: 1816; revised 1868), essays on old German poetry ('Altdeutscher Meistergesang': 1811), and in numerous editions of old German, Danish, Norse, and English texts. Most important to the scientific world, however, were the German Grammar and Dictionary, perhaps the most vast undertaking of modern philologists. But monumental as these works are, they belong only indirectly to literature. On the other hand, all the world knows the brothers for their 'Household Tales' (1812-1815), and often for these alone. They were meant for a contribution to folk-lore, as may be seen from the volume of notes that accompany them, of which the extracts that follow contain two specimens. But in a single generation they became one of the most popular books of the world; they were translated into every civilized tongue, and may be found today tattered and worn in a million nurseries, but never outworn in the hearts of Nature's children. Artists like Walter Crane illustrated them, critics like Andrew Lang introduced them to English readers, noteworthy German scholars and critics—Scherer, Curtius, Berndt—bestowed on them the tribute of learning. They show literature evolving, like some natural growth, from the hearts of the common people.

BENJAMIN W. WELLS

LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE

From 'Household Tales'

LONG ago there was a king and a queen. They said every day, "Oh, if we only had a child!" and still they never got one. Then it happened when once the queen was bathing, that a frog crept ashore out of the water, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled. Before a year passes you shall bring a daughter into the world."

What the frog said, happened, and the queen had a little girl that was so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and made a great feast. He invited not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be gracious and kind to the child. Now, there were thirteen of them in his kingdom; but because he had only twelve gold plates for them to eat from, one of them had to stay at home. The feast was splendidly celebrated, and when it was over the wise women gave the child their wonderful gifts. One gave her virtue, another beauty, another wealth,

and so with everything that people want in the world. But when eleven had spoken, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wished to avenge herself, because she had not been asked; and without greeting or looking at any one, she cried out, "In her fifteenth year the king's daughter shall wound herself on a spindle, and fall down dead." And without saying another word, she turned around and left the hall. All were frightened. When the twelfth came up, who had her wish still to give, since she could not remove the sentence but only soften it, she said: "Yet it shall not be a real death, but only a hundred years' deep sleep, into which the king's daughter shall fall."

The king, who wanted to save his dear child from harm, sent out an order that all the spindles in the kingdom should be burned. But in the girl the gifts of the wise women were all fulfilled; for she was so beautiful, good, kind, and sensible, that nobody who saw her could help loving her. It happened that just on the day when she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and the little girl was left quite alone in the castle. Then she went wherever she pleased, looked in the rooms and chambers, and at last she got to an old tower. She went up the narrow winding stairs, and came to a little door. In the keyhole was a rusty key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, and spun busily her flax. "Good-day, Aunty," said the king's daughter: "what are you doing there?" "I am spinning," said the old woman, and nodded. "What sort of a thing is that that jumps about so gayly?" said the girl. She took the spindle and wanted to spin too. But she had hardly touched the spindle before the spell was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.

At the instant she felt the prick she fell down on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep spread over all the castle. The king and queen, who had just come home and entered the hall, began to go to sleep, and all the courtiers with them. The horses went to sleep in the stalls, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall, yes, the fire that was flickering on the hearth grew still and went to sleep. And the roast meat stopped sputtering, and the cook, who was going to take the cook-boy by the hair because he had forgotten something, let him go, and slept. And the wind was still, and no leaf stirred in the trees by the castle.

But all around the castle a hedge of briars grew, that got higher every year and at last surrounded the whole castle and grew up over it, so that nothing more could be seen of it, not even the flag on the roof. But the story went about in the country of the beautiful sleeping Briar-Rose (for so the king's daughter was called); so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to get through the hedge into the castle. But they could not; for the briars, as though they had hands, clung fast together, and the young men, stuck fast in them, could not get out again, and died a wretched death. After long, long years, there came again a king's son to that country, and heard how an old man told about the briar hedge; that there was a castle be-

hind it, in which a wonderfully beautiful king's daughter called Briar-Rose had been sleeping for a hundred years, and that the king and the queen and all the court were sleeping with her. He knew too from his grandfather that many kings' sons had already come and tried to get through the briar hedge, but had all been caught in it and died a sad death. Then the young man said, "I am not afraid. I will go and see the beautiful Briar-Rose." The good old man might warn him as much as he pleased: he did not listen to his words.

But now the hundred years were just passed, and the day was come when Briar-Rose was to wake again. So when the king's son went up to the briars, they were just great beautiful flowers that opened of their own accord and let him through unhurt; and behind him they closed together as a hedge again. In the yard he saw the horses and the mottled hounds lying and sleeping; on the roof perched the doves, their heads stuck under their wings; and when he came into the house the flies were sleeping on the wall, in the kitchen the cook still held up his hand as though to grab the boy, and the maid was sitting before the black hen that was to be plucked. Then he went farther, and in the hall he saw all the courtiers lying and sleeping, and upon their throne lay the king and the queen. Then he went farther, and all was so still that you could hear yourself breathe; and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where Briar-Rose was sleeping. There she lay, and she was so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her; and he bent down and gave her a kiss. But just as he touched her with the kiss, Briar-Rose opened her eyes, awoke, and looked at him very kindly. Then they went down-stairs together; and the king awoke, and the queen, and all the courtiers, and made great eyes at one another. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang about and wagged their tails, the doves on the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked around and flew into the field, the flies on the wall went on crawling, the fire in the kitchen started up, and blazed and cooked the dinner, the roast began to sputter again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid finished plucking the hen. Then the wedding of the king's son with Briar-Rose was splendidly celebrated, and they lived happy till their lives' end.

NOTE BY THE GRIMMS — From Hesse. The maid who sleeps in the castle, surrounded by a hedge until the right prince releases her, before whom the flowers part, is the sleeping Brunhild, according to the old Norse saga, whom a wall of flame surrounds which Sigurd alone can penetrate to wake her. The spindle on which she pricks herself, and from which she falls asleep, is the slumber thorn with which Odin pricks Brunhild. In the *Pentameron* it is a flax-root. In Perrault, 'La Belle au Bois Dormant.' Similar is the sleep of "Schneewittchen." The Italian and French stories both have the conclusion that is wanting in the German, but occurs in our fragment 'Of the Wicked Stepmother.' It is noteworthy that in the important deviations of Perrault from

Basile (who alone preserves the pretty trait that the nursling sucks the bit of flax from the finger of the sleeping mother), both agree so far as to the names of the children that the twins in the Pentameron are called Sun and Moon; in Perrault, Day and Dawn. These names recall the compounds of Day, Sun, and Moon, in the genealogy of the 'Edda.'

THE THREE SPINNERS

From the 'Household Tales'

THERE was a lazy girl who would not spin; and her mother might say what she would, she could not make her do it. At last anger and impatience overcame the mother so that she struck the girl, and at that she began to cry aloud. Now, the queen was just driving by, and when she heard the crying she had the carriage stop, went into the house, and asked the mother why she beat her daughter so that one could hear the crying out on the street? Then the woman was ashamed to confess the laziness of her daughter, and said, "I cannot keep her from spinning. She wants to spin all the time, and I am poor and can't get the flax." Then the queen answered, "There is nothing I like to hear so much as spinning, and I am never happier than when the wheels hum. Let me take your daughter to the castle. I have flax enough. There she shall spin as much as she will."

The mother was well pleased at it, and the queen took the girl with her. When they came to the castle she took her up to three rooms, which lay from top to bottom full of the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," said she; "and if you finish it you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Though you are poor, I don't mind that: your cheerful diligence is dowry enough." The girl was secretly frightened; for she could not have spun the flax if she had lived three hundred years, and had sat at it every day from morning till evening. When she was alone she began to cry, and sat so three days without lifting a hand. On the third day the queen came, and when she saw that nothing was spun yet she was surprised; but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. The queen was satisfied with that, but she said as she went away, "Tomorrow you must begin to work."

When the girl was alone again she did not know what to think or to do; and in her trouble she went up to the window, and there she saw three women coming along. The first had a broad paddle-foot, the second had such a big underlip that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a broad thumb. They stopped before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was the matter. She told them her trouble. Then they offered her their help and said, "If you

will invite us to your wedding, not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and seat us at your table too, then we will spin your flax up, and that quickly." "Gladly," said she: "come in and set to work immediately." So she let the three queer women in, and cleared a little space in the first room, where they could sit down and begin their spinning. One of them drew the thread and trod the wheel, the second wet the thread, the third twisted it and struck with her finger on the table; and as often as she struck, a skein of yarn fell to the floor, and it was of the finest. She hid the three spinners from the queen, and showed her as often as she came the pile of spun yarn, so that the queen could not praise her enough. When the first room was empty, they began on the second, and then on the third, and that was soon cleared up too. Now the three women took their leave, and said to the girl, "Do not forget what you promised us. It will be your good fortune."

When the girl showed the queen the empty rooms and the great heap of yarn, she prepared for the wedding; and the bridegroom was delighted to get such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her very much. "I have three cousins," said the girl; "and since they have been very kind to me, I should not like to forget them in my happiness. Permit me to invite them to the wedding and to have them sit with me at the table." The queen and the bridegroom said, "Why should not we permit it?" Now when the feast began, the three women came in queer dress, and the bride said, "Welcome, dear cousins." "Oh!" said the bridegroom: "how did you get such ill-favored friends?" Then he went to the one with the broad paddle-foot and asked, "Where *did* you get such a broad foot?" "From the treadle," she answered, "from the treadle." Then the bridegroom went to the second and said, "Where *did* you get that hanging lip?" "From wetting yarn," she answered, "from wetting yarn." Then he asked the third, "Where *did* you get the broad thumb?" "From twisting thread," she answered, "from twisting thread." Then the king's son was frightened and said, "Then my fair bride shall never, never touch a spinning-wheel again." And so she was rid of the horrid spinning.

NOTE BY THE GRIMMS — From a tale from the duchy of Corvei; but that there are three women, each with a peculiar fault due to spinning, is taken from a Hessian story. In the former they are two very old women, who have grown so broad by sitting that they can hardly get into the room; from wetting the thread they had thick lips; and from pulling and drawing it, ugly fingers and broad thumbs. The Hessian story begins differently, too; namely, that a king liked nothing better than spinning, and so, at his farewell before a journey, left his daughters a great chest of flax that was to be spun on his return. To relieve them, the queen invited the three deformed women and put them before the king's eyes on his return. Prätorius in his 'Glückstopf' (pp. 404-406) tells the story thus: A mother cannot make her daughter spin, and so

often beats her. A man who happens to see it, asks what it means. The mother answers, "I cannot keep her from spinning. She spins more flax than I can buy." The man answers, "Then give her to me for wife. I shall be satisfied with her cheerful diligence, though she brings no dowry." The mother is delighted, and the bridegroom brings the bride immediately a great provision of flax. She is secretly frightened, but accepts it, puts it in her room, and considers what she shall do. Then three women come to the window, one so broad from sitting that she cannot get in at the door, the second with an immense nose, the third with a broad thumb. They offer their services and promise to spin the task if the bride on her wedding-day will not be ashamed of them, will proclaim them her cousins and set them at her table. She consents; they spin up the flax, and the lover praises his betrothed. When now the wedding-day comes, the three horrid women present themselves. The bride does them honor, and calls them cousins. The bridegroom is surprised, and asks how she comes by such ill-favored friends. "Oh!" said the bride, "it's by spinning that they have become so deformed. One has such a broad back from sitting, the second has licked her mouth quite off — therefore her nose stands out so — and the third has twisted thread so much with her thumb." Then the bridegroom was troubled, and said to the bride she should never spin another thread as long as she lived, that she might not become such a monstrosity.

A third tale from the 'Oberlausitz,' by Th. Pescheck, is in Büsching's Weekly News. It agrees in general with Prætorius. One of the three old women has sore eyes because the impurities of the flax have got into them, the second has a mouth from ear to ear on account of wetting thread, the third is fat and clumsy by much sitting at the spinning-wheel. A part of the story is in Norwegian in Asbjørnsen, and in Swedish in Cavallius. Mademoiselle L'Heretier's 'Ricdin-Ricdon' agrees in the introduction, and the *sette colenelle* of the Pentameron is also connected with this tale.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

SCHOPENHAUER enjoys a unique distinction among the great philosophers of the modern world. Apart from the extraordinary powers of analysis that make him so important a factor in the development of philosophical thought, he possesses a literary quality quite unexampled among the metaphysical writers of modern times, and must be reckoned with as a man of letters no less than as a thinker. The world of his thought lies before the reader as a fair sunlit meadow; and offers an enticing prospect to the traveler who has been toiling through the rugged ways of the Kantian categories, or the morass of the Hegelian logic. He not only has a definite set of ideas, deeply conceived and organically united, to present to his students, but he has clothed them in a verbal garb that makes metaphysics, for once, easy reading, and is perhaps too alluring to do the best possible service to exact thought. His clear, rich, and allusive style makes him one of the greatest masters of German prose; while of his chief philosophical work it is hardly too much to say, with Professor Royce, that it "is in form the most artistic philosophical treatise in existence," unless we hark back to Plato himself.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born in Danzig, February 22, 1788. His father was a merchant in prosperous circumstances; his mother was a brilliant woman, who afterwards became a novelist of some repute and a leader in the social life of Weimar. In 1793 Danzig lost its rank as a free city, being absorbed by Prussia; whereupon the Schopenhauers removed to Hamburg. Arthur tried to follow the parental wishes in adopting a mercantile life; but the death of his father in 1805 changed these plans. The boy then determined to study the classics and work for a degree. He prepared himself at Gotha and Weimar, and entered the University of Göttingen in 1809. Here he studied for two years, then at Berlin; and then, in 1813, seeking to escape from the turmoil of warfare, he went first to Dresden, and afterwards to Rudolstadt, where he worked upon the dissertation which obtained for him, in the autumn of 1813, his degree at the University of Jena. This dissertation — which occupies an important place among his writings, because it contains the germ of his subsequent thinking — was entitled 'Über die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichenden Grunde' [The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason]. The mind is constantly asking, Why is this or that thing so? Why does that stone fall to the earth? Why must a given judgment be either true or not true? Why are equilateral triangles equiangular? Why do I raise my hand when threatened by a blow? For each of these things there is a sufficient reason; but the reasons are not of the same sort. In the first case there is a physi-

cal cause, in the second a logical consequence, in the third the datum of the problem necessitates the conclusion, while in the fourth the will offers the immediate explanation. These cases are perhaps but four aspects of one general principle; but as Schopenhauer pointed out, much confusion may result from a failure to distinguish clearly between them, and a "cause" may be a very different thing from a "because."

The four years 1814-18 were spent in Dresden, devoted chiefly to the composition of the philosopher's *magnum opus*, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' [The World as Will and Idea], which was turned over to his publisher in the spring of 1818. Without waiting for its appearance the author hastened to Italy, carrying with him the conviction that he had given to the world its first true and all-embracing system of philosophy; that he and he alone, at the age of thirty, had unraveled "the master-knot of human fate," and given their final solution to the problems that had been attempted by all the long line of philosophers from "Plato the Divine" to "Kant the Astounding." But before attempting a characterization of this masterpiece of philosophical thought, the history of the forty or more years remaining to him may be briefly set forth. The Italian journey filled two years. In 1820 he returned to Germany, lectured at Berlin, and waited in vain for the recognition that he felt to be his due. Another Italian journey followed; then a period of several years passed mainly in Berlin, until that city was threatened with cholera in 1831, and Schopenhauer fled to a safer place. He finally settled upon Frankfurt, where the remainder of his life was spent; where his temper gradually mellowed as time brought to him his long-delayed desert of fame; and where he died September 20, 1860. His body lies in the Friedhof of the old city on the Main, beneath a simple block of dark granite, upon which his name alone is engraved.

'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' is, as the preface declares, the expression of a single thought; and it may be added that all of Schopenhauer's subsequent writings are but further illustrations and amplifications of that thought. The work is divided into four books. The first, accepting as irrefragable the essential conclusions of the Kantian analysis of consciousness, discusses the world as Idea or Representation [Vorstellung]. It fuses into one transparent whole the body of ideas that trace their lineage through Hobbes, Locke, and Berkeley to Kant; and shows how this so real world that we know, as presented to our senses, and built upon into a self-consistent and harmonious structure by the acts of perception, conception, and reflection, must be viewed by the philosophical mind, after all, as but the Object with which the individual Subject is correlated, and can have no independent existence of its own in any way resembling the existence which it appears to have in our consciousness. For it is a world which lies in space and time, and is bound by the law of causality; and these things, as Kant once for all demonstrated, are but the forms of the intellect, the conditions which the Subject imposes upon what-

ever existence *per se* may turn out to be. It will thus be seen that there is nothing particularly novel in the first book; it is in the second that Schopenhauer makes his own most significant contribution to philosophy. For in this second book the question becomes, What is the "Ding an Sich" [Thing-in-Itself] before which the Kantian analysis halted? What is the world, not as it appears to us, but in its innermost essence? It cannot be a world of space and time and causality, since they are only the forms of thought in which the Subject clothes the Object. The answer to this deepest of all problems must be sought by an interrogation of the consciousness. What is, apart from my sensation and my thinking, the very kernel of my being? Schopenhauer triumphantly replies, "The Will." Not the will in the narrow sense — the mere culmination of the conscious process which begins with sensation and ends with rational action — but the will in the broader sense of a blind striving for existence; the power one and indivisible which asserts itself in our activity as a whole rather than in our separate acts, and not only in us, where it is in a measure lighted up by conscious intelligence, but in all the inanimate world, made one with ourselves by this transcendental synthesis. The stone that falls to earth, the crystal that grows from its solution, the flower that turns toward the sun, and the man who leads an army to victory, are all manifestations of the world-will; separate manifestations they seem to us, but in reality the same thing, for the Will knows nothing of space or time.

In the third book, we return to the World as Idea, led this time by the guiding hand of Plato. The Will, in its creation of the World as Idea, objectifies itself in a succession of archetypal forms, ranging from the lowest, the forms of crude matter, to the highest, man. Plato discerned this truth, and set it forth in his doctrine of ideas. This doctrine of archetypal forms leads the way to a philosophy of art, which is indeed the chief subject-matter of the third book. The artist is the one who perceives the idea that nature stammers in trying to express, and who holds it up for the admiration of mankind. Thus art is necessarily ideal in a literal sense and an improvement upon nature. Moreover, in man's contemplation of the eternal idea as revealed by art he finds a temporary escape from the world of will, and knows now and then an hour of happiness. In the passionless calm of contemplation he forgets the miseries to which he is bound as the objectification of will, and is in a measure freed from the bondage of self. It is the object of the fourth book to show how this temporary freedom may become a final release. For the will, unconscious in its lower manifestations, has provided for itself in man the lamp of intelligence, whereby it may come to discern its own nature and the hopelessness of its strivings. In man alone the will, having risen to the full height of conscious power, is confronted with a momentous choice: it may affirm itself, may will to go on with the hopeless endeavor to pluck happiness from the tree of life; or it may, recognizing the futility of all such endeavor, deny itself, as with the Indian ascetic, and sink into Nirvana. Here we have manifest the

powerful influence which the sacred books of India had upon Schopenhauer's thinking, an influence as great as that of either Plato or Kant. And allied with this doctrine is his theory of ethics, which bases all right conduct upon the individual's recognition, dim or clear in various degrees, of the essential oneness of things; which finds in the illusive veil of Maya a figurative foreshadowing of the Kantian transcendentalism; and which discovers the deepest word of human wisdom in the reiterated formula, "Tat twam asi," "This art thou," of the 'Upanishads.'

A second edition of 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' was called for in 1844, a third in 1859. In these editions the original work grew to more than double its earlier dimensions; but the added matter did not mar the symmetrical structure of the treatise first published, since it was relegated to a stout supplementary volume. Schopenhauer's other works, all of which may be regarded as ancillary to this one, include 'Über den Willen in der Natur' [The Will in Nature] (1836); 'Die beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik' [The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics] (1841); and the two volumes of miscellaneous papers pedantically entitled 'Parerga und Paralipomena' (1851). The public, which had fought shy of the systematic exposition of his philosophy, was attracted by these miscellaneous papers, so piquant, so suggestive, so reflective of a strong literary personality; and through the side-lights which the 'Parerga' cast upon the philosopher's more solid works, were led to take up the latter, and discover what a treasure it was that had so long been neglected. This tardy recognition was grateful to Schopenhauer, who had never lost faith in the enduring character of his work, and in the devotion of whose laborious days there had been mingled not a little of "the last infirmity of noble mind." It is pleasant to think of this Indian Summer of fame that came to the Sage of Frankfort during the ten years before his death in 1860; pleasant also to know that when at last his work was finished, he passed painlessly away, assured that the world would not forget what he had done.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

ON BOOKS AND READING

IT is in literature as in life: wherever you turn, you stumble at once upon the incorrigible mob of humanity, swarming in all directions, crowding and soiling everything, like flies in summer. Hence the number, which no man can count, of bad books; those rank weeds of literature, which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money, and attention of the public, which rightfully belong to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money or procuring places. So they are not only useless: they do positive mischief.

Nine tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher, and reviewer are in league.

Let me mention a crafty and wicked trick, albeit a profitable and successful one, practised by *littérateurs*, hack writers, and voluminous authors. In complete disregard of good taste and the true culture of the period, they have succeeded in getting the whole of the world of fashion into leading-strings, so that they are all trained to read in time, and all the same thing, *viz.*, *the newest books*; and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who were once celebrated—as Spindler, Bulwer-Lytton, Eugène Sue. What can be more miserable than the lot of a reading public like this—always bound to peruse the latest works of extremely commonplace persons who write for money only, and who are therefore never few in number? And for this advantage they are content to know by name only the works of the few superior minds of all ages and all countries. Literary newspapers too are a singularly cunning device for robbing the reading public of the time which, if culture is to be attained, should be devoted to the genuine productions of literature, instead of being occupied by the daily bungling of commonplace persons.

Hence, in regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain. Skill in doing so consists in not taking into one's hands any book merely because at the time it happens to be extensively read—such as political or religious pamphlets, novels, poetry, and the like, which make a noise, and may even attain to several editions in the first and last year of their existence. Consider, rather, that the man who writes for fools is always sure of a large audience; be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries who o'ertop the rest of humanity—those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct. You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much. Bad books are intellectual poison: they destroy the mind. Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

There are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other: the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry: its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow, and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by people who live *on* science or poetry: it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelvemonth puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? Where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other permanent literature.

ON CRITICISM

THE source of all pleasure and delight is the feeling of kinship. Even with the sense of beauty, it is unquestionably our own species in the animal world, and then again our own race, that appears to us the fairest. So too in intercourse with others: every man shows a decided preference for those who resemble him; and a blockhead will find the society of another blockhead incomparably more pleasant than that of any number of great minds put together. Every man must necessarily take his chief pleasure in his own work, because it is the mirror of his own mind—the echo of his own thought; and next in order will come the work of people like him. That is to say, a dull, shallow, and perverse man, a dealer in mere words, will give his sincere and hearty applause only to that which is dull, shallow, perverse, or merely verbose: on the other hand, he will allow merit to the work of great minds only on the score of authority—in other words, because he is ashamed to speak his opinion, for in reality they give him no pleasure at all; they do not appeal to him—nay, they repel him: and he will not confess this even to himself. The works of genius cannot be fully enjoyed except by those who are themselves of the privileged order. The first recognition of them, however, when they exist without authority to support them, demands considerable superiority of mind.

When the reader takes all this into consideration, he should be surprised, not that great work is so late in winning reputation, but that it wins it at all. And as a matter of fact, fame comes only by a slow and complex process. The stupid person is by degrees forced, and as it were tamed, into recognizing the superiority of one who stands immediately above him; this one in his turn bows before some one else; and so it goes on until the weight of the votes gradually prevails over their number: and this is just the condition of all genuine—in other words, deserved—fame. But until then, the greatest genius, even after he has passed his time of trial, stands like a king amidst a crowd of his own subjects who do not know him by sight, and therefore will not do his behests, unless indeed his chief ministers of state are in his train. For no subordinate official can be the direct recipient of the royal commands, as he knows only the signature of his immediate superior; and this is repeated all the way up into the highest ranks, where the under-secretary attests the minister's signature, and the minister that of the king. There are analogous stages to be passed before a genius can attain wide-spread fame. This is why his reputation most easily comes to a standstill at the very outset—because the highest authorities, of whom there can be but few, are most frequently not to be found; but the farther down he goes in the scale, the more numerous are those who take the word from above, so that his fame is no more arrested.

We must console ourselves for this state of things by reflecting that it is really fortunate that the greater number of men do not form a judgment on their own responsibility, but merely take it on authority. For what sort of criticism should we have on Plato and Kant, Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe, if every man were to form his opinion by what he really has and enjoys of these writers, instead of being forced by authority to speak of them in a fit and proper way, however little he may really feel what he says? Unless something of this kind took place, it would be impossible for true merit, in any high sphere, to attain fame at all. At the same time, it is also fortunate that every man has just so much critical power of his own as is necessary for recognizing the superiority of those who are placed immediately over him, and for following their lead. This means that the many come in the end to submit to the authority of the few; and there results that hierarchy of critical judgments on which is based the possibility of a steady and eventually wide-spreading fame.

The lowest class in the community is quite impervious to the merits of a great genius; and for these people there is nothing left but the monument raised to him, which, by the impression it produces on their senses, awakens in them a dim idea of the man's greatness.

Literary journals should be a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, and the ever-increasing deluge of bad and useless books. Their judgments should be uncorrupted, just, and rigorous; and every piece of bad work done by an incapable person, every device by which the empty head tries to come to the assistance of the empty purse — that is to say, about nine tenths of all existing books — should be mercilessly scourged. Literary journals would then perform their duty; which is to keep down the craving for writing, and put a check upon the deception of the public, instead of furthering these evils by a miserable toleration which plays into the hands of author and publisher, and robs the reader of his time and his money.

If there were such a paper as I mean, every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist from others' books, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every sham philosopher, every vain and languishing poetaster, would shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which his bad work would inevitably have to stand soon after publication. This would paralyze his twitching fingers, to the true welfare of literature; in which what is bad is not only useless but positively pernicious. Now, most books are bad and ought to have remained unwritten. Consequently praise should be as rare as is now the case with blame; which is withheld under the influence of personal considerations, coupled with the maxim, "*Accedas socius, laudes lauderis ut absens.*" ["Agree as a companion, praise that when absent you may be yourself praised."]

It is quite wrong to try to introduce into literature the same toleration as must necessarily prevail in society towards those stupid, brainless people who everywhere swarm in it. In literature such people are impudent intruders; and to disparage the bad is here duty towards the good, for he who thinks nothing

bad will think nothing good either. Politeness, which has its source in social relations, is in literature an alien and often injurious element; because it exacts that bad work shall be called good. In this way the very aim of science and art is directly frustrated.

This ideal journal could, to be sure, be written only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment: so that perhaps there could at the very most be one, and even hardly one, in the whole country; but there it would stand, like a just Areopagus, every member of which would have to be elected by all the others. Under the system that prevails at present, literary journals are carried on by a clique, and secretly perhaps also by booksellers for the good of the trade; and they are often nothing but coalitions of bad heads to prevent the good ones succeeding. As Goethe once remarked to me, nowhere is there so much dishonesty as in literature.

But above all, anonymity, that shield of all literary rascality, would have to disappear. It was introduced under the pretext of protecting the honest critic, who warned the public, against the resentment of the author and his friends. But where there is one case of this sort, there will be a hundred where it merely serves to take all responsibility from the man who cannot stand by what he has said; or possibly to conceal the shame of one who has been cowardly and base enough to recommend a book to the public for the purpose of putting money into his own pocket. Often enough it is only a cloak for covering the obscurity, incompetence, and insignificance of the critic. It is incredible what impudence these fellows will show, and what literary trickery they will venture to commit, as soon as they know they are safe under the shadow of anonymity. Let me recommend a general Anticriticism, a universal medicine or panacea, to put a stop to all anonymous reviewing, whether it praises the bad or blames the good: 'Rascal, your name!' For a man to wrap himself up and draw his hat over his face, and then fall upon people who are walking about without any disguise — this is not the part of a gentleman: it is the part of a scoundrel and a knave.

An anonymous review has no more authority than an anonymous letter; and one should be received with the same mistrust as the other. Or shall we take the name of the man who consents to preside over what is, in the strict sense of the word, "*une société anonyme*," as a guarantee for the veracity of his colleagues?

Even Rousseau, in the preface to the '*Nouvelle Héloïse*,' declares, "*Tout honnête homme doit avouer les livres qu'il publie*" ["Every honest man ought to acknowledge the books he publishes"]; which in plain language means that every honorable man ought to sign his articles, and that no one is honorable who does not do so. How much truer this is of polemical writing, which is the general character of reviews! Riemer was quite right in the opinion he gives in his '*Reminiscences of Goethe*'; "An overt enemy," he says, "an enemy who

meets you face to face, is an honorable man, who will treat you fairly, and with whom you can come to terms and be reconciled: but an enemy who conceals himself is a base, cowardly scoundrel, who has not courage enough to avow his own judgment; it is not his opinion that he cares about, but only the secret pleasure of wreaking his anger without being found out or punished." This must also have been Goethe's opinion, as he was generally the source from which Riemer drew his observations. And indeed, Rousseau's maxim applies to every line that is printed. Would a man in a mask ever be allowed to harangue a mob, or speak in any assembly, and that too when he was going to attack others and overwhelm them with abuse?

Anonymity is the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality. It is a practice which must be completely stopped. Every article, even in a newspaper, should be accompanied by the name of its author; and the editor should be made strictly responsible for the accuracy of the signature. The freedom of the press should be thus far restricted: so that what a man publicly proclaims through the far-sounding trumpet of the newspaper, he should be answerable for — at any rate with his honor, if he has any; and if he has none, let his name neutralize the effect of his words. And since even the most insignificant person is known in his own circle, the result of such a measure would be to put an end to two thirds of the newspaper lies, and to restrain the audacity of many a poisonous tongue.

ON AUTHORSHIP

THERE are, first of all, two kinds of authors: those who write for the subject's sake, and those who write for writing's sake. While the one have had thoughts or experiences which seem to them worth communicating, the others want money; and so they write — for money. Their thinking is part of the business of writing. They may be recognized by the way in which they spin out their thoughts to the greatest possible length; then too, by the very nature of their thoughts, which are only half true, perverse, forced, vacillating; again, by the aversion they generally show to saying anything straight out, so that they may seem other than they are. Hence their writing is deficient in clearness and definiteness, and it is not long before they betray that their only object in writing at all is to cover paper. This sometimes happens with the best authors; now and then, for example, with Lessing in his 'Dramaturgie,' and even in many of Jean Paul's romances. As soon as the reader perceives this, let him throw the book away; for time is precious. The truth is that when an author begins to write for the sake of covering paper, he is cheating the reader; because he writes under the pretext that he has something to say.

Writing for money and reservation of copyright are at bottom the ruin of literature. No one writes anything that is worth writing, unless he writes entirely for the sake of his subject. What an inestimable boon it would be, if in every branch of literature there were only a few books, but those excellent! This can never happen as long as money is to be made by writing. It seems as though money lay under a curse; for every author degenerates as soon as he begins to put pen to paper in any way for the sake of gain. The best works of the greatest men all come from the time when they had to write for nothing or for very little. And here too that Spanish proverb holds good, which declares that honor and money are not to be found in the same purse: — “Honra y provecho no caben en un saco.” The reason why literature is in such a bad plight nowadays is simply and solely that people write books to make money. A man who is in want sits down and writes a book, and the public is stupid enough to buy it. The secondary effect of this is the ruin of language.

A great many bad writers make their whole living by that foolish mania of the public for reading nothing but what has just been printed — journalists, I mean. Truly, a most appropriate name. In plain language it is “journeymen, day-laborers!”

Again, it may be said that there are three kinds of authors. First come those who write without thinking. They write from a full memory, from reminiscences; it may be, even straight out of other people’s books. This class is the most numerous. Then come those who do their thinking whilst they are writing — they think in order to write; and there is no lack of them. Last of all come those authors who think before they begin to write: they are rare.

Authors of the second class, who put off their thinking until they come to write, are like a sportsman who goes forth at random and is not likely to bring very much home. On the other hand, when an author of the third or rare class writes, it is like a *battue*. Here the game has been previously captured and shut up within a very small space; from which it is afterwards let out, so many at a time, into another space, also confined. The game cannot possibly escape the sportsman; he has nothing to do but aim and fire — in other words, write down his thoughts. This is a kind of sport from which a man has something to show.

But even though the number of those who really think seriously before they begin to write is small, extremely few of them think about *the subject itself*: the remainder think only about the books that have been written on the subject, and what has been said by others. In order to think at all, such writers need the more direct and powerful stimulus of having other people’s thoughts before them. These become their immediate theme; and the result is that they are always under their influence, and so never, in any real sense of the word, original. But the former are roused to thought by the subject itself, to which their thinking is thus immediately directed. This is the only class that produces writers of abiding fame.

It must of course be understood that I am speaking here of writers who treat of great subjects; not of writers on the art of making brandy.

Unless an author takes the material on which he writes out of his own head—that is to say, from his own observation—he is not worth reading. Book manufacturers, compilers, the common run of history writers, and many others of the same class, take their material immediately out of books; and the material goes straight to their finger-tips without even paying freight or undergoing examination as it passes through their heads, to say nothing of elaboration or revision. How very learned many a man would be if he knew everything that was in his own books! The consequence of this is, that these writers talk in such a loose and vague manner that the reader puzzles his brains in vain to understand what it is of which they are really thinking. They are thinking of nothing. It may now and then be the case that the book from which they copy has been composed exactly in the same way; so that writing of this sort is like a plaster cast of a cast, and in the end the bare outline of the face—and that too hardly recognizable—is all that is left of your Antinoüs. Let compilations be read as seldom as possible. It is difficult to avoid them altogether, since compilations also include those textbooks which contain in a small space the accumulated knowledge of centuries.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the last work is always the more correct; that what is written later on is in every case an improvement on what was written before; and that change always means progress. Real thinkers, men of right judgment, people who are in earnest with their subject—these are all exceptions only. Vermin is the rule everywhere in the world: it is always on the alert, taking the mature opinions of the thinkers, and industriously seeking to improve upon them (save the mark!) in its own peculiar way.

If the reader wishes to study any subject, let him beware of rushing to the newest books upon it, and confining his attention to them alone, under the notion that science is always advancing, and that the old books have been drawn upon in the writing of the new. They have been drawn upon, it is true; but how? The writer of the new book often does not understand the old books thoroughly, and yet he is unwilling to take their exact words; so he bungles them, and says in his own bad way that which has been said very much better and more clearly by the old writers who wrote from their own lively knowledge of the subject. The new writer frequently omits the best things they say, their most striking illustrations, their happiest remarks, because he does not see their value or feel how pregnant they are. The only thing that appeals to him is what is shallow and insipid.

THE VALUE OF PERSONALITY

ARISTOTLE divides the blessings of life into three classes: those which come to us from without, those of the soul, and those of the body. Keeping nothing of this division but the number, I observe that the fundamental differences in human lot may be reduced to three distinct classes: —

(1) What a man is: that is to say, personality, in the widest sense of the word; under which are included health, strength, beauty, temperament, moral character, intelligence, and education.

(2) What a man has: that is, property and possessions of every kind.

(3) How a man stands in the estimation of others: by which is to be understood, as everybody knows, what a man is in the eyes of his fellow-men — or more strictly, the light in which they regard him. This is shown by their opinion of him; and their opinion is in its turn manifested by the honor in which he is held, and by his rank and reputation.

The differences which come under the first head are those which nature herself has set between man and man; and from this fact alone we may at once infer that they influence the happiness or unhappiness of mankind in a much more vital and radical way than those contained under the two following heads, which are merely the effect of human arrangements. Compared with *genuine personal advantages*, such as a great mind or a great heart, all the privileges of rank or birth, even of royal birth, are but as kings on the stage to kings in real life. The same thing was said long ago by Metrodorus, the earliest disciple of Epicurus, who wrote as the title of one of his chapters, "The happiness we receive from ourselves is greater than that which we obtain from our surroundings." And it is an obvious fact, which cannot be called in question, that the principal element in a man's well-being — indeed, in the whole tenor of his existence — is what he is made of, his inner constitution. For this is the immediate source of that inward satisfaction or dissatisfaction resulting from the sum total of his sensations, desires, and thoughts; whilst his surroundings, on the other hand, exert only a mediate or indirect influence upon him. This is why the same external events or circumstances affect no two people alike: even with perfectly similar surroundings, every one lives in a world of his own. For a man has immediate apprehension only of his own ideas, feelings, and volitions; the outer world can influence him only in so far as it brings these to life. The world in which a man lives shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men: to one it is barren, dull, and superficial; to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning. On hearing of the interesting events which have happened in the course of a man's experience, many people will wish that similar things had

happened in their lives too; completely forgetting that they should be envious rather of the mental aptitude which lent those events the significance they possess when he describes them: to a man of genius they were interesting adventures; but to the dull perceptions of an ordinary individual they would have been stale, every-day occurrences. This is in the highest degree the case with many of Goethe's and Byron's poems, which are obviously founded upon actual facts; where it is open to a foolish reader to envy the poet because so many delightful things happened to him, instead of envying that mighty power of fantasy which was capable of turning a fairly common experience into something so great and beautiful.

In the same way, a person of melancholy temperament will make a scene in a tragedy out of what appears to the sanguine man only in the light of an interesting conflict, and to a phlegmatic soul as something without any meaning; — all of which rests upon the fact that every event, in order to be realized and appreciated, requires the co-operation of two factors — namely, a subject and an object; although these are as closely and necessarily connected as oxygen and hydrogen in water. When therefore the objective or external factor in an experience is actually the same, but the subjective or personal appreciation of it varies, the event is just as much a different one in the eyes of different persons as if the objective factors had not been alike; for to a blunt intelligence the fairest and best object in the world presents only a poor reality, and is therefore only poorly appreciated — like a fine landscape in dull weather, or in the reflection of a bad *camera obscura*. In plain language, every man is pent up within the limits of his own consciousness, and cannot directly get beyond those limits any more than he can get beyond his own skin; so external aid is not of much use to him. On the stage, one man is a prince, another a minister, a third a servant or a soldier or a general, and so on — mere external differences: the inner reality, the kernel of all these appearances, is the same — a poor player, with all the anxieties of his lot. In life it is just the same. Differences of rank and wealth give every man his part to play, but this by no means implies a difference of inward happiness and pleasure; here too there is the same being in all — a poor mortal, with his hardships and troubles. Though these may, indeed, in every case proceed from dissimilar causes, they are in their essential nature much the same in all their forms; with degrees of intensity which vary, no doubt, but in no wise correspond to the part a man has to play — to the presence or absence of position and wealth. Since everything which exists or happens for a man exists only in his consciousness, and happens for it alone, the most essential thing for a man is the constitution of this consciousness, which is in most cases far more important than the circumstances which go to form its contents. All the pride and pleasure of the world, mirrored in the dull consciousness of a fool, is poor indeed compared with the imagination of Cervantes writing his 'Don Quixote' in a miserable prison. The objective

half of life and reality is in the hand of fate, and accordingly takes various forms in different cases; the subjective half is ourself, and in essentials it always remains the same.

Hence the life of every man is stamped with the same character throughout, however much his external circumstances may alter: it is like a series of variations on a single theme. No one can get beyond his own individuality. An animal, under whatever circumstances it is placed, remains within the narrow limits to which nature has irrevocably consigned it; so that our endeavors to make a pet happy must always keep within the compass of its nature, and be restricted to what it can feel. So it is with man: the measure of the happiness he can attain is determined beforehand by his individuality. More especially is this the case with the mental powers, which fix once for all his capacity for the higher kinds of pleasure. If these powers are small, no efforts from without, nothing that his fellow-men or that fortune can do for him, will suffice to raise him above the ordinary degree of human happiness and pleasure, half animal though it be: his only resources are his sensual appetite—a cozy and cheerful family life at the most, low company and vulgar pastime; even education, on the whole, can avail little if anything for the enlargement of his horizon. For the highest, most varied, and lasting pleasures are those of the mind, however much our youth may deceive us on this point; and the pleasures of the mind turn chiefly on the powers of the mind. It is clear, then, that our happiness depends in a great degree upon what we *are*, upon our individuality; whilst lot or destiny is generally taken to mean only what we *have*, or our *reputation*. Our lot, in this sense, may improve; but we do not ask much of it if we are inwardly rich: on the other hand, a fool remains a fool, a dull blockhead, to his last hour, even though he were surrounded by houris in Paradise. This is why Goethe, in the ‘West-östlicher Divan,’ says that every man, whether he occupy a low position in life or emerges as its victor, testifies to personality as the greatest factor in happiness.

Translations by T. Bailey Saunders

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

THE poetry of the Romantic School is the poetry of longing. The poet's soul is reaching out for that which no longer is, but which has been and may be again. Novalis has symbolized this yearning in the quest for the mysterious "blue flower." Men longed for the glories of the past, and among the knights and minstrels of medieval court and castle they sought for that blue flower whose odor is love. In the bleak unfriendliness of the foggy Northern clime, the sunny expansive beauty of the South, where the magnificence of ancient ages still shimmered through a mellow haze, drew all sensitive hearts to Italy. Goethe felt the strong attraction, and fled without leave-taking across the Alps, to recover his genius under Italian skies. In the very year in which Goethe returned from Rome, Joseph von Eichendorff was born. He was the last and most ardent of the Romanticists, and all the restless longing of those times found in him its typical interpreter.

Eichendorff was born on the family estate at Lubowitz in Silesia in 1788. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, to which so many of his brother poets were converted. He studied law in Halle, Heidelberg, and Paris. At Heidelberg he took his degree, and at Heidelberg he came definitely under the Romantic influence through his association with Arnim, Brentano, and Görres. In Vienna, where he spent three years, he stood in close relations with Schlegel. His qualities of mind were essentially South German, for he was an Austrian by birth. He was on the point of entering the Austrian service when the famous appeal of February 3, 1813, from the King of Prussia, roused every German patriot. Eichendorff enlisted as a volunteer in the Prussian army. Throughout that thrilling campaign of the wars for freedom he fought in the cause of the wider Fatherland. He became an officer in the "Lützow Corps," which Körner made famous in his verse. Scarcely had he obtained his dismissal, after the first peace of Paris, when the news of Napoleon's return from Elba summoned him to arms again. In 1816, however, he began his career, after a brilliant showing before the examiners, as an officer in the civil service of Prussia. Henceforth his life was outwardly uneventful. He married soon after his appointment. Intellectually he maintained relations with the finest spirits of his land and time. Having served the State in various capacities for more than a quarter of a century, he was dismissed at his own request in 1844, and retired to private life. He died at Neisse in 1857, the last great poet of the Romantic School.

His poems possess enduring beauty. They are full of that profound longing for purer days and fairer realms, and of that dreamy lyric charm, that make men young again. There is a breath in them of a vanished time; they

sing of a golden age in which all men were idle and all women pure. The music of his verse has attracted many composers, from Mendelssohn, his friend, to Robert Franz. Eichendorff looked down upon the rhetorical ideality of Schiller and the symbolic naturalism of Goethe. He sang of the soul and its homesickness; of its longing for a lost inheritance.

The delightful 'Life of a Good-for-Nothing' appeared in 1824, and it remains today one of the most popular tales in German literature. It is the apotheosis of idleness and vagabondism. "In this little book," says Brandes, "all the old charms of romance are shut up, as in a cage, to make music for us. There is the odor of the woods and the song of birds, the longing for travel and the joys of wandering." The book describes the vagabond life of a child of genius, idle with a hundred aptitudes, pure with a hundred temptations, and amid a hundred dangers careless and irresponsible. This Good-for-Nothing illustrates in his roving life the romantic quest of the "blue flower." He lives for pure pleasures and the joys of unremunerative art; his is the infinite longing which never can be stilled, but only rendered endurable by poetry, by music, and by moonlight on forest, field, and stream.

SEPARATION

BROWN was the heather,
The sky was blue;
We sat together
Where flowers grew.

Is this the thrilling
Nightingale's beat?
Are larks still trilling
Their numbers sweet?

I spend the hours
Exiled from thee;
Spring has brought flowers,
But none for me.

Translated for this series by Charles Harvey Genung

LORELEI

TIS very late, 'tis growing cold;
Alone thou ridest through the wold?
'The way is long, there's none to see,
Ah, lovely maid, come follow me.

"I know men's false and guileful art,
And grief long since has rent my heart.
I hear the huntsman's bugle there:
Oh fly — thou know'st me not — beware!"

So richly is the steed arrayed,
So wondrous fair the youthful maid,
I know thee now — too late to fly!
Thou art the witch, the Lorelei.

Thou know'st me well — my lonely shrine
Still frowns in silence on the Rhine;
'Tis very late, 'tis growing cold —
Thou com'st no more from out the wold!

Translated for this series by Charles Harvey Genung

THE BROKEN RING

[Das zerbrochene Ringlein]

THERE goes, in a pleasant valley,
A mill-wheel round and round.
My faithless love hath vanished,
Whom dwelling there I found.

She promised she'd be faithful,
She gave me a ring thereto;
Her plighted troth she's broken —
My ring hath sprung in two.

I would I were a minstrel,
To travel the wide world o'er.
And sing in my vagrant fashion,
Wand'ring from door to door.

Or, I would be a trooper
And rush to the bloody fight;
And lie by the silent watchfire
Afield in the darksome night.

Hear I the mill-wheel turning,
 I know not what I will; —
 Soonest of all I'd perish —
 Then were it for ever still.

Translated by H. W. Dulcken

FROM 'OUT OF THE LIFE OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING'

THE wheel of my father's mill rushed and roared again right merrily, the melting snow trickled steadily down from the roof, the sparrows twittered and bustled about. I sat on the door-sill and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes; I felt so comfortable in the warm sunshine. Just then my father came out of the house. He had worked since daybreak in the mill, and had his tasseled cap awry upon his head. To me he said, "You Good-for-Nothing! There you are sunning yourself again and stretching and straining your bones tired, and leave me to do all the work alone. I cannot feed you here any longer. Spring is at the door; go out into the world and earn your own bread." "Now," said I, "if I am a Good-for-Nothing, well and good; I will go out into the world and seek my fortune." And really I was very well pleased, for it had shortly before occurred to me too to travel, when I heard the yellow-hammer, who always sung his note in autumn and winter so plaintively at our window, now calling again in the beautiful spring so proudly and merrily from the trees. I went accordingly into the house and got my violin, which I played quite cleverly, down from the wall; my father gave me besides a few groschens to take along, and so I sauntered out through the long village. It gave me in truth a secret pleasure when I saw all my old acquaintances and comrades, right and left, just as yesterday, and day before yesterday, and always, going out to work, to dig and to plow; while I thus wandered out into the free world. I called out to the poor people on all sides proudly and contentedly, Adieu! but nobody paid very much attention to it. In my soul it seemed to me like an eternal Sunday. And when I at last came out into the open fields, I took up my dear violin and played and sang as I walked along the highway. . . .

When I presently looked about, a fine traveling carriage came up quite near to me, that might have been for some time driving along behind me without my having noticed it, since my heart was so full of music; for it went along quite slowly, and two ladies put their heads out of the carriage and listened to me. The one was particularly beautiful and younger than the other, but really both of them pleased me. When I now ceased singing, the elder one had the driver stop and spoke to me kindly: "Ah, you happy fellow, you know how to sing very pretty songs." To which I, not at all backward, an-

swered, "If it please your Excellency, I may have some that are prettier still." Thereupon she asked me again, "Where then are you wandering so early in the morning?" Then I was ashamed that I did not know, myself, and said boldly, "To Vienna." Thereupon both spoke together in a foreign language that I did not understand. The younger one shook her head several times, but the other laughed continuously and finally called out to me, "Spring up behind us: we are also going to Vienna." Who was happier than I! I made a bow, and at a jump was on behind the carriage, the coachman cracked his whip, and we flew along over the glistening road, so that the wind whistled about my hat.

Behind me disappeared village, gardens, and church towers; before me appeared new villages, castles, and mountains. Below me grain fields, copse, and meadows in many colors flew past; above me were countless larks in the blue air. I was ashamed to cry aloud, but inwardly I exulted, and stamped and danced about on the footboard of the carriage, so that I had nearly lost my violin which I held under my arm. As the sun, however, rose continually higher, and heavy white noonday clouds came up round about the horizon, and everything in the air and on the broad plains became so empty and close and still over the gently waving grain fields—then for the first time came into my mind my village, and my father, and our mill, and how it was so comfortable and cool there by the shady pond, and that now everything lay so far, far behind me. I felt so strangely, and as if I must turn back again. I put my violin in between my coat and waistcoat, sat down full of thought upon the footboard, and fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes the carriage stood still under tall linden-trees, behind which a broad stairway led up between columns into a splendid castle. On one side, through the trees, I saw the towers of Vienna. The ladies, it appeared, had long since got out, and the horses were unharnessed. I was much frightened when I found myself all at once alone. As I sprang quickly up into the castle, I heard somebody above laughing out of the window.

In this castle it fared strangely with me. In the first place, as I was looking about in the wide cool hall, some one tapped me with a stick upon the shoulder. I turned quickly, and there stood a great gentleman in court dress, a broad scarf of gold and silk hanging down to his hips, with a silver-topped staff in his hand, and an extraordinarily long, hooked, princely nose, big and splendid as a puffed-up turkey, who asked me what I wanted there. I was quite taken aback, and for fear and astonishment could not bring forth a sound. Thereupon more servants came running up and down the stairs, who said nothing at all, but looked at me from head to foot. Straightway came a lady's-maid (as I afterward learned she was) right up to me and said that I was a charming fellow, and her ladyship desired to ask me whether I would take service here as a gardener. I put my hand to my waistcoat. My couple of groschens, God knows, must have sprung out of my pocket in my dancing about in the carriage, and

were gone. I had nothing but my violin-playing, for which, moreover, the gentleman with the staff, as he said to me curtly, would not give a farthing. In my anguish of heart I accordingly said yes to the lady's-maid, my eyes still directed askance to the uncomfortable figure which continually, like the pendulum of a steeple clock, moved up and down the hall, and just then again came majestically and awfully up out of the background. Last of all the head gardener finally came, growled something to himself about rabble and country bumpkins, and led me to the garden, preaching to me on the way a long sermon—how I should be sober and industrious, should not rove about in the world, should not devote myself to unprofitable arts and useless stuff: in that case I might in time be of some account. There were still more very pretty, well-put, useful maxims, but I have since forgotten almost all of them again. On the whole, I really did not rightly know how everything had come about. I only said yes continually to everything, for I was like a bird whose wings had been wet. Thus I was, God be praised, in possession of my daily bread.

In the garden, life went on finely. I had every day my warm food in plenty, and more money than I needed for wine—only, alas! I had quite a good deal to do. The temples, too, the arbors, and the beautiful green walks—all that would have pleased me very well, if I had only been able to walk placidly about and converse rationally, like the ladies and gentlemen who came there every day. As often as the head gardener was away and I was alone, I immediately pulled out my short tobacco pipe, sat down and thought out pretty polite speeches, such as I would use to entertain the young and beautiful lady who brought me along with her into the castle, if I were a cavalier and walked about with her. Or I lay down on my back on sultry afternoons, when everything was so still that one could hear the bees buzzing, and watched the clouds as they floated along to my own village, and the grasses and flowers as they moved hither and thither, and thought of the lady; and then it often happened too that the beautiful lady, with her guitar or a book, really went through the garden at a distance, as gentle, as lofty and gracious, as an angel, so that I did not rightly know whether I dreamed or was awake. . . .

Close by the castle garden ran the highway, only separated from it by a high wall. A very neat little toll-keeper's house with a red tile roof was built there, and behind it was a little flower garden, inclosed with a gay-colored picket fence, which, through a break in the wall of the castle garden, bordered on its shadiest and most concealed part. The toll-keeper, who had occupied all this, had just died. Early one morning while I still lay in the soundest sleep, the secretary from the castle came to me and called me in all haste to the head steward. I dressed myself quickly and sauntered along behind the airy secretary, who on the way, now here, now there, broke off a flower and stuck it on the lapel of his coat, now brandished his cane skilfully in the air, and talked to the wind all sorts of matters of which I understood nothing, since my eyes and ears were still full of sleep. When I entered the office, where it was not yet wholly light, the steward looked at me from behind a tremendous

inkstand and piles of paper and books and a portly wig, like an owl from her nest, and began, "What's your name? Where do you come from? Can you write, read, and cipher?" When I had answered this affirmatively, he added, "Well, her ladyship designs to offer you, in consideration of your good behavior and your particular merits, the vacant toll-keeper's position." I went over quickly in my mind my previous behavior and manners, and I was obliged to confess that I found at the end, myself, that the steward was right. And so I was really toll-keeper before I was aware of it.

I now moved immediately into my new dwelling, and in a short time was settled. I found a number of things that the late toll-keeper had left behind, among others a splendid red dressing-gown with yellow dots, green slippers, a tasseled cap, and some pipes with long stems. All these things I had wished for when I was still at home, when I always saw our pastor going about so comfortably. The whole day (I had nothing further to do) I sat there on the bench before my house in dressing-gown and cap, smoking tobacco out of the longest pipe that I had found among those left by the late toll-keeper, and looked at the people on the highway as they went to and fro, and drove and rode about. I only wished all the time that people out of my own village, who always said that nothing would come of me all the days of my life, might come by and see me. The dressing-gown was very becoming to me, and in point of fact all of it pleased me very well. So I sat there and thought of all sorts of things: how the beginning is always hard, how a higher mode of life is nevertheless very comfortable; and secretly came to the decision henceforth to give up all traveling about, to save money, too, like others, and in good time surely to amount to something in the world. In the meantime, however, with all my decisions, cares, and business, I by no manner of means forgot the beautiful lady.

The potatoes and other vegetables that I found in my little garden I threw away, and planted it entirely with the choicest flowers; at which the hall-porter from the castle, with the big princely nose, who since I lived here often came to see me and had become my intimate friend, looked askance and apprehensively at me, and regarded me as one whom sudden fortune had made mad. But I did not allow this to disturb me, for not far from me in the manor garden I heard low voices, among which I thought I recognized that of my beautiful lady, although on account of the thick shrubbery I could see nobody. Then I bound every day a nosegay of the most beautiful flowers that I had, climbed over the wall every evening when it was dark, and placed it on a stone table which stood in the middle of an arbor, and every evening when I brought the new bouquet the old one was gone from the table. . . .

In these critical times it came to pass that once when I was lying in the window at home and looking gloomily out into the empty air, the lady's-maid from the castle came tripping along the road. When she saw me, she turned quickly toward me and stood still at the window. "His Lordship

returned yesterday from his journey," said she briskly. "Is it so?" I replied in astonishment, for, for several weeks past, I had not concerned myself about anything, and did not even know that his Lordship was away. "Then his daughter, the gracious young lady, has also had, I am sure, a very pleasant time." The lady's-maid looked at me oddly from top to toe, so that I was really forced to consider whether I had not said something stupid. "You don't know anything at all," she finally said, and turned up her little nose. "Now," she continued, "there is going to be a dance and masquerade this evening at the castle in his Lordship's honor. My mistress is also to go in mask, as a flower-girl — do you quite understand? — as a flower-girl. Now my mistress has noticed that you have particularly beautiful flowers in your garden." "That is strange," thought I to myself, "since there are now scarcely any more flowers to be seen on account of the weeds." But she continued: "As my mistress needs beautiful flowers for her costume, but quite fresh ones that have just come out of the flower-bed, you are to bring her some, and wait with them this evening, when it has grown dark, under the great pear-tree in the castle garden. She will come and get the flowers."

I was quite dumfounded by this news, and in my rapture ran from the window out to the lady's-maid.

"Pah! the nasty dressing-gown!" she cried out when she saw me all at once out-of-doors in my costume. That vexed me. I did not wish to be behind her in gallantry, and made a few pretty motions to catch her and kiss her. But unfortunately the dressing-gown, which was much too long for me, got tangled up at the same time under my feet and I fell my whole length on the ground. When I pulled myself together again the lady's-maid was far away, and I heard her still laughing in the distance; so that she had to hold her sides. . . .

When night finally came on, I took my little basket over my arm and set out on my way to the great garden. In my basket all lay so bright and pretty together — white, red, blue, and so fragrant that my heart fairly laughed when I looked in.

Full of happy thoughts, I went along in the beautiful moonlight through the quiet paths tidily strewn with sand, over the little white bridges, under which the swans sat sleeping upon the water, and past the pretty arbors and summer-houses. I had soon found the great pear-tree, for it was the same one under which I had lain on sultry afternoons when I was still a gardener. . . .

My heart beat fast. A strange feeling of dread came over me, as if I intended to steal from somebody. I stood stock still for a long time, leaning against the tree, and listened on all sides; but as nobody came, I could no longer endure it. I hung my basket on my arm and climbed quickly up into the pear-tree, in order to breathe again in the open air

Just as I had seated myself aright in order to listen to the beautiful serenade, all at once the doors opened, up on the balcony of the castle. A tall gentle-

man, handsome and stately in his uniform and with many glittering stars on his breast, stepped out upon the balcony, leading by the hand — the beautiful young lady in a dress all of white, like a lily in the night or as if the moon passed across the clear firmament.

I could not turn my glance from the place, and garden, trees, and fields vanished from my senses; as she, so wondrously illuminated by the torches, stood there tall and slender, and now talked pleasantly with the handsome officer and then nodded kindly down to the musicians. The people below were beside themselves with joy, and I too could not restrain myself at last, and joined in the cheers with all my might.

As she however soon afterward disappeared again from the balcony, and below one torch after the other went out and the music stands were taken away, and also the garden round about now became dark again and rustled as before — for the first time I noticed all this — then it fell all at once upon my heart that it was really only the aunt who had sent for me with the flowers, and that the beautiful lady did not think of me at all and was long since married, and that I myself was a great fool. . . .

And at this I took my basket and threw it high into the air, so that it was very pretty to see how the flowers lay gaily round about in the twigs and on the greensward below. Then I climbed down quickly and went through the quiet garden to my dwelling. Often indeed I stopped still at many a place where I had once seen her, or where lying in the shade I had thought of her.

In and about my house everything still looked just as I had left it yesterday. The garden was plundered and bare; in my room inside, the great account-book still lay open; my violin, which I had almost wholly forgotten, hung covered with dust on the wall. A morning beam, however, from the window opposite fell gleaming across the strings. That struck a true accord within my heart. "Yes," I said, "do thou come here, thou faithful instrument! Our kingdom is not of this world!"

And so I took the violin from the wall, left the account-book, dressing-gown, slippers, pipes, and parasol lying, and wandered, as poor as I had come, out of my little house away on the glistening highway.

I still often looked back. A strange feeling had taken possession of me. I was so sad and yet again so thoroughly joyous, like a bird escaping from its cage. And when I had gone a long way I took up my violin, out there in the free air, and sang.

The castle, the garden, and the towers of Vienna had already disappeared behind me in the fragrance of the morning; above me exulted innumerable larks high in the air. Thus I went between the green mountains and past cheerful cities and villages down toward Italy.

Translated by William H. Carpenter

FRANZ GRILLPARZER

GRILLPARZER was born in Vienna on January 15, 1791. His father, an esteemed advocate of the Austrian capital, seems to have been, like Goethe's father, a man of cold austerity. His mother, on the other hand, had a deeply emotional nature, lived in a world of music, and ended her life a suicide. From her, as in the case of so many poets, Grillparzer derived his poetic gifts and his musical taste. At the age of twenty-two he entered the service of the State, in which he remained until at his own request he was retired on a pension in 1856. In 1847 he was made a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. In his quiet and well-ordered life there is little that is striking to record; its most picturesque periods were those of his extensive travels in Turkey, Italy, and Greece. Of these travels he has left fragmentary accounts in his volume of autobiographical sketches.

In literature Grillparzer took his own independent course. He was filled with the spirit of Greek tragedy; but far from attempting a strict modern adaptation of the classic forms, he gave his plays a frankly romantic and sentimental coloring. He made a close study of the Spanish drama, but was not dominated by it. Shakespeare, too, whose colossal genius had first created and then crushed the German drama, never overmastered Grillparzer. Among his autobiographical works occurs this remarkable passage: —

"You ask what books I shall take with me? Many and few: Herodotus, Plutarch, and the two Spanish dramatists. And not Shakespeare? Not Shakespeare; although he is perhaps the greatest thing the modern world has produced — not Shakespeare! He tyrannizes over my mind, and I wish to remain free. I thank God for him, and that it was my good fortune to read and re-read him and make him mine; but now I strive to forget him. The ancients strengthen me; the Spaniards inspire me to produce; . . . but the giant Shakespeare usurps the place of nature, whose most glorious organ of expression he was; and whoever gives himself up to him will, to every question asked of nature, forever receive an answer from Shakespeare only. No more Shakespeare! German literature will be ruined in that very abyss out of which it once arose; but I will be free and independent."

Grillparzer's public career as a dramatist began in 1817 with the famous tragedy of 'Die Ahnfrau' [The Ancestress], which is typical of the class to which it belongs, the so-called tragedies of fate. Two years later came 'Sappho.' In Byron's Journal, under date of January 12, 1821, we find this entry: —

"Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer

— a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity, but they must learn to pronounce it: the tragedy of 'Sappho' is superb and sublime. There is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. And who is he? I know him not; but ages will. 'Tis a high intellect; Grillparzer is grand, antique — not so simple as the ancients, but very simple for a modern — too Madame De Staël-ish now and then, but altogether a great and goodly writer."

This critical estimate is singularly just. What Grillparzer lacks in simplicity is offset by his lyric tenderness and portrayal of complex emotions. In 1831 was performed 'Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen' [The Waves of the Sea and of Love]. Grillparzer was conscious that the title was affected. The theme is the tale of Hero and Leander. "It was my purpose," he wrote, "to indicate at the outset that although of an antique coloring, my treatment of the material was intended to be romantic. In short, it was an attempt to combine the two dramatic styles." This confirms Byron's judgment. There was something of timidity in Grillparzer's nature; the first acts are often grand and imposing, but the catastrophe frequently passes away in an elegiac mood, like fading music. But he has produced plays in his own peculiar manner which are full of genuine humanity and vigorous dramatic action, and their place is still secure in the repertory of the German stage.

Grillparzer's most extensive undertaking was the trilogy 'Das goldene Vlies' [The Golden Fleece], of which 'Medea' is still a favorite. The most important of his works is 'King Ottokar,' which occupies a place in the national life of Austria comparable to that held by Shakespeare's historical plays in English literature; and the excellent tragedy 'Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn' [A Faithful Servant of his Master] is likewise the product of Austrian national life. The direct influence of Calderon is manifest in the fairy-tale character of the charming drama 'Der Traum, ein Leben' [Dream is a Life], in which the title of the famous Spanish play is reversed.

Grillparzer's comedy 'Weh' dem, der Lügt' [Woe to Him Who Lies] was not at first a success, and for a long time thereafter the poet refused in disgust to submit his dramas to the stage. The play subsequently became popular, but this disregard of all pecuniary considerations in relation to his plays was characteristic of Grillparzer. At Beethoven's request he wrote the opera text of 'Melusine,' and the poet has told us in his recollections of Beethoven how insistent the composer was that a contract be drawn dividing the proceeds. But Grillparzer refused to allow this: he was satisfied to know that Beethoven liked his poem and was willing to devote his genius to giving it a musical setting. The great composer died before the music had taken definite form, and it was Grillparzer's office to deliver the funeral oration. "I loved Beethoven," he says simply in one of his touching paragraphs.

Grillparzer outlived his productivity, but his fame increased. At the celebration of his eightieth birthday, honors were showered thick upon him. He

was named by the side of Goethe and Schiller, and the highest aristocracy of that most aristocratic land joined with the common people to do him homage. In the following year — January 21, 1872 — Grillparzer died.

SAPPHO AND PHAON

From 'Sappho'

[Phaon *lies slumbering on the grassy bank.*]

Sappho [entering from grotto].

'**T**IS all in vain! Rebellious to my will,
Thought wanders and returns, void of all sense;
Whilst ever and anon, whate'er I do,
Before me stands that horrid, hated sight
I fain would flee from, e'en beyond this earth.
How he upheld her! How she clasped his arm!
Till, gently yielding to its soft embrace,
She on his lips — Away! away the thought!
For in that thought are deaths innumerable.

But why torment myself, and thus complain
Of what perhaps is after all a dream?
Who knows what transient feeling, soon forgot,
What momentary impulse, led him on,
Which quickly passed, e'en as it quickly came —
Unheeded, undeserving of reproach?
Who bade me seek the measure of *his* love
Within my own impassioned, aching breast?

Ye who have studied life with earnest care,
By man's affection judge not woman's heart.

A restless thing is his impetuous soul —
The slave of change, and changing with each change.
Boldly man enters on the path of life,
Illumined by the morning ray of hope;
Begirt with sword and shield, courage and faith,
Impatient to commence a glorious strife.
Too narrow seems to him domestic joy;
His wild ambition overleaps repose,

And hurries madly on through endless space;
 And if upon his wayward path he meets
 The humble, beauteous flower called love,
 And should he stoop to raise it from the earth,
 He coldly places it upon his helm.

He knoweth not what holy, ardent flame
 It doth awaken in a woman's heart;
 How all her being — every thought — each wish —
 Revolves forever on this single point.
 Like to the young bird, round its mother's nest
 While fluttering, doth her anxious boding care
 Watch o'er her love; her cradle and her grave,
 Her whole of life — a jewel of rich price —
 She hangs upon the bosom of her faith.

Man loves, 'tis true; but his capacious heart
 Finds room for other feelings than his love,
 And much that woman's purity condemns
 He deems amusement or an idle jest.
 A kiss from other lips he takes at will.
 Alas that this is so! yet so it is.

[Turns and sees Phaon sleeping.]

Ha, see! Beneath the shadow of yon rose
 The faithless dear one slumbers. Ay, he sleeps,
 And quiet rest hath settled on his brow.
 Thus only slumbers gentle innocence;
 Alone thus gently breathes th' unburdened breast.
 Yes, dearest! I will trust thy peaceful sleep,
 Whate'er thy waking painful may disclose.
 Forgive me, then, if I have injured thee
 By unjust doubt; or if I dared to think
 That falsehood could approach a shrine so pure.

A smile plays o'er his mouth! His lips divide!
 A name is hovering in his burning breath!
 Awake, and call thy Sappho! She is near!
 Her arms are clasped about thee!

[She kisses his brow. Phaon awakes, and with half-opened eyes exclaims:]
 Melitta!

Sappho [starting back].

Ha!

Phaon. Who hath disturbèd me? What envious hand
Hath driven from my soul the happy dream?

[*Recollecting himself.*]

Thou! Sappho! Welcome! Well I knew, indeed,
That something beauteous must be near my side,
To lend such glowing colors to my dream.
But why so sad? I am quite happy now.
The anxious care that lay upon my breast
Hath disappeared, and I am glad again.
Like to some wretch who hath been headlong plunged
Into some deep abyss, where all was dark,
When lifted upward by a friendly arm,
So that once more he breathes the air of heaven,
And in the golden sunlight bathes again,
He heareth happy voices sounding near:
Thus in the wild excitement of my heart
I feel it overflow with happiness,
And wish, half sinking 'neath the weight of joy,
For keener senses, or for less of bliss.

Sappho [*lost in thought*].

Melitta!

Phaon. Ah, be gay and happy, dear one.
All round us here is beautiful and fair.
On weary wings the summer evening sinks
In placid rest upon the quiet earth;
The sea heaves timidly her billowy breast,
The bride expectant of the Lord of Day,
Whose fiery steeds have almost reached the west;
The gentle breeze sighs through the poplar boughs,
And far and near all nature whispers love.
Is there no echo in our hearts — we love?

Sappho [*aside*].

Oh, I could trust again this faithless one.
But no! too deeply have I read his heart.

Phaon. The feverish spells that pressed upon my brain
Have vanished quite; and ah, believe me, dear
Sappho! I ne'er have loved thee till this hour.
Let us be happy — But now tell me, loved one,
What faith hast thou in dreams?

Sappho. They always lie,
And I hate liars.

Phaon. For as I slept just now,
I had a heavenly dream. I thought myself

Again — again — upon Olympia's height,
 As when I saw thee first, the queen of song.
 Amid the voices of the noisy crowd,
 The clang of chariot wheels, and warrior shouts,
 A strain of music stole upon mine ear.
 'Twas thou! again thou sweetly sang'st of love,
 And deep within my soul I felt its power.
 I rushed impetuous toward thee, when behold!
 It seemed at once as though I knew thee not!
 And yet the Tyrian mantle clasped thy form;
 The lyre still lay upon thy snow-white arm:
 Thy face alone was changed. Like as a cloud
 Obscures the brightness of a summer sky,
 The laurel wreath had vanished from thy brow;
 Upon thy lips, from which immortal sounds
 Had scarcely died away, sat naught but smiles;
 And in the profile of proud Pallas's face
 I traced the features of a lovely child.
 It was thyself — and yet 'twas not — it was —

Sappho [*almost shrieking*].

Melitta!

Phaon [*starting*]. Thou hadst well-nigh frightened me.

Who said that it was she? I knew it not!

O Sappho! I have grieved thee!

[*Sappho motions him to leave.*]

Ah! what now?

Thou wish'st me to be gone? Let me first say —

[*She again motions him to leave.*]

Must I indeed then go? Then fare thee well.

[*Exit Phaon.*]

Sappho [*after a pause*].

The bow hath sprung —

[*Pressing her hands to her breast.*] The arrow rankles here.

'Twere vain to doubt! It is, it must be so:

'Tis she that dwells within his perjured heart;

Her image ever floats before his eyes;

His very dreams enshrine that one loved form.

THE DEATH OF SAPPHO

From 'Sappho'

[Sappho enters, richly dressed, the Tyrian mantle on her shoulders, the laurel crown upon her head, and the golden lyre in her hand. Surrounded by her people, she slowly and solemnly descends the steps. A long pause.]

MELITTA — O Sappho! O my mistress!
Sappho [calmly and gravely]. What wouldst thou?
Melitta. Now is the darkness fallen from mine eyes.

Oh, let me be to thee again a slave,
 Again what once I was, and oh, forgive!

Sappho [in the same tone].

Think'st thou that Sappho hath become so poor
 As to have need of gifts from one like thee?
 That which is mine I shall ere long possess.

Phaon. Hear me but once, O Sappho!

Sappho. Touch me not!

I am henceforth devoted to the gods.

Phaon. If e'er with loving eyes thou didst behold —

Sappho. Thou speak'st of things forever past and gone.

I sought for thee, and I have found — *myself*.

Thou couldst not understand my heart. Farewell!

On firmer ground than thee my hopes must rest.

Phaon. And dost thou hate me now?

Sappho. To love — to hate!

Is there no other feeling? Thou wert dear,

And art so still — and so shalt ever be.

Like to some pleasant fellow traveler,

Whom accident hath brought a little way

In the same bark, until the goal be reached,

When, parting, each pursues a different road;

Yet often in some strange and distant land,

Remembrance will recall that traveler still.

[*Her voice falters.*]

Phaon [moved]. Sappho!

Sappho. Be still, and let us part in peace.

[*To her people.*]

Ye who have seen your Sappho weak, forgive:
 For Sappho's weakness well will I atone.

Alone when bent, the bow's full power is shown.

[*Pointing to the altar in the background.*]

Kindle the flames at Aphrodite's shrine,
Till up to heaven they mount like morning beams!

[*They obey her.*]

And now retire and leave me here alone:

I would seek counsel only from the gods.

Rhamnes [*to the people*]. It is her wish. Let us obey. Come all.

[*They retire.*]

Sappho [*advancing*].

Gracious, immortal gods! list to my prayer.
Ye have adorned my life with blessings rich:
Within my hand ye placed the bow of song;
The quiver of the poet gave to me;
A heart to feel, a mind to quickly think;
A power to reveal my inmost thoughts.
Yes! ye have crowned my life with blessings rich.
For this, all thanks.

 Upon this lowly head
Ye placed a wreath, and sowed in distant lands
The poet's peaceful fame — immortal seed;
My songs are sung in strange and foreign climes;
My name shall perish only with the earth.
For this, all thanks.

 Yet it hath been your will
That I should drink not deep of life's sweet cup,
But only taste the overflowing draught.
Behold! obedient to your high behest,
I set it down untouched. For this, all thanks.

All that ye have decreed I have obeyed,
Therefore deny me not a last reward:
They who belong to heaven no weakness show;
The coils of sickness cannot round them twine;
In their full strength, in all their being's bloom,
Ye take them to yourselves: such be my lot.
Forbid that e'er your priestess should become
The scorn of those who dare despise your power,
The sport of fools, in their own folly wise.
Ye broke the blossom; now then, break the bough.
Let my life close e'en as it once began.

From this soul struggle quickly set me free.
 I am too weak to bear a further strife:
 Give me the triumph, but the conflict spare.

[*As if inspired.*]

The flames are kindled, and the sun ascends!
 I feel that I am heard! I thank ye, gods!
 Phaon! Melitta! hither come to me!

[*She kisses the brow of Phaon.*]

A friend from other worlds doth greet thee thus.

[*She embraces Melitta.*]

'Tis thy dead mother sends this kiss to thee.
 Upon yon altar consecrate to love,
 Be love's mysterious destiny fulfilled.

[*She hurries to the altar.*]

Rhamnes. What is her purpose? Glorified her form!

The radiance of the gods doth round her shine!

Sappho [*ascending a high rock, and stretching her hands over Phaon and Melitta*].

Give love to mortals — reverence to the gods;
 Enjoy what blooms for ye, and — think of me.
 Thus do I pay the last great debt of life.
 Bless them, ye gods! and bear me hence to heaven!

[*Throws herself from the rock into the sea.*]

HEINRICH HEINE

IF quality is to decide a writer's position, Heinrich Heine stands with the few great poets and literary men of Germany. His lyrics at their best have not been surpassed in his own land, and rank with the masterpieces of their kind in world literature. As a prose writer he had extraordinary brilliancy, vigor of thought, and grace of form, and as a thinker he must be regarded as one of the pioneers of modern ideas in his century. In German criticism, because of his Semitic blood — his pen not seldom dipped in gall when he wrote of the Fatherland — and his defects of character, full justice has not been done to him as singer and sayer. It remained for an English critic, Matthew Arnold, to define his true place in literature. A brief survey of his life will make this plainer.

A main thing to remember of Heine the man is that he was an 'upper-class Jew, one of the most gifted of the race of Mendelssohn and Rothschild, Rachel and Rubinstein, Chopin and Disraeli. Born in Düsseldorf, December 12 (or 13), 1799 — he just missed, as he said, being one of the first men of the century — his father was a wealthy merchant, his mother a Van Geldern, daughter of a noted physician and statesman. He received a good education, first in a Jesuit monastery, then — after an attempt to establish him at Hamburg in mercantile life, which to the disappointment of his family proved utterly distasteful — in the German universities of Bonn and Göttingen. The law was thought of as a profession; but this necessitated his becoming a Christian, for at the time in Germany all the learned callings were closed to Jews. Heine, though not a believer in the religion of his people, was in thorough sympathy with their wrongs, always the champion of their cause: deeply must he have felt the humiliation of this enforced apostasy, which was performed in 1825, in his twenty-sixth year, the baptismal registry reading "Johann Christian Heine" — names he never made use of as a writer. Doubtless the iron entered his soul in the act. Before his study at Göttingen, which resulted in his securing a law degree, Heine spent several years in Berlin, and published a volume of verse there in 1822 without success. Letters which he carried from the poet Schlegel made him acquainted, however, with Chamisso, Hegel, and like noted folk. He attracted attention by reading the essays and poems which were later to give him fame when published as 'Reisebilder' [Sketches of Travel], and 'Buch der Lieder' [Book of Songs]. He made no professional use of his legal lore, but traveled and tasted life. The years from 1827 to 1830 were spent mostly in Munich and Berlin. Heine took an active part in the journalistic and literary life of these cities, as a

free-lance of letters in the cause of intellectual emancipation. A satiric pamphlet against the nobility in 1830, the year of the July Revolution in France, made him fear for his personal liberty; and the next year he removed to Paris, and began the life there which was to end only in his death a quarter-century later.

In the capital that has fascinated so many distinguished spirits — at first well, and happy, and seen in society, making occasional journeys abroad; later poor, sick, with gall in his pen and with a swarm of enemies — Heine passed this long period of his life, chained during the ten final years to what he called in grim metaphor his "mattress grave." His disease was a spinal affection, resulting in slow paralysis, loss of sight, the withering of his limbs. No more terrible picture is offered in the personal annals of literature than that of the once gay poet, writhing in his bed through sleepless nights, the sight of one eye gone, the drooping lid of the other lifted by the hand that he might see to use the pen. "I saw the body all shrunk together, from which his legs hung down without signs of life," says his sister, who visited him in Paris the year before he died. "I had to gather all my powers of self-control in order to support in quiet the horrible sight." The French government granted him a pension for his services as revolutionary writer, and it came in the nick of time; for on the death in 1844 of his rich uncle, Solomon Heine, who for years had granted him an allowance, it was found that no provision for his maintenance had been made in the will. Heine's bitterness under the heavy hand of Fate comes out pathetically in his latest poems and letters. "I am no longer," he wrote, "a joyous, somewhat corpulent Hellenist, laughing cheerfully down upon the melancholy Nazarenes. I am now a poor, fatally ill Jew, an emaciated picture of woe, an unhappy man." His mind remained wonderfully clear to the end, as his literary work testifies; and at least he had the courage of his convictions, contemptuously repudiating the rumor that his former scepticism had been changed in the fiery alembic of suffering. His impious jest on his death-bed is typical, whether apocryphal or not: "God will forgive me; it is his line of business" ["c'est son métier"].

It may be said that there is a touch of heroism in the fact that for so long he refused to end an existence of such agony by his own violent act, enduring until Nature gave him release, which she did but tardily, when he had passed his fifty-sixth year, February 17, 1856. He was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, without any religious ceremony, as he wished. It is likely that the closing couplet from his poem on Morphine summed up his feeling honestly enough: —

Lo, sleep is good; better is death; in sooth,
The best of all were never to be born.

Yet scepticism was not his constant attitude; a man of moods, he could write shortly before his taking-off: "I suffer greatly, but support my wretchedness

with submission to the unfathomable will of God"; and in his will he declared that his intellectual pride was broken, and that he had come to rest in the truths of religion.

Heine's long Parisian residence, his Gallic inoculation, has caused him to be painted as a man without a country, a turncoat, and a traitor. Certain facts must be borne in mind in passing judgment upon him. As a boy in Düsseldorf he breathed the atmosphere of the French Revolution, and grew up an enthusiast of the cause, calling himself its "child." The French, again, were the people who, as Arnold remarks, made it possible for the Jews in Germany to find wide activities for the exercise of their talents. His own land proscribed his works: in France, when he had mastered the tongue, his works which appeared in French won him speedy applause, and he was hailed as the wittiest writer since Voltaire. And to pass from external to internal, there was much in Heine to respond to the peculiarly French traits: flashing wit, lightness of touch, charm of form, lucidity of expression. Small wonder, then, that he crossed the Rhine and took up his abode in the city which has always been a center of enlightened thinking. In spite of all his sympathy, temperamental and intellectual, for things French, Heine never forgot that he was a German poet, nor was love for the Fatherland killed in his soul. There is a proud ring in his well-known lines: —

I am a German poet
Of goodly German fame:
Where their best names are spoken,
Mine own they are sure to name.

The estimates of Heine on his personal side range from a partisan eulogy to savage and sweeping condemnation. He was sensitive to morbidity, irascible, and in his youth dissolute. He had a waspish tendency to sting an enemy, and was quick to take offense from friends. His mocking spirit of contradiction was not above sacrificing justice and purity to its ends; he was at times, in his writings, sensual, ribald, blasphemous. It is fair to plead in partial extenuation the early misappreciation of his kinsfolk, the hostility towards his race, and the exigencies of his subsequent battle for bread, reputation, and the victory of ideas. On the other hand, it is weak sentimentality or purblind favoritism to represent Heine as a hero ill-starred by fortune. He was far from an admirable character, and no whitewashing can make him so: his greatest enemy came from within.

As a lyric poet Heine is incomparable. It is in this form that the German genius finds finest, freest expression, and the student of German literature must still point to Goethe and Heine as its chief exponents; nor in this need the latter yield to the former. The representative pieces here printed, with others of like quality, are among the precious bits of poetry which the world

has taken forever to its heart. No translation can give an adequate idea of their haunting perfection, their magic of diction and witchery of music. The reader unfamiliar with German and making Heine's acquaintance at second hand needs to understand this impossibility, otherwise the poet's due praise may seem rhetorical and excessive. The characteristics of these lyrics may be defined in few words. As to form, the poet wisely seized upon the popular ballad measures of older German literature, and in rhythms, stanzas, and diction, clung for the most part to those homely creations, thereby giving his work a natural touch and archaic flavor, blending to produce an effect of simplicity and directness which really hide consummate art. No lyricist has had more genuine songfulness, the last test of the true lyric; in proof, witness the frequency with which his most familiar poems have been set to music by the gifted composers of his own and other lands.

But Heine was not alone the singer: he was critic and satirist as well. Even the exquisite deep romanticism of his lyrics is sometimes rudely broken by his own sneering laugh; it is as if the critical in him had of a sudden made him ashamed of his own emotion. One of his German critics has said that he bore a laughing tear-drop on his escutcheon: the flowery phrase denotes this mingling of song and satire in his work. The impish anticlimax of some of his loveliest utterances is one of the grievous things his admirers have to forgive. Heine, in his earlier spontaneous poetry a romanticist of the romanticists, came to perceive intellectually that the work of the so-called Romantic School in Germany must give way to an incoming age of scientific learning and modern ideas; that because it looked backward to the Middle Ages, the movement was wrong. And in this conviction he set himself to fight the old and hail the new. However this perception may prove his prophetic insight, it would have been better for his poetry had he remained in bondage to romanticism. When in a love poem which opens tenderly, he concludes with this stanza:

Dearest friend, thou art in love,
And that love must be confessed;
For I see thy glowing heart
Plainly scorching through thy vest —

one feels that the poet gets his effect of fun at too costly a price. Parody, to pay, must gain more than it loses. The doubt of the singer's sincerity is never quite shaken off. There is reason for calling Heine "the mocking-bird of the singing grove."

As an essay-writer, Heine's substantial reputation rests upon the 'Reisebilder,' those gay, audacious, charming, bitter travel sketches of mingled verse and prose, in the main descriptive of his wanderings through Germany, and of the most varied theme and tone: now beautiful rhapsodies on the scenes of nature; now quaint pictures of life in city or country, painted with Dutch-

like fidelity and realism; now rapier thrusts of wit; again powerful diatribes against existing conventions, or personal attacks upon fellow-writers. Far from being all of a piece, these fantastic sketches are of very uneven merit, ranging from the exquisite lyric work of the opening section and the delightful narrative of his experiences in the Harz Mountains, to the sparkling indecencies of the division dealing with Italy, and the more labored argument and satire of the English fragments. Of the 'Reisebilder' as a whole it may be said that inspiration grows steadily less in the successive parts. The portion penned in Heine's early twenties deservedly caught the fancy of Europe by the polish and poetry, the striking manner and daring thought it possessed. The writer laughs at the traditions of learning in his native land, he pricks with the sword of satire the ponderous German sentimentality, and he fights with all the weapons in the arsenal of a gifted wit for Liberty — liberty of conscience, action, opinion. The point of view was new in the literature of the early century, dosed as it was with heavy romanticism and in awe of the old for its own sake. The style was of unprecedented vigor and brilliance. To say a wise, keen thing in a light way, to say it directly yet with grace, calls for a beautiful talent. To accomplish this in the German language is a double triumph. All Heine's later writings, prose or poetry — and during his residence in Paris he published numerous works — are developments or after-echoes of his travel sketches and 'Book of Songs.' Some of them are simply high-class journalism: his critical faculty and graces of manner are best represented by the critique on the Romantic School, which is wise in forecasting the new literary ideals, and a model of clearness and elegance.

As a thinker, a force in the development of modern ideas — the ideas of liberty in its application to politics, science, education, and religion — Heine was a torch-bearer of his time. In his remarkable essay upon the German poet, Matthew Arnold gives him full credit for this influence — possibly exaggerating it. The sympathy between the enlightened Jew who railed at perfunctoriness in Church and State, and the English radical who rebukes his fellow-islanders for their lack of devotion to the Idea, naturally made Arnold the other's champion. Both attacked the Philistine and saw the movement of the Time-spirit. But if the Englishman goes too far in declaring Heine "the most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity" — that of "a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity" — it is equally true that his estimate hits nearer the mark than the misappreciations of too many critics of his own country. Heine was an individualist, an iconoclast, satirizing with trenchant power existing abuses, as Ibsen in later days did in Norway — a service which Carlyle with Juvenalian vigor performed for England. This mission is at the best a thankless one; especially so when, as in the case of Heine, the character of the prophet is full of flaws. Yet the work is none the less valuable.

RICHARD BURTON

THE LORELEI

I KNOW not wherein it started,
 This thought so full of woe:
 A legend of times departed
 Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
 And calmly flows the Rhine;
 The mountain peak is sparkling
 In the sunny evening-shine.

Up yonder sits a maiden,
 The fairest of the fair:
 With gold is her garment glittering,
 She combs her golden hair;

With a golden comb she combs it;
 And a wild song singeth she,
 That melts the heart with a wondrous
 And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
 With a nameless longing move;
 He sees not the gulfs before him,
 His gaze is fixed above;

Till over the boat and boatman
 The Rhine's deep waters run:
 And this, with her magic singing,
 The Lorelei has done!

From the Edinburgh Review

PINE AND PALM

THERE stands a lonely pine-tree
 In the north, on a barren height;
 He sleeps, while the ice and snowflakes
 Swathe him in folds of white.

He dreameth of a palm-tree
Far in the sunrise land,
Lonely and silent longing
On her burning bank of sand.

LOVE SONGS

THOU seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and bright;
A melancholy yearning
Steals o'er me at thy sight.

I fain would lay in blessing
My hands upon thy hair;
Imploring God to keep thee
So bright, and pure, and fair.

THOU fairest fisher-maiden,
Row thy boat to the land.
Come here and sit beside me,
We'll whisper hand in hand.

O lay thy head on my bosom,
And have no fear of me;
For carelessly thou trustest
Daily the savage sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
With storm and ebb and flow;
And many a pearl lies hidden
Within its depths below.

Translated by Emma Lazarus

MY HEART WITH HIDDEN TEARS IS SWELLING

MY heart with hidden tears is swelling,
I muse upon the days long gone;
The world was then a cozy dwelling,
And people's lives flowed smoothly on.

Now all's at sixes and at sevens,
 Our life's a whirl, a strife for bread;
 There is no God in all the heavens,
 And down below the Devil's dead.

And all things look so God-forsaken,
 So topsy-turvy, cold, and bare;
 And if our wee bit love were taken,
 There'd be no living anywhere.

Translated by Ernest Beard

WILL SHE COME?

EVERY morning hears me query:
 Will she come today?
 Every evening answers, weary:
 Still she stays away.

In my nights of lonely weeping,
 Sleep I never know;
 Dreaming, like a man half sleeping,
 Through the day I go.

Translated by Ernest Beard

KATHARINA

ALUSTROUS star has risen on my night,
 A star which beams sweet comfort from its light,
 And brightens all my earthly lot;
 Deceive me not!

Like as still moonward swells the heaving sea,
 So swells and flows my soul, so wild and free,
 Aloft to that resplendent spot —
 Deceive me not!

Translated by Charles Harvey Genung

GOLD

From the 'Romances'

SAY, my golden ducats, say,
 Whither are you fled away?
 Are ye with the golden fishes
 In the little rushing river,
 Gaily darting hither, thither?
 Are ye with the golden blossoms
 On the meadows green and fair,
 Sparkling in the dewy air?
 Are ye with the golden songsters
 Sweeping through the azure sky,
 Flashing splendor to the eye?
 Are ye with the golden stars,
 Clusters of refulgent light,
 Smiling through the summer night?
 Well-a-day! my golden ducats
 Do not in the river lie,
 Do not sparkle in the dew,
 Do not flash across the blue,
 Do not twinkle in the sky;
 But my creditors can tell
 Where my golden ducats dwell.

Translated by Ernest Beard

GLIMPSES

From the 'Romances'

WHEN Spring with her sunshine revisits the Earth,
 The buds peep out and the blossoms shake;
 When the Moon on her nightly course sails forth,
 The little stars swim in her shimmering wake;
 When sweet eyes trouble the poet's gaze,
 They touch the note of a thousand lays,
 Yet eyes, and songs, and blossoming flowers,
 And splendor of Sun or of Moon or of Star,
 However beautiful such things are,
 Are far from being this world of ours.

Translated by Ernest Beard

THE FISHER'S HUT

THE ocean shimmered far around,
 As the final sun-rays shone;
 We sat beside the fisher's hut,
 Silent and all alone.

The mist swam up, the water heaved,
 The sea-mew round us screamed;
 And from thy dark eyes, full of love,
 The scalding tear-drops streamed.

I saw them fall upon thy hand;
 Upon my knee I sank,
 And from that white and yielding hand
 The glittering tears I drank.

And since that hour I waste away,
 Mid passion's hopes and fears:
 O weeping girl! O weary heart! —
 Thou'rt poisoned with her tears!

Translated by Charles G. Leland

IN THE FISHER'S CABIN

WE sat in the fisher's cabin
 And looked out upon the sea;
 Then came the mists of evening,
 Ascending silently.

The lights began in the lighthouse
 One after one to burn,
 And on the far horizon
 A ship we could still discern.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
 The sailor and how he thrives,
 And how betwixt heaven and ocean
 And joy and sorrow he strives;

We spake of distant countries,
South, North, and everywhere,
And of the curious people
And curious customs there;

The fragrance and light of the Ganges,
That giant trees embower,
Where a beautiful, tranquil people
Kneel to the lotus flower;

Of the unclean folk in Lapland,
Broad-mouthed and flat-headed and small,
Who cower upon the hearthstone,
Bake fish, and cackle, and squall.

The maidens listened gravely;
Then never a word was said.
The ship we could see no longer:
It was far too dark o'erhead.

Translated by Emma Lazarus

THE GRAMMAR OF THE STARS

A THOUSAND years unmoving
The stars have stood above,
On one another gazing
With the pain of yearning love.

They speak a wondrous language
So sweet and rich and grand;
Yet none of the famous linguists
A word can understand.

But I have learned this language
Which naught from my heart can erase,
The grammar that I studied
Was my little sweetheart's face.

Translated by Charles Harvey Genung

SONNETS TO HIS MOTHER

TO bear me proudly is my custom aye;
 My spirit too unbending is, and high;
 What though the King should look me in the eye?
 I would not flinch, or turn my head away.
 Yet, dearest mother, let me truly say:
 Whatever else my stubborn pride deny,
 When to thy loving, trustful side I fly,
 Submissive awe possesses me alway.
 Is it the secret influence of thy soul,
 Thy lofty soul, that reaches every goal
 And like the lightning flashes to and fro?
 Or bitter pangs of memory, that proceed
 From countless acts that caused thy heart to bleed —
 That dearest heart, that ever loved me so?

I LEFT thee lately in my frenzied state,
 Resolved to wander all the wide world o'er,
 To ask for love on every distant shore —
 Love that alone might ease my spirit's weight.
 I sought for love from early morn till late;
 With fevered hand I knocked at every door
 In Love his name, a token to implore,
 Yet never gathered aught but chilling hate.
 And on, and ever on, with growing pain
 I searched for Love through many a heavy mile;
 Till, sick and weary, to my homestead turning,
 Thou camest to greet me with a mother's smile —
 And there, upon thy dearest features burning,
 I saw that Love I long had sought in vain.

Translated by Ernest Beard

THE JEWELS

BLUE sapphires are those eyes of thine,
 Those eyes so sweet and tender:
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Whom happy they shall render!

Thy heart's a diamond, pure and clear,
 With radiance overflowing:
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Who sets that heart a-glowing!

Red rubies are those lips of thine —
 Love ne'er did fairer fashion:
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Who hears their vows of passion!

Oh, could I know that fortunate man,
 And meet him unattended
 Beneath the forest trees so green —
 His luck would soon be ended!

Translated by Ernest Beard

VOICES FROM THE TOMB

From 'Dream Pictures'

I WENT to the house of my lady fair,
 I wandered in madness and dark despair;
 And as by the churchyard I went my way,
 Sadly the gravestones signed me to stay.

The minstrel's tombstone made me a sign,
 In the glimmering light of the pale moon's shine:
 "Good brother, I'm coming" — wild whispering flows;
 Pale as a cloud from the grave it rose.

'Twas the harper himself: from the grave he flits;
 High on the tombstone the harper sits;
 O'er the strings of the cithern his fingers sweep,
 And he sings, in a voice right harsh and deep: —

"What! know ye yet that song of old,
 Which through the heart once deeply rolled,
 Ye strings now slow to move?
 The angels call it heaven's joy,
 The devils call it hell's annoy,
 But mortals call it — love!"

Scarce had sounded the last word's tone,
 Ere the graves were opened, every one,
 And airy figures came pressing out,
 And sweep round the minstrel, while shrill they shout: —

"Love, Love, it was thy might
 Laid us in these beds with right,
 Closed our eyelids from the light:
 Wherefore call'st thou in the night?"

Translated by Charles G. Leland

MAXIMS AND DESCRIPTIONS

IF all Europe were to become a prison, America would still present a loop-hole of escape; and God be praised! that loop-hole is larger than the dungeon itself.

"Papa," exclaimed a little Carlist, "who is the dirty-looking woman with the red cap?"

"It is the Goddess of Liberty," was the answer.

"But, papa, she has not even a chemise."

"A real Goddess of Liberty, my dear child, rarely uses a chemise; and is on that account the more embittered against those who do wear clean linen."

If freedom should at some future day vanish from the earth, a German dreamer would again discover it in one of his dreams.

When the Lord feels ennui, he opens one of the windows of heaven and takes a look at the Parisian boulevards.

Literary history is the great morgue where all seek the dead ones whom they love, or to whom they are related.

Psychical pain is more easily borne than physical; and if I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I should choose the former.

God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends and tell bitter truths to our enemies.

The People — that poor monarch in rags — has found flatterers who, with even less of shame than the courtiers of Byzantium and Versailles, fling their censures at his head. These court lackeys of the People are constantly praising the virtues and extolling the merit of their ragged king. "How lovely!" they cry; "how intelligent!" But no, ye lie! Your poor monarch is not lovely; on the contrary, he is very ugly. But his ugliness is the result of dirt, and will vanish as soon as we erect public bath-houses where his Majesty the People can bathe gratis. A bit of soap will not prove amiss, and we shall then behold a smart-looking People, a People indeed of the first water. Although this monarch's goodness is often praised, he is not at all good; sometimes indeed he is as bad as many other sovereigns. He is angered when hungry; let us therefore see to it that he has somewhat to eat. As soon as his High Mightiness has been properly fed, and has sated his appetite, he will smile on us with gracious condescension, just as the other monarchs do. Nor is his Majesty the People very intelligent: he is more stupid than all other rulers, and almost as beastly stupid as his own favorites. He bestows his affection and his confidence on those who shout the jargon of his own passions; while he reserves his hatred for the brave man who endeavors to reason with and exalt him. It is thus in Paris; it was thus in Jerusalem. Give the People the choice between the most righteous of the righteous and the most wretched highway robber, and rest assured its cry will be, "Give us Barabbas! Long live Barabbas!" The secret of this perverseness is ignorance. This national evil we must endeavor to allay by means of public schools, where education, together with bread and butter and such other food as may be required, will be supplied free of expense.

While I was standing before the cathedral at Amiens, with a friend who with mingled fear and pity was regarding that monument—built with the strength of Titans and decorated with the patience of dwarfs—he turned to me at last and inquired, "How does it happen that we do not erect such edifices in our day?" And my answer was, "My dear Alphonse, the men of that day had convictions, while we moderns have only opinions; and something more than opinions are required to build a cathedral."

I have the most peaceable disposition. My desires are a modest cottage with thatched roof, but a good bed, good fare, fresh milk and butter, flowers by my window, and a few fine trees before the door. And if the Lord wished to fill my cup of happiness, he would grant me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. With a heart moved to pity, I would before their death forgive the injury they had done me during their lives. Yes, we ought to forgive our enemies — but not until they are hanged.

There is something peculiar in patriotism, or real love of country. One can become eighty years old, and without knowing it, have loved his father-

land during all that time; that is, if one has remained at home. The true nature of spring is not appreciated until winter is upon us, and the best May songs are written by the fireside. Love of freedom is a prison flower, and we do not learn the full value of liberty until we are imprisoned. Thus, the German's patriotism begins at the frontier, where he can from afar behold his country's misery.

Every man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea: he knows not what he may find therein — treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms.

Translated by Stern and Snodgrass

GÖTTINGEN

From 'The Harz Journey'

BLACK dress coats and silken stockings,
 Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
 Gentle speeches and embraces —
 Oh, if they but held a heart!

Held a heart within their bosom,
 Warmed by love which truly glows;
 Ah! I'm wearied with their chanting
 Of imagined lovers' woes!

I will climb upon the mountains,
 Where the quiet cabin stands,
 Where the wind blows freely o'er us,
 Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains,
 Where the dark-green fir-trees grow;
 Brooks are rustling, birds are singing,
 And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
 Polished men and polished hall!
 I will climb upon the mountain,
 Smiling down upon you all.

The town of Göttingen, celebrated for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a "Ratskeller" where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is termed the Leine, and is used in summer for bathing — its waters being very cold, and in more than one place so broad that Luder was obliged to take quite a run before he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases you most when you look at it with your back. It must be very ancient; for I well remember that five years ago, when I was matriculated there (and shortly after rusticated), it had already the same gray, precocious look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, dissertations, tea-parties with a little dancing, washer-women, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, professors ordinary and extraordinary, pipe heads, court counselors, and law counselors. Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races, every German tribe left a badly corrected proof of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members; and that from these descended all the Vandals, Friesians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians,¹ and others who at the present day abound in Göttingen, where, distinguished by the color of their caps and pipe tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender Street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the Rasenmill, Ritschenkrug, and Bovden, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and are still governed partly by their *Duces*, whom they call "chief cocks," and partly by their primevally ancient law-book, known as the 'Comment,' which fully deserves a place among the *legibus barbarorum* [laws of the barbarians].

The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally divided into Students, Professors, Philistines, and Cattle; the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors: besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen; while among the professors are many who as yet have no name at all. The number of the Göttingen *Philistines* must be as numerous as the sands (or, more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the sea; indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created. . . .

It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Göttingen, and the learned — beyond doubt still lay in bed, dreaming that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked them and

¹ Names of exclusive student organizations.

planted them in new beds, while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate I met two native and diminutive schoolboys, one of whom was saying to the other, "I don't intend to keep company any more with Theodore: he is a low little blackguard, for yesterday he didn't even know the genitive of *mensa*." Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to record—nay, I would even write them as town-motto on the gate of Göttingen; for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow-minded academic pride so characteristic of the "highly learned" Georgia Augusta. . . .

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many-shaded green trees were gilded by the sun; and over all, the blue silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the Eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, which I could not banish. It was an echo of the old legend, how a knight descended into a deep fountain, beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a death-like magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly innumerable lights gleamed around me, wakeful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing terribly on horns which ever summoned more and more of their comrades, and frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword, and the blood flowed, I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming long-bearded thistle-tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished, and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart's loved one, veiled in white, and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then—O Heavens!—I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command, "Let there be light!" and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild desolate sea! A wild desolate sea, over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the departed madly chased each other, the white shrouds floating on the wind, while behind all, goading them on with cracking whip, ran a many-colored harlequin—and I was the harlequin. Suddenly from the black waves the sea monsters raised their misshapen heads, and yawned towards me with extended jaws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas! how the finest dreams may be spoiled! The knight in fact, when he

has found the lady, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and after she has recovered from her magic sleep and sits again in glory in her hall, he should approach her and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?" Then she will answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not!" And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated!

It is really a very peculiar misfortune that *my* love dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

Translated by Charles G. Leland

THE SUPPER ON THE BROCKEN

From 'The Harz Journey'

THE company around the table gradually became better acquainted and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punch-bowls steamed, and drinking, *schmolliren* [hobnobbing], and singing were the order of the night. The old 'Landsfather' and the beautiful songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, and others rang around, with the exquisite airs of Methfessel. Best of all sounded our own Arndt's German words, "The Lord, who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of our floor. The bottles became emptier and the heads of the company fuller. One bellowed like an ox, a second piped, a third declaimed from 'The Crime,' a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached temperance, and a sixth, assuming the chair, learnedly lectured as follows: — "Gentlemen, the world is a round cylinder, upon which human beings as individual pins are scattered apparently at random. But the cylinder revolves, the pins knock together and give out tones, some very frequently and others but seldom; all of which causes a remarkably complicated sound, which is generally known as universal history. We will, in consequence, speak first of music, then of the world, and finally of history, which latter we divide into positive and Spanish flies —" And so sense and nonsense went rattling on.

A jolly Mecklenburger, who held his nose to his punch-glass, and smiling with happiness snuffed up the perfume, remarked that it caused in him a sensation as if he were standing again before the refreshment table in the Schwerin Theater! Another held his wine-glass like a lorgnette before his eye, and appeared to be carefully studying the company, while the red wine trickled down over his cheek into his projecting mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, cast himself upon my breast, and shouted wildly, "Oh, that thou couldst understand me, for I am a lover, a happy lover; for I am loved

again, and G—d d—n me, she's an educated girl, for she has a full bosom, wears a white gown, and plays the piano!" But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and ever whimpered, "O Molly dear! O Molly dear!"

During this crazy scene, in which plates learned to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely visible. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other; and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest, trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. "Lora is also dead!" said one, and sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle who had loved a student, and who, when the latter left Halle, spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing ever on the canary-bird which her lover had given her. "The bird died, and Lora did not long survive it," was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed as though their hearts would break. Finally the other said, "My soul is sorrowful; come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Partake of my sorrows! I love thee: thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets; they re-echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful!"

Both of the young men arose. One threw his arm around the neck of the other, and thus left the noisy room. I followed, and saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one, by mistake, instead of the window threw open the door of a large wardrobe; and both, standing before it with outstretched arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of darkening night," cried the first, "how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain; far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of my fathers. Oh that I could hunt with ye on your cloud steeds through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief, and my soul is sad!" Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out *his* arms towards the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried to a broad pair of yellow pantaloons which he mistook for the moon: — "Fair art thou, daughter of heaven! lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. Thou walkest lonely in thy loveliness. The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark brows gleam with light. Who is like unto thee in heaven, thou the night-born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and turn away their green sparkling eyes. Whither, ah whither, when morning pales thy face, dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy hall? Dwellest thou amid shadows of sorrow? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through

the night now no more? Yea, they fell adown, O lovely light! and thou hidest thyself to bewail them! Yet the night must at some time come when thou too must pass away, and leave thy blue path above in heaven. Then the stars, who were once ashamed in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. Now thou art clothed in thy starry splendor and gazest adown from the gate of heaven. Tear aside the clouds, O ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light! ”

A well-known and not remarkably thin friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had already at supper devoured a piece of beef which would have dined six lieutenants of the guard and one innocent child, here came rushing into the room in a very jovial manner — that is to say, *à la* swine — shoved the two elegiac friends one over the other into the wardrobe, stormed through the house-door, and began to roar around outside as if raising the devil in earnest. The noise in the hall grew more confused and duller; the two moaning and weeping friends lay, as they thought, crushed at the foot of the mountain; from their throats ran noble red wine, and the one said to the other: — “Farewell! I feel that I bleed. Why dost thou waken me, O breath of spring? Thou caressest me, and sayst, ‘I bedew thee with drops from heaven.’ But the time of my withering is at hand — at hand the storm which will break away my leaves. Tomorrow the Wanderer will come — come — he who saw me in my beauty — his eyes will glance, as of yore, around the field — in vain — ” But over all roared the well-known basso voice without, blasphemously complaining, amid oaths and whoops, that not a single lantern had been lighted along the entire Weender Street, and that one could not even see whose window-panes he had smashed.

I can bear a tolerable quantity — modesty forbids me to say how many bottles — and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white nightcap and yellow Welsh flannel. He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was a Frankfort-on-Mainer, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews; declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per cent under manufacturers’ prices. A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I while in a somnambulistic crisis, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain. A pianoforte extract from Dante’s Hell. Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera, called the ‘Falcidia,’ with libretto on the right of inheritance by Gans, and music by Spontini. A crazy dream! I saw the Roman

Forum splendidly illuminated. In it Servius Asinius Göschenus, sitting as pretor on his chair, and throwing wide his toga in stately folds, burst out into raging recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, manifesting as *prima donna legataria* all the exquisite feminineness of his nature, sang the love-melting *bravura* of "Quicunque civis Romanus"; referees, rouged red as sealing-wax, bellowed in chorus as minors; private tutors, dressed as genii, in flesh-colored stockinets, danced an anti-Justinian ballet, crowning with flowers the "Twelve Tables," while amid thunder and lightning rose from the ground the abused ghost of Roman Legislation, accompanied by trumpets, gongs, fiery rain, *cum omni causa*.

From this confusion I was rescued by the landlord of the Brocken, when he awoke me to see the sun rise. Above, on the tower, I found several already waiting, who rubbed their freezing hands; others, with sleep still in their eyes, stumbled up to us, until finally the whole silent congregation of the previous evening was reassembled, and we saw how above the horizon there rose a little carmine-red ball, spreading a dim wintry illumination. Far around, amid the mists, rose the mountains, as if swimming in a white rolling sea, only their summits being visible; so that we could imagine ourselves standing on a little hill in the midst of an inundated plain, in which here and there rose dry clods of earth. To retain that which I saw and felt, I sketched the following poem: —

In the east 'tis ever brighter,
 Though the sun gleams cloudily;
 Far and wide the mountain summits
 Swim above the misty sea.

Had I seven-mile boots for travel,
 Like the fleeting winds I'd rove,
 Over valley, rock, and river,
 To the home of her I love.

From the bed where now she's sleeping,
 Soft the curtain I would slip;
 Softly kiss her childlike forehead,
 Soft the ruby of her lip.

And yet softer would I whisper
 In the little lily ear,
 "Think in dreams we still are loving,
 Think I never lost thee, dear."

THE PHILISTINE OF BERLIN

From 'Italy'

I AM the politest man in the world. I am happy in the reflection that I have never been rude in this life, where there are so many intolerable scamps who take you by the button and draw out their grievances, or even declaim their poems—yes, with true Christian patience have I ever listened to their *misereres* without betraying by a glance the intensity of ennui and of boredom into which my soul was plunged. Like unto a penitential martyr of a Brahmin, who offers up his body to devouring vermin, so that the creatures (also created by God) may satiate their appetites, so have I for a whole day taken my stand and calmly listened as I grinned and bore the chattering of the rabble, and my internal sighs were only heard by Him who rewards virtue.

But the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness, and forbids a vexed silence or a vexatious reply, even when some chuckle-headed "commercial councilor" or barren-brained cheesemonger makes a set at us, beginning a conversation common to all Europe with the words, "Fine weather today." No one knows but that we may meet that same Philistine again, when he may wreak bitter vengeance on us for not politely replying, "It is very fine weather." Nay, it may even happen, dear reader, that thou mayest, some fine day, come to sit by the Philistine aforesaid in the inn at Cassel, and at the *table d'hôte*, even by his left side, when he is exactly the very man who has the dish with a jolly brown carp in it, which he is merrily dividing among the many. If he now chance to have some ancient grudge against thee, he pushes away the dish to the right, so that thou gettest not the smallest bit of tail, and therewith canst not carp at all. For, alas! thou art just the thirteenth at table, which is always an unlucky thing when thou sittest at the left hand of the carver and the dish goes around to the right. And to get no carp is a great evil—perhaps, next to the loss of the national cockade, the greatest of all. The Philistine who has prepared this evil now mocks thee with a heavy grin, offering thee the laurel leaves which lie in the brown sauce. Alas! what avail laurels, if you have no carp with them; and the Philistine twinkles his eyes and snickers, and whispers, "Fine weather today!"

Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt at last come to lie in some churchyard next to that same Philistine, and when on the Day of Judgment thou hearest the trumpet sound, and sayest to thy neighbor, "Good friend, be so kind as to reach me your hand, if you please, and help me to stand up; my left leg is asleep with this damned long lying still!"—then thou wilt suddenly remember the well-known Philistine laugh, and wilt hear the mocking tones of "Fine weather today!"

"Foine wey-ther today!"

O reader, if you could only have heard the tone — the incomparable treble-base — in which these words were uttered, and could have seen the speaker himself — the arch-prosaic, widow's-savings-bank countenance, the stupid-cute eyelets, the cocked-up, cunning, investigating nose — you would at once have said, "This flower grew on no common sand, and these tones are in the dialect of Charlottenburg, where the tongue of Berlin is spoken even better than in Berlin itself."

I am the politest man in the world. I love to eat brown carps, and I believe in the resurrection. Therefore I replied, "In fact, the weather is very fine."

When the son of the Spree heard that, he grappled boldly on me, and I could not escape from his endless questions, to which he himself answered; nor, above all, from his comparisons between Berlin and Munich, which latter city he would not admit had a single good hair growing on it.

I, however, took the modern Athens under my protection, being always accustomed to praise the place where I am. Friend reader, if I did this at the expense of Berlin, you will forgive me when I quietly confess that it was done out of pure policy, for I am fully aware that if I should ever begin to praise my good Berliners, my renown would be forever at an end among them; for they would begin at once to shrug their shoulders, and whisper to one another, "The man must be uncommonly green: he even praises *us*!" No town in the world has so little local patriotism as Berlin. A thousand miserable poets have, it is true, long since celebrated Berlin both in prose and in rhyme, yet no cock in Berlin crowed their praise and no hen was cooked for them, and "under the Lindens" they were esteemed miserable poets as before. . . .

But after all, between you and me, reader, when it comes to calling the whole town "a new Athens," the designation is a little absurd; and it costs me not a little trouble to represent it in this light. This went home to my very heart in the dialogue with the Berlin Philister, who, though he had conversed for some time with me, was unpolite enough to find an utter want of the first grain of Attic salt in the new Athens.

"That," he cried tolerably loudly, "is only to be found in Berlin. There and there only, is wit and irony. Here they have good white beer, but no irony."

"No, we haven't got irony," cried Nannerl, the pretty, well-formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us; "but you can have any other sort of beer."

It grieved me to the heart that Nannerl should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin; and to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise: — "Pretty Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people — the wisest folks in the world — who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out

something which should answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The government took hold of the matter vigorously: only the greater blunders were allowed to be printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation; only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private: but all of these regulations were of no avail; suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light, those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether plain and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or deed of which he has been guilty was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world: stupidity becomes irony, toadyism which has missed its aim becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humor, ignorance real wit, and thou thyself art finally the Aspasia of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty Nannerl, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron-string, broke away by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "A beer! a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and after pointing to a group of beer-drinkers who toasted their hop nectar and disputed as to its excellence, he said smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

HEINE'S VISIT TO GOETHE

WHEN I visited him in Weimar, and stood before him, I involuntarily glanced at his side to see whether the eagle was not there with the lightning in his beak. I was nearly speaking Greek to him; but as I observed that he understood German, I stated to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. I had for so many long winter nights thought over what lofty and profound things I would say to Goethe, if ever I saw him — and when I saw him at last, I said to him that the Saxon plums were very good! And Goethe smiled.

Translated by Stern and Snodgrass

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH HEBBEL

SOME dramatists, to parody a familiar saying about greatness, achieve tragedy, others have it thrust upon them. It is to the latter category that Friedrich Hebbel belongs: his racial heritage, the trend of his intellectual development, and the external circumstances of his career all combined to bring to fruition in him the most significant tragic endowment that all Germany — perhaps all Europe — witnessed during the nineteenth century.

Hebbel's youth and middle years — until he was past forty — were marked by such a persistent and heart-breaking struggle with poverty, want, and physical disability as can hardly be paralleled in the annals of German literature. What saved him as poet, and gave through him to the German people those great dramatic works whose full significance was not fully understood during his lifetime, was an iron will steeled by a steadily deepening conviction of his mission as a poet, a will which did not even shrink from a certain ruthlessness in the pursuit of what he early recognized as the main purpose of his life.

Christian Friedrich Hebbel was born on March 18, 1813, in the hamlet of Wesslburen, North Dithmarschen, Holstein, the son of a poor mason. His boyhood was darkened by his father's poverty and gloomy temper. His native country had the charm of the plains, but lacked the moods of trees or hills. He inherited the sensitive pride of his race, coupled with the nervous irritability of the poet he was to be, and was subject to violent outbursts of temper. Formal education could scarcely be said to have come to him; he learned from books and from people, whom, to use his own expression, he "devoured."

Early poems won him public attention and the philanthropic good-will of Amalie Schoppe, editor of a popular magazine. Brought to Hamburg by her efforts, Hebbel became acquainted there with a girl named Elise Lensing, ten years his senior, and studied at Hamburg, Heidelberg, and Munich, on funds supplied partly through Amalie, partly by Elise. In March 1839 he returned to Hamburg on foot — a fearful pilgrimage — and lived there four years with Elise, writing his first two important works, 'Judith' and 'Genoveva.' Aided by the favorable attention which these works won him, Hebbel secured from the Danish king sufficient funds to take him to Paris and to Rome. It was in Paris that he brought his middle-class tragedy, 'Maria Magdalena,' to completion; Rome and Italy had much to give him, but no lasting literary stimulus came to him from there. Unwilling to continue his support, King Christian allowed him money for his return journey, and in November 1845 Hebbel proceeded to Vienna, which was to be his home thereafter.

Even here, though from now on Hebbel's destiny took a new and more favorable turn, life never spared him the taste of tragedy. Hebbel's wedded happiness with the talented actress Christine Enghaus could only be bought at the expense of Elise Lensing, to whose self-sacrificing devotion he owed the possibility of the development which ultimately estranged him from her. Hebbel's conception of his mission gave his abandonment of Elise its logical justification, but could not save him from the consciousness of her undeserved suffering.

Though Hebbel's dramas rose steadily in public esteem and appreciation, some of the most important critics opposed him to the last, especially Heinrich Laube, whose position as director of the Burgtheater in Vienna made his hostility particularly fateful for Hebbel. So he hardly attained during his life to that public recognition which many lesser talents received without any great effort, and to which he knew he was entitled.

Nevertheless, his years at Vienna may not be called unhappy, and they witnessed the production of four works — 'Herodes und Mariamne,' 'Agnes Bernauer,' 'Gyges und sein Ring,' and the trilogy 'Die Nibelungen' — which, with 'Maria Magdalena,' reveal Hebbel as one of the world's greatest masters of tragedy.

Hebbel's biographer, Emil Kuh, has pointed out that in Hebbel's conception of tragedy it is not what men do, but what they are, that constitutes the tragic conflict and their tragic guilt. In 'Maria Magdalena' we have the problem of the unmarried mother, driven to death by the blind prejudices of her social group. This is no new theme: what elevates the heroine to the level of a tragic character is the inevitableness, indeed in a sense the "morality" of her fall, in which neither sensual frivolity nor feminine frailty play any part. 'Agnes Bernauer' embodies a conflict between the conception of the State and the rights of human love. Duke Albert of Württemberg, the son of the reigning Duke, falls in love with a civilian's daughter and marries her, thus excluding himself from the succession. His father has Agnes put to death and ultimately convinces his son that he was right. 'Gyges und sein Ring' marks Hebbel's highest achievement in poetic drama. King Kandaules shows his favorite Gyges the unveiled beauty of his wife Rhodope. The Queen, learning of this, forces Gyges either to kill Kandaules and marry her, or to die himself; he chooses the former, whereupon Rhodope crowns the marriage ceremony by taking her own life. Here there is some guilt on the part of Kandaules, but the tragedy grows essentially out of the interactions of the chief characters, all three noble persons. Hebbel's chief work is his trilogy, the 'Nibelungen,' consisting of a prologue in one act, 'Siegfried of the Horny Skin,' and two five-act tragedies, 'Siegfried's Death' and 'Kriemhild's Vengeance.' In this work, Hebbel takes the magnificent dramatic material of the old German 'Nibelungenlied' — perhaps the most titanic plot in all literature — and makes it available for the modern stage in what may be called

definitive form. While the prologue is not without a certain grim humor, the other parts are pure tragedy, each of which rises to a soul-shaking climax at the end.

This was his last completed production. The poet's health, which had been periodically poor in recent years, began to fail seriously in 1863. He witnessed, to be sure, the triumph of his 'Nibelungen,' which forced open the doors of the Burgtheater in Vienna, and on the November 10, 1863, he received word of the award of the Schiller Prize. His comment on the latter event has become celebrated: "Such is man's lot, now you have no wine, now you have no cup." On December 13, 1863, he breathed his last.

"Like all genuine artists," writes Adolf Bartels, "Hebbel demands intense application; his works are meaningless for Philistines, for superficial weaklings, and for sentimentalists, but they do mean something to real men. Nowhere, perhaps, has the defiant spirit of the Teutonic man, which by no means closes the heart to softer emotion, nowhere has that German profundity that reaches downward to the very roots of the Universe, found a more pronounced expression than in the works of this man of Dithmarschen."

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

FROM 'HEROD AND MARIAMNE'

[In 'Herod and Mariamne,' the insane jealousy of the husband impels a loving but proud and iron-willed woman to an unparalleled revenge. Twice, as he is going forth to war, Herod leaves the secret command that in case he does not return, Mariamne is to be executed unless she puts herself to death within a certain time. In both cases the secret is revealed to Mariamne, who has already forgiven Herod the murder of her brother Aristobolus. The repetition of the death-command breaks Mariamne's heart, but not her will. Her plan is aided by her mother Alexandra and her sister-in-law Salome, both of whom hate her for different reasons, and by the Roman Titus, who does not understand. Herod is reported dead, and Mariamne gives a feast and dances at it in sight of all. Herod returns, believes that Mariamne has betrayed him with Soëmus, who was to have killed her, and has her beheaded.]

ACT V

Scene 5

[*Aaron and the other five judges enter. Alexandra and Salome follow. Joab appears directly after.*]

Alexandra. My king and my commander, hail to thee!
Herod. I gave thee thanks.

[*He sits upon his throne. Titus sits at his side. The judges then seat themselves, upon a motion from him, in a half-circle about the table.*]

Alexandra [*while this is going on*]. From Mariamne's fate

I do divide my own, and save myself,
As 'twere a torch, for future need and use.

[*She sits down beside Salome.*]

Herod [*to the judges*]. Ye know wherefore I had you hither called.

Aaron. In deepest grief do we appear before thee.

Herod. I make no doubt. To me and to my house

Ye all are close befriended and akin,
What falls on me affects you too. Ye will be glad,
If ye the queen, my wife, who — [*He halts.*] Spare me that!
Ye will be glad, if ye must not condemn her,
If ye, instead of sending her to Golgotha,
May send her back into my house again,
But yet before the utmost penalty
Ye will not craven tremble, if needs must,
For as ye share with me fortune and fate,
Ye share alike my shame and honor too.
Proceed, then.

[*He gives Joab a signal. Exit Joab. Then he appears again with Mariamne.*
— *A long pause follows.*]

Herod. Aaron!

Aaron. Queen! To us has come
A solemn task. Thou art before thy judges.

Mariamne. Before my judges, aye, before you too.

Aaron. Dost thou this court not recognize?

Mariamne. I see

A higher here! If that, upon your questions,
Permits me to reply, then I will answer,
And will keep silence, if it so commands. —
My eye doth scarce behold you. At your backs
Stand spirits, gazing mute and earnest at me,
They are the great ancestors of my race.
Three nights I have beheld them in my dreams,
And now they come to me by day, and well
I know they mean to say that now the dance
Of death has opened up its ranks for me,
And that what lives and breathes is fading from me.
In back of yonder throne, whereon a monarch
Appears to sit, stands Judas Maccabæus:
Thou prince of heroes, look not down so darkly
Upon me, thou shalt be with me content.

Alexandra. Not too defiant, Mariamne!

Mariamne.

Mother!

Farewell. — [*To Aaron.*] Upon what charge am I accused?

Aaron. That thou thy king and husband hast betrayed —

[*To Herod.*] Not so?

Mariamne.

Betrayed him? What? Impossible!

Did he not find me here as he expected

To find me? Was it not mid joy and dance?

Did I, whenas I heard his death reported,

Put on my mourning garb? Did I shed tears?

Or did I tear my hair? For thus I had

Betrayed him, but I did not take that course

And I can prove it. Speak, Salome, now!

Herod. I found her as she says. She does not need

To look about for any other witness.

But never, never had I dreamed it so.

Mariamne. What, never dreamed it? Yet disguised the hangman

And placed him o'er me? No, that cannot be.

E'en as his soul beheld me at his parting,

Just so he found me when he came again,

Hence my denial that he was betrayed.

Herod [*bursting out into wild laughter*].

So there was no betrayal, since she nought

Has done but what anticipation, boding

— How shall I praise that gloomy warning voice! —

Caused me to fear — [*To Mariamne.*] O woman! This becomes thee!

But build not too securely on the hope

That losing peace and joy I've lost all force,

Perhaps a residue is left for vengeance

And — as a boy I used to shoot an arrow

At every bird that flew away from me.

Mariamne. Speak not of boding, of anticipation,

But speak of fear alone! For thou didst tremble

At what thou hadst deserved. Such is man's way.

Thou canst no longer trust the sister, since

Thou hadst her brother slain, the worst of sins

Against me thou hast done, and now believest

That I'll requite them, yea, outdo them even.

What, hast thou always, when thou marched away

To face thy death in honest open warfare,

The hangman placed behind me? Thou art silent?

'Tis so, then. Since so deeply thou art conscious

Of what for me is fitting, since thy fear

Has taught to me thy duty, then I will
At last accomplish this my sacred duty,
Hence I forever part my life from thine.

Herod. Give answer, make confession! Wilt thou not?

[*Mariamne is silent.*]

Herod [*to the judges*]. Ye see, there's no confession. And 'tis true

I have no proofs, or such as ye would need.
Yet once ere now a murderer ye condemned
To death, because the victim's precious jewel
Was found upon him. Useless, that he tried
To show his hands well washen of their guilt,
And useless, that he swore the dead man gave
The jewel him: Ye let the sentence stand.
Well, then! 'Tis now the same. She has a jewel
That testifies incontrovertibly,
And more than any human tongue could do it,
That she has done the crime of crimes to me.
A miracle not only, were this false,
But one that surely must have been repeated,
And miracles do not repeat themselves.

[*Mariamne makes a movement.*]

Herod. O, she will say, just as yon murderer said:

'Twas given her. And she may safely risk it,
For, like a grove, a chamber too is mute.
But were ye tempted to believe her saying,
Then I oppose it with my inmost feeling,
The probe of every possibility,
Refuting her, and thus demand her death.
I say, her death! I will that cup of loathing
Not empty, that defiance sets before me,
Not day by day torment me with the riddle
If such defiance be the most repugnant
Aspect of innocence, or if it be
The boldest mask of sin, but from this maelstrom
Of hate and love, before it choke me quite,
I will escape, and cost it what it may.
Therefore, away with her! — Ye still delay?
My word is said. — What? Have I failed the mark?
Then speak! I know that silence is my part.
But speak! Speak! Sit not there like Solomon
Between the mothers with the children twain.
The case is clear. Ye need for nothing more
Than what ye see. A wife that here can stand

Like that deserves her death, and were she pure
Of any blame. And still ye do not speak?

Would ye have first the proof, how firmly I
Am now convinced that I have been betrayed?

That proof I'll give you in Soëmus' head,

And that at once! [*He goes toward Joab.*]

Titus [*rises*]. I call this not a court.

Forgive! [*He is about to go.*]

Mariamne. Stay, Roman, I accept the court.

Who would reject it, if not I myself!

[*Titus sits down again. Alexandra rises.*]

Mariamne [*steps up to her*].

Much sorrow thou hast given me, thou hast

My happiness not measured like thine own.

Shall I forgive thee, then be silent now.

Thou changest nothing, my resolve is fixed.

[*Alexandra sits down again.*]

Mariamne. Well, judges?

Aaron [*to the other*]. Whoso holds King Herod's judgment

To be unrighteous, let him rise and stand. [*All remain seated.*]

Then all of ye have sentenced her to death. [*He rises.*]

Thou art condemned to death, Queen *Mariamne*! —

Hast thou somewhat to say?

Mariamne. Yes, if the hangman

Is not already summoned in advance

And now awaits me with the axe, I would

Converse with *Titus* yet before my death.

[*To Herod.*] Men are not wont a dying man's request,

The last one, to refuse. If thou wilt grant it,

Then may my life be added unto thine.

Herod. The hangman is not summoned yet — I can.

And since eternity as my reward

Thou profferest me, I must and will agree.

[*To Titus.*] A fearful woman, is she not?

Titus. She stands

Before a man as no one ought to stand.

So make an end.

Salome [*steps forward*]. O do it! For thy mother

Is ailing unto death. She will recover

If she may see this done.

Herod [*to Alexandra*]. Saidst thou not aught?

Alexandra. No!

[*Herod looks long at Mariamne. Mariamne keeps silence.*]

Herod. Die! [*To Joab.*] I put it in thy hands.
[*Exit quickly. Salome follows him.*]

Alexandra [*looking after him*]. I have
One arrow left for thee. [*To Mariamne.*] Thou wouldst it so.
Mariamne. I give thee thanks.

[*Exit Alexandra.*]

Aaron [*to the other judges*]. Shall we not still attempt
To soften him? To me this is most fearful.
She is the last of all the Maccabees.
If only we might gain a short postponement.
Just now we could not well oppose his anger,
But soon he will himself have changed his mind,
And possibly he then might punish us
Because today we offered no resistance.
Let's follow. [*Exit.*]

Joab [*approaches Mariamne*]. Dost forgive? I must obey him.
Mariamne. Do as thy lord commands, and waste no time.
For I am ready e'en as soon as thou,
And queens, thou knowest, are not wont to wait.

[*Exit Joab.*]

Scene 6

Mariamne [*approaches Titus*].
Now one more word ere bedtime, while for me
My last attendant goes to make my bed.
Thou art surprised, I see, that I this word
Direct to thee instead of to my mother,
But she is far from me and knows me not.

Titus. I am surprised to have a woman teach me
How I, a man, one day should face my death.
Yes, Queen, uncanny do I find thy bearing
And, frankly I confess, thy very essence;
But yet I must revere that hero-soul
That lets thee part from life as if thou felt
The lovely world upon thy final journey
No more deserved the merest fleeting glance —
Such courage almost reconciles my soul.

Mariamne. No courage, that!

Titus. 'Tis true that I have heard
Of teachings of your gloomy Pharisees:
It is in death that life doth first begin,
And whoso trusts their word this world despises,

Wherein nought but the sun forever shineth,
And all things else ere lost in endless night.

Mariamne. I never listened, nor do I believe;

O no, I know from what I am to part.

Titus. Then dost thou stand as Cæsar hardly stood,
When Brutus' dagger dealt the fatal blow,
For he, too proud to show the grief he felt,
And yet not strong enough his pain to stifle,
In falling veiled from sight his countenance;
But thou hast kept thy pain within thy breast.

Mariamne. No more, no more! It is not, as thou thinkest.
I feel no further pain, for pain is but
A part of life, and life is dead in me,
Extinguished, and long since I am no more
Than something less than human, more than shade,
Scarce comprehending that I still can die.
Receive from me this final confidence,
But promise me first, as a man and Roman,
That thou'lt conceal it till I'm gone below,
And that thou wilt escort me when I go.
Thou hesitatest? Is't too much to ask?
'Tis not my frailty pleading. And indeed
Thou mayst decide if later thou wilt speak,
Or hold thy peace. I bind thee not at all
And even keep my wishes to myself.
But for this purpose I have chosen thee
Because steadfastly, like a brazen image
Into a fiery flame, thou e'er hast gazed
With cool dispassion on our raging hell.
They must believe thee, when thou witness giv'st,
We are for thee a wholly different race,
To which no bond allies thee, and thou speak'st
Of us as we of stones and foreign plants,
Impartial, without love and without hate.

Titus. Thou go'st too far.

Mariamne. Wilt thou — too obstinate —
Refuse me now thy word, I'll take my secret —
Into my grave; that comfort I must lack,
My last one, that at least one human breast
Preserves my image pure and undefiled,
And that, when hate brings forth its worst reproach,
In duty and in reverence for the truth
He can lift up the veil that covers it.

Titus. 'Tis well! I promise thee.

Mariamne. Then, Roman, know

That I betrayed King Herod, but not so,
Not so at all, as he supposed. My faith
Was constant as his own unto himself.
Why underrate myself? I was far truer,
For he long since is other than he was.
Shall I affirm that now? I'd rather far
Resolve to take my oath that I have eyes
And hands and feet as well. For these I might
Be reft of, yet I'd be just what I am,
Not so with heart and soul.

Titus. I do believe

And shall —

Mariamne. Keep faith, as thou hast promised me.

I doubt it not. Now ask thee what my feelings
When he the second time — for once I had
Forgiven him — put me beneath the sword,
When I must tell myself: much more is like
Thy shadow to thyself, than that wry image
Which in his deepest soul he has of thee.
I bore that thought no longer, could I bear it?
I reached out for my dagger, and, restrained
From hasty suicide, I swore to him:
Thou wilt my hangman be, and e'en in death?
Thou shalt become my hangman while yet living.
The woman thou beheldest thou shalt slay
And in my death shalt see me as I am. —
Thou saw'st me at my festival. A mask
Was dancing there.

Titus. Ha!

Mariamne. Yea, a mask did stand

Today before the court, and for a mask the axe
Is being ground, but *I* shall feel its edge.

Titus. I stand here quaking, Queen, nor of wrong-doing

Do I accuse thee, yet I needs must tell thee:
Thou hast deceived myself, for thou hast filled
Me so with dread and horror by thy feast,
As now I thrill with shuddering admiration.
And if I felt it so, how could it be
Appearances should not becloud thine essence
To him whose heart, by passion deeply stirred,
As little as a swirling water-course

Could mirror things exactly as they are.
 Hence sympathy profound I feel for him,
 And find thy vengeance just but too severe.

Mariamne. Upon my shoulders do I take the blame,
 And that 'twas not for mere desire to live
 That I rebelled at being sacrificed,
 I thus make plain, I throw my life away.

Titus. Give me my word again.

Mariamne. And shouldst thou break it,
 Thou'dst alter nothing now. A man can let
 His fellow-being die; but to live on
 Not e'en the mightiest can force the weakest.
 And I am weary, envy this long time
 The stones, and if it is the aim of life
 That one should hate it and eternal death
 Learn to prefer to life, then is that aim
 In me attained. O, that of purest granite,
 Imperishably hard, my urn were fashioned
 And buried in the deepest depths of ocean,
 That e'en my dust to all eternity
 Might be withheld from all the elements!

Titus. Appearances control the world we live in.

Mariamne. I see that now, hence I foresake the world.

Titus. But I myself bore witness to thy hurt.

Mariamne. 'Twas to that end I bade thee to my feast.

Titus. If I should tell him, what thou just hast said—

Mariamne. He would recall me, 'tis beyond a doubt.

And if I followed, this were my reward:
 In face of every person that approached me
 From now on I must shudder and bethink me,
 Take heed, this may be hangman number three.
 No, Titus, no, I have not played a game,
 For me there's no returning. If there were,
 Thinkst thou I had not found it, when I took
 Farewell eternal from my children all?
 If nought but spite impelled me, as he thinks,
 The pain of innocence had broke its force:
 That pain has but embittered more my death.

Titus. O, could he know that, come himself, and cast him
 Before thy feet!

Mariamne. Amen! For then he had
 The Demon overcome, and then I could
 Reveal my heart to him. For I should not
 Unworthy bargains drive to keep a life

That through the price which I must pay for it
Must lose its every value in my sight,
I should reward him for his victory,
And trust my word, I could!

Titus. Art thou so blind,

O Herod?

[*Joab enters noiselessly and remains standing in silence.*]

Mariamne. Aye! Thou seest, he sends me this! [*Points to Joab.*]

Titus. O let —

Mariamne. Hast thou not understood me, Titus?

Is it defiance only, in thy sight,
That closed my lips to him? Can I still live?
Can I still live with him, when he in me
Not even God's own image longer honors?
And if by merely keeping silence I
Could conjure death, and steel his heart against me,
Should I that silence break? Ah, why should I
Be fain to change one dagger for another?
And had it been aught else?

Titus. O, she is right.

Mariamne [*to Joab*]. Art thou prepared?

[*Joab bows.*]

Mariamne [*facing Herod's apartments*]. Then, Herod, fare thee well.

[*Towards the earth.*] Thou, Aristobolus, my greeting take.

I join thee soon in everlasting night!

Scene 8

.

[*Joab and Titus enter. Alexandra follows.*]

Herod. Ha!

Joab. The deed is done.

[*Herod veils his face.*]

Titus. She died. 'Tis true. But I have now before me

A still and much more frightful task to do

Than he who carried out thy grim decree:

For I must tell thee, she was free of guilt.

Herod. No, Titus, no!

[*Titus essays to speak.*]

Herod [*steps close before him*]. For were it so, thou hadst

Not seen her put to death.

Titus. No man was able

To hinder that but thou. — It gives me pain
 That I must serve thee worse than hangman could,
 But if 'tis sacred duty, any corpse,
 Whosever it may be, to lay in earth,
 More sacred still its right to be set free
 Of rumored guilt, if such be not deserved,
 And such a duty now is mine alone.

Herod. I see in all thou sayest only this:
 Her magic served her well, e'en after death.
 Why still resent Soëmus? How should he
 Resist her blinding beauty while she lived!
 Thyself her dying spark has set aflame.

Titus. Does jealousy reach e'en beyond the tomb?

Herod. Were I deceived, and if from out thy lips
 Now something more than sympathy were speaking,
 That's far too deep not to be more than that:
 Then I must needs remind thee, that thy witness
 In part condemned her too, and that it had
 Been duty on thy part to give me warning,
 So soon as but the slightest doubt thou felt.

Titus. My plighted word restrained me, and yet more:

A most inflexible necessity.
 Had I one single pace from her departed,
 She would have dealt herself the fatal blow,
 I saw the dagger at her breast concealed,
 Which more than once her fingers twitched to seize. [*Pause.*]
 She wanted death, and death she had to have.
 As much she had endured, as much forgiven,
 As she to suffer, to forgive was able:
 I have beheld her spirit's inmost deeps.
 Who more demands, let him not turn to her,
 But quarrel solely with the elements
 That once for all were mingled in her nature
 So that she could no more. But let him show
 To me the woman that did more than she.

[*Herod makes a movement.*]

Titus. She wanted death to come, and so she called

— In suicidal sport deluding all —
 The horrid vision of thy jealousy
 At yonder feast into deceptive life.
 I found her course severe, but not unjust.
 She stepped as mask before thee, and the mask
 Should make thee take thy sword and thrust it through,

[*He points to Joab.*]

The which thou didst, and thus herself was slain.

Herod. She said that. But she said it for revenge.

Titus. E'en so. Against her did I testify,

How gladly I would doubt her!

Herod. And Soëmus?

Titus. I met Soëmus on the path of death —

For he set forth on his, as Mariamne

Completed hers — to him it was a comfort

That now his blood with hers would mingled be,

Though only on the block by hangman's hand.

Herod. Ha! Seest thou?

Titus. What? Perhaps he was in secret

Aflame for her. But if that was a sin,

Then it was his, not hers the fault in that.

He cried to me, "I die because I spoke,

Else must I die because I might have spoke,

For that was Joseph's lot. He swore to me

In death that he was guiltless as myself.

I marked that word."

Herod [*bursting out*]. Joseph! His vengeance too?

Does earth then open up? Do all the dead

Come forth?

Alexandra [*steps before him*]. They do! — But no! Have thou no fear!

For there is one that will remain below.

Herod. Be cursed! [*He controls himself.*] So be it! And if then Soëmus

Did but a single crime commit against me —

[*He turns towards Salome.*]

Joseph, who with this base suspicion filled

His mind, why Joseph lied to him in death,

He lied, did Joseph — not? Why art thou mute?

Salome. Her every step he followed —

Alexandra [*to Herod*]. Aye, he did!

But all he sought, an opportunity

To execute thine own and grim command

And kill both her and me —

Herod. Is that the truth?

[*To Salome*] And thou? Thou?

Alexandra. Almost in the hour when he

His mask abandoned, gave the secret free,

Did Mariamne take a solemn oath

Herself, if thou shouldst not return again,

To put to death. I freely will confess,

I hated her for that.

Herod. O fearful truth!

And only now thou tell'st me?

Alexandra.

Yes.

Titus.

I know

That too, it was her final word to me,

Yet through a thousand years I had concealed it,

I wanted her to cleanse, not thee to torture.

Herod. Then I — [*His voice fails him.*]

Titus. Compose thyself! It strikes me too.

Herod. Aye, thee — and her [*toward Salome*] — and all who here, like me,

Of cruel fate were but blind instruments.

But I alone have lost what on this earth

In all eternity will not return.

Have lost? O! O!

.

And if my crown

Were set with all the stars that flame in heaven:

For Mariamne I would give them all

And, if I had it, all the earth beside.

Aye, if 'twere in my power to descend,

All living as I am, into my grave,

And thus redeem her from her own: I would,

And my own hands should dig the grave withal!

.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

OTTO LUDWIG

HOW overmuch reflection can kill action, how segregation from life ultimately leads to a species of living death — these truths are exemplified in the life of Otto Ludwig. If he nevertheless succeeded in producing one masterpiece and a number of other works of great interest and high value, despite these handicaps and the additional one of cruelly defective health, it was because there burned in his soul one of the purest idealistic fires that German letters record, because his very great mind rose above its own infirmities and wrote its own imperishable record.

Ludwig was born in the little town of Eisfeld in Thuringia, February 12, 1813, and all his life retained an extraordinary affection for his native place. Extraordinary, because no very cordial relation existed between himself and the citizens of the town, and many things happened there which might well have estranged him from it. His father, who died young and unhappy, left but a slender patrimony, and mother and son were forced to live with the maternal uncle, to please whom the boy gave up his *gymnasium* — from which, it must be admitted, he had derived but little benefit, being too individual to profit by a regimented curriculum — and who later, after the early death of Ludwig's mother, took a shrewish housekeeper and eventually married her. The household finally became quite unbearable to the youth, and he sought lodgings elsewhere. Great happiness, however, came to him in the former summer-home of his father, situated in the midst of an extensive garden, which the recently founded Otto Ludwig Society has purchased as the site of a permanent museum. Here he spent many summers, largely engaged in the study and composition of music — for Ludwig long wavered, with an indecision that was a fatal trait in his character, between music and poetry. It was not until after a decisive winter in Leipzig, at the age of 27, that he finally made the definitive choice, declaring, "The vagueness of music no longer satisfies me. I must have human figures."

In 1843 Ludwig went to Dresden, hoping to find here a better opportunity to push the dramaturgic plans that had long been ripening in him. Here he made two friendships of lasting importance, with Eduard Devrient, the director of the Court Theater, and Berthold Auerbach, the novelist. To the encouragement and actively helpful criticism of the one we owe the two dramas that made Ludwig's name famous all over Germany: 'The Hereditary Forester' and 'The Maccabees,' for which he was awarded the Schiller Prize in 1861. To the other we owe the stimulation that led Ludwig to write his masterpiece, 'Between Heaven and Earth.' He himself regarded novel-

writing as a mere relaxation from the more serious task of play-writing; but this novel is his chief claim to immortality and indeed it is doubtful if it has an equal among nineteenth century novels in Germany.

In 1844, already surfeited with the powerful impressions he had received in Dresden, and desirous of seeking concentration in solitude, Ludwig retired to Garsebach near Meissen, where he "lived in a mill and became nothing but a poem." Here he met the woman who was to be his wife, and who soon became his companion, critic, and audience: Emilie Winkler. Their marriage was an ideally happy one, and seldom has a poet found a more faithful, self-sacrificing, and loving helpmeet.

Ludwig had been a rather sickly child from birth, and constant desk-work, irregular hours, and a nervous temperament had aggravated his natural disabilities; his last years were shadowed by fearful physical suffering, which seriously interfered with his productive work, and he died in 1865, only fifty-two years old.

Aside from the notable works he has bequeathed us, Ludwig is significant for the fact that he achieved realism in literature decades before German men of letters learned its secret from other European lands. The highest human virtue for him was truthfulness, the highest poetic virtue was the unfalsified representation of reality. Thus he occupies, in view of his chronological status, a wholly unique and forward-looking position in the history of German literature.

A striking tribute was paid Ludwig the man by Josef Lewinsky, the most important creator of his dramatic rôles. He writes: "In my early youth I had a profound longing to meet at some time in my life a man who would pre-eminently deserve the epithet *great*. The great men of old and modern times of whom I read seemed to me so legendary, so remote. In intercourse with Otto Ludwig this longing was stilled, my dream realized. He was, in the fullest significance of the word, *a great man*. My eyes have learned from him the meaning of victory over the world. He was quietly exalted above all his nameless physical torments, above the bitternesses of poverty. He would have had stronger grounds for pessimism than Leopardi and Schopenhauer. But in that crystal-clear mind and heart there reigned a clarity of thinking, a depth of love, that can perhaps be compared only with that of Spinoza in modern times. . . . In German literature he stands immediately beside that purest and morally most exacting character, Lessing. Had destiny given him a sound body, he would have fulfilled what Lessing began; he would have completed, as creative and critical spirit, what the latter had to interrupt. He would have become the Messiah of German drama."

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

FROM 'BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH'

BETWEEN heaven and earth is the slater's kingdom. Between heaven and earth, high up on the roof of St. George's church, Fritz Nettenmair was working when the old gentleman had himself led up the stairs to him. Up to this spot had Fritz Nettenmair fled from the eyes of men, all of which he thought were fixed upon him, here had he taken refuge from his own thoughts in a fury of industry. He had brought up all of hell in his own breast; and intensely as he was working, the sweat that stood out on his brow was not that of warm and honest toil, it was the cold sweat of a guilty conscience. He hammered the slates into shape and nailed them down with such anxious haste as if he were nailing the framework of the universe, which might otherwise collapse in the next fifteen minutes. But his soul was not in that hammering, it was elsewhere, where ropes were incessantly giving way and victimized slaters were thumping and tumbling down to a certain death. At times he would suddenly stop; it seemed as if he must shout down: "Go to Brambach! Tell him not to climb the ladder! not to sit on his rope-seat!" But then the many hundreds who were running in and out like ants down below stood petrified with fear, and so many pairs of eyes, brimming over with horror and loathing, stared up at him, and the sheriff came and shoved him along down the stairs; and perhaps it was too late anyway. Then once he folded his hands over his slater's hammer and vowed: if Apollonius did not die, he would turn and become a good man. Not thinking that he will regret that as soon as he knows Apollonius is safe. — There's somebody coming up the stairs — is it the sheriff already? No. Nobody knows what he did. He screws up his face in defiance and asks: "Who will try to accuse me?" Now he hears voices, and the tones of the one strike like hammer-blows upon his tortured heart. That is the only voice that he has not expected up here. Will he to whom it belongs ask, "Where is thy brother Abel gone?" No. He will tell his son that that other has had an accident; he thinks it is an unlucky day and he is not to work any more today. And if he does ask, the answer is almost as old as the human race: "Am I to be my brother's keeper?" And it comes to him almost as a relief that his father is blind. For he knows that at this moment he could not endure those eyes if they saw. He would evade his father if he could, but the roof-loft is narrow and the old man is already speaking by the trap-door in the roof. He will not notice him until he must. "That's all right now," he hears the old man say. "Give your master my compliments; and here is something for you. Drink your health with it." Fritz Nettenmair hears the old gentleman sit down on the bared edge of the trap-door and knows that the old gentleman fills the entire opening with his body. He hears the thanks of the other and his steps, sounding farther and farther away.

"Fine weather," says Mr. Nettenmair. The son guesses that the old man wants to know whether anybody else is near by. Nobody answers; Fritz Nettenmair's voice dies in his breast; he hammers more and more noisily and hastily. He wishes the hour, the day, life itself, were at an end. "Fritz," calls the old man. He calls again, and he calls yet again. Fritz Nettenmair must eventually answer. He thinks of the cry: "Cain, where art thou?" — "Here, father," he replies, and goes on hammering.

"The slate is solid," says the old man indifferently; "I can hear by the sound: it doesn't flake."

"Yes," replies Fritz with chattering teeth, "it sheds the water."

"It has grown better," continues the old man; "they have gone deeper into the quarry. It seems you are alone." A "yes" dies on the lips of his son. "The deeper it lies, the firmer the stone. Is there no other scaffolding near?"

"None."

"Good. Come here. Here before me."

"What is it?"

"Come here to me. What must be said, must be said softly."

Fritz Nettenmair stepped before his father, shaking in every joint. He knew he was blind, and yet he sought to evade his glance. The old man was struggling for composure, but of that there was no trace in the weather-beaten face; only the duration of his silence and his breathing, which seemed to follow, like a weary echo, the heavy, groaning oscillation of the pendulum on the near-by tower clock. Fritz Nettenmair had a foreboding of what must follow these preparations. He struggled for defiance. If he guesses it in his suspiciousness, who will prove it against me? And if he could prove it, he won't give me away; I am safe from that. Why else would he speak softly? Let him say what he will, I know nothing, it wasn't I, I've done nothing. His face forced itself out of a quiver of every muscle and into the wildest expression of defiance. The old gentleman was still silent. With muffled sound the busy life of the streets came up to them; already the shadows below them were violet, and the last rays of the sun were quivering about Apollonius' scaffolding. Somewhat farther away, a flock of pigeons, returning from the field, rushed past. It was an evening full of the peace of God. Far below the wide-spread green earth; high above the sky, set down like a chalice of blue crystal. Tiny pink cloudlets scattered in flakes over it. The noise below died away more and more. The air bore single tones of a distant bell and cast them softly and playfully against the roof like recurrent waves. There above the nearest green height, whence they come, lies Brambach. They must be the evening chimes of Brambach. High in the heavens and down on the earth, everywhere the peace of God and sweet relaxed longing for rest. Only between heaven and earth the two men on the roof of St. George's church do not feel its wings. Only over them does he have no power. In the one burns the madness of an overwrought sense of honor, in the other all the flames, all the torments of hell.

"Where is your brother?" was finally forced out between the teeth of the one.

"I don't know. How should I know?" flares up the defiance in the other.

"You don't know?" The old man only whispers, but every one of his words strikes like thunder upon the soul of his son. "I will tell you. Over in Brambach he lies dead. The rope broke above him, and you had cut it with blows of an axe. Our neighbor saw you stealing into the shed. You boasted to your wife that you would do it. The whole town knows it; they are going to court with it now. The first one who comes up these stairs will be the sheriff who takes you before the judge."

Fritz Nettenmair collapsed; the scaffolding cracked under him. The old man listened sharply. If the wretch broke down on the edge of the shelf, he would plunge to the earth, and all would be over! Everything that must be would then be done! A lark rose up out of a neighboring garden and scattered her merry ti-ri-li over trees and houses. More fortunate men heard the song from the distance; workmen let their spades rest, children dropped whip and top and sought with heavenward roving eyes for the floating, singing dot, and listened with bated breath. Old Mr. Nettenmair did not hear the lark; he too held his breath, but he awaited a sound from below, not above. And it was nothing like the tones of a lark that he wanted to hear. It was a thumping on the roof below him, a broken cry of fear. He listened, first hopefully, then fearfully. No sound came up. Before him on the scaffolding was the rattle of heavy breathing. He hears that chance, which might have compassionately put out a hand to help him, has not done so. He must do it, for done it must be. Otherwise people will point their fingers at the children: "It was their father who killed his brother and died on the gallows or in prison." And even where it has long been forgotten, they only need to show themselves to awaken it all again; once more people will point their fingers and turn with horror from them. The confidence that he inherits from his parents is the capital with which a man begins. It must be accorded him before he has been able to deserve it, so that he may learn to deserve confidence. Who will put confidence in them, branded with their father's shame? How shall they learn to deserve confidence? In the midst of men but cast out by them, must they not become as their father was? And his own long life, full of effort to acquire and preserve honor, will be contaminated by reflection from his son's disgrace. Children are thought capable of doing what their father did, and it cannot have been an honest father that had such a son. — Ever hotter flamed the flush on the hollow cheek; the sunken breast drew itself up, panting. Involuntarily he made a boding gesture with his arm. Fritz Nettenmair felt the import of it and wanted to pull himself up and would have fallen once more had he not supported himself with both hands. So he lay on hands and knees before his father, as he uttered the fearful cry, "What will you do, father? What is your intent?"

"I wish to see," answered the old man with wheezing whisper, "whether I must do it, or whether you will do what must be done. And done it must be. As yet nobody knows anything that can lead to legal investigation, nobody but me, your wife, and Valentine. For myself I can vouch, but not for them, that they will not betray what they know. If you fall from the scaffolding now, so that people can think that you merely met with an accident, then the worst scandal is averted. The slater who falls to his death stands before the world as an honest man, as honest as the soldier who dies on the battlefield. You are not worthy of such a death, bankrupt as you are. The hangman ought to drag you on a cow-hide out to the place of execution, you villain that have taken your brother's life and been willing to poison the future life of your innocent children and my past life, full of honor as it always was. You have brought enough disgrace on your family, you shall not disgrace it still further. They shall not say of me that my son, nor of my grandchildren that their father, died on the scaffold or in prison. You will now pray an 'Our Father,' if you can still pray. Then you will turn as if to resume your work and step over the edge with your right foot. If I say, 'the shock of his brother's accident made him dizzy,' the courts will believe me, and the city too. That is what one reaps from a life that has been different from yours. If you do not do it voluntarily, then I will go down with you, and you will have me too on your conscience. People know that I suffer with my eyes; I stumbled and tried to cling to you and pulled you with me. After what I have learned today, my life has no further duration and no value; I am at the end of the road, but the children are only beginning. And upon the children no disgrace shall rest, as sure as my name is Nettenmair. Now make up your mind what is to be done. I will count fifteen pairs of beats of that pendulum."

Fritz Nettenmair had listened to his father's words with growing horror. That his deed was not yet publicly known gave him hope. Fear of the threatened death once more aroused part of his strength. Again he took refuge in his defiance. Hastily he said, after the old man had done, "I don't know what you mean. I am innocent. I don't know what you are saying about blows of an axe." He expected that his father would reply to his objections, even though incredulously at first. But the old man began counting quietly: "One — Two —" "Father," he interrupted the counting with growing fear, and the defiance of his tone went over into pleading, "do listen to me. The courts hear a man, and you don't hear me. I will throw myself down, since you want to have me dead, I will die, even though innocent. But hear me first!" The old gentleman did not reply; he kept on counting. The wretch saw that his doom was spoken. His father did not believe him, no matter what he might say; and he knew that what the obstinate old man had once resolved upon he would carry out inexorably. He was going to resign himself, then the thought came to him that he would plead again; then it occurred

to him: he might thrust back the old man and escape past him, then: he would hold on to something when the old man clung to him, so as not to fall with him. Nobody could blame him for that. In between he foresaw with a shudder what awaited him if he fled and courts caught him after all. It was better for him to die now. But still more fearful things awaited him yonder after death. He thought back and relived his entire life once more in an instant, in order to find that the eternal Judge could pardon him. His thoughts became confused; now he was here, now there, and had forgotten why. He saw the mists cluster in which the workman had vanished, at the same moment he looked up at the lighted windows of the Red Eagle Tavern and heard: "Why there he comes! Now it'll be jolly!" He stood at street corners counting, and the boards would not break under Apollonius, the ropes not give way above him; he stood again before his wife and said, bending over the crib of his dying child, "Do you know why you start?" and raised his hand for that accursed blow; even that he was lying there before his father and letting his thoughts dart here and there in horribly anxious haste, this came to him and flitted by as in a feverish dream. Then it seemed as if he came to his senses and as if endless time had elapsed since the moment when his father had begun to count the ticks of the pendulum. Of course everything must have turned out all right. He must merely consider whether he had fled over and past his father, or whether he had held on when his father wanted to pull him down. But there he still lay, there his father still sat. He heard him count "Nine" and then cease. Consciousness left him altogether.

But the old gentleman really had ceased. He was counting no more. His sharp ear heard a hasting step on the stairs. He reached out for his son and held him, as if to be certain that he would not escape. He felt by the coldness and lack of resistance of the limb that he had grasped that it was needless to hold his son. He must have fainted. A new concern grew out of this for him. If his son was unconscious, then he must if possible conceal that from the eyes of others. This faint might also cause suspicion to rise or to grow. He rose and turned away from the window to face the newcomer. He was irresolute as to whether he should cover the opening with his body or go to meet this person. The workman whom he had previously sent to Brambach — for it was he that came with such haste — coughed on the stairs. He could keep him away from the scaffolding; indeed, he might even conceal from him the sight of the prone figure on it if he went to meet him and took his message on the stairs. Perhaps more certainly in this way than if he remained standing before the opening, since it was probable that he did not entirely cover it. Now for the first time the old gentleman felt how that which he had learned today had taken his strength. But the workman detected nothing of the kind, as he saw the old gentleman leaning against the stair-post and blocking the way.

"Shall I bring him here, Mr. Nettenmair?" asked the workman, stopping on the stairs.

"Whom?" asked Mr. Nettenmair in return. He had difficulty in preserving his artificial repose. Had the workman been in Brambach, he could not speak so calmly, let him speak of whom he would.

"Well, he must be home by now," replied the workman. The old gentleman did not repeat his question; he had to hold fast to the post against which he was leaning. "He was already on his way," the workman continued; "I went with him as far as the gate. Then he sent me to the tinsmith to ask whether the tin stuff wasn't ready. George said he had taken it over and that he was just coming from the steeple of St. George's, where he had taken old Mr. Nettenmair up the stairs. So I thought you would still be up there; and because it was so urgent I wanted to ask you whether I was to send Mr. Apollonius up here."

Only now did Mr. Nettenmair manage to run his hand up and down the post to which he had been forced to cling, as if he had only embraced it in order to investigate it. As he felt that his hands were trembling, he gave up his investigation. He said, as fiercely as he could at the moment, "I am coming down myself. Wait on the landing until I call you." The workman obeyed. Mr. Nettenmair drew a deep breath when he knew he was no longer being observed. This breathing turned into sobbing. Now that the convulsion of soul, in which he had found himself since Valentine's communication, began to yield, now his paternal grief came to the fore, grief which his passionate concern for the honor of his house had previously kept from finding utterance. Only now did he find time to weep for the accident to his upright son, after it had appeared that he had escaped it. But it occurred to him: the good son is still threatened with the same danger, so long as the evil one remains near him. This too he had foreseen in his plan and had told himself what he must do in that case. His previous energy, which was but assumed, would have forsaken him with this departing convulsion, had he not still been faced with the deliverance of his good son and the honor of his house. He groped his way to the trap-door. Fritz Nettenmair had meanwhile once more awakened from his stupor and had succeeded in getting up. The old man ordered him in from the scaffolding and said, "Tomorrow before sunrise you will no longer be here. See whether you can become another man in America. Here you are involved in disgrace and bring it upon others. You will go home after me; you shall have money; you will make yourself ready. For years you have done nothing for wife and child; I will provide for them. Before daybreak you will be on the way. Do you hear?"

Fritz Nettenmair staggered. Only this moment he had looked inescapable death in the eye; now he was to live. To live where nobody knew what he had done, where not every chance noise might alarm him with the delusion of the sheriff. At this moment he even felt it as good fortune that he was

to be far from the woman for whom he had done all that he had done, and in whose contemplation he was to see day by day everything that he had done; who knew his deed, whose every look was a threat to deliver him over to justice. He shuddered at the house in which everything must remind him incessantly of that which he hoped to forget entirely under an alien sky, and which he pretended he would atone for by a new life. He would have liked to hasten straight to the harbor of deliverance from the spot on which he now stood.

"Apollonius did not fall," continued the old man, and Fritz's entire new heaven fell to earth. The old specter again had him in its clutches. Now he once more loved the woman that he had just been glad to flee from. With the object of his hate, his hate and his love again revived, and both were flames of hell. He thought he could do anything; dying was child's play if only his rival lay dead too. Pangs of conscience, the threat of the Beyond, all was endurable except just one thing: to know that she was in his arms. The old man had awaited his son's Yes. "You will go," he said, as the latter failed to speak. "You will go. You will be on your way to America before dawn tomorrow, or I shall be on my way to court. If there must be disgrace, it is better that it should be merely disgrace than disgrace and murder. Remember that I have sworn it, and now do what you will."

The old gentleman recalled the workman, and let himself be led home.

Meanwhile the rumor that had met the old gentleman on his way to St. George's had also reached the street where the house with the green shutters stands. Before the windows one passer-by told it to another. The woman heard nothing but: "Have you heard? A slater had an accident at Brambach." Then she sank from the chair, from which she had tried to rise, to the floor. Again old Valentine had to forget his grief over Apollonius in anxiety and care for Christine. He hurried to her. He could not entirely prevent her from falling, only keep her head from striking the sharp edge of the chair-leg. There he sat on his feet beside the recumbent figure and held her neck and head in his trembling hands. . . . On the table stood a bottle of water; he poured some into the hollow of his hand and sprinkled it on her hair and face. She stirred; he helped her raise herself and supported her. Now she stroked the obstinate hairs from her face and looked about her. Her glance had such a strange expression that Valentine was frightened anew. Then she nodded her head and said in a low voice, "Yes." Valentine understood, she was telling herself that she had heard the fearful news and not dreamed it. By the tone of her voice he heard that she was telling herself what had happened, but did not grasp it. It was as if it did not concern her, the thing that she said, and as if she were trying to think whom it might concern. . . . So she sat for a long time without stirring and heard nothing of all that

Valentine said to her in his anxiety. . . . He would have given his life to help her; but in his helplessness he did not know what to do. . . . As a bride of seventeen he had seen her move into the house with the green shutters, for eight years he had lived near her. She who had been, into her twenty-fourth year, a spiritually untouched child, playing gaily with the things about her, what had she endured in the last two years! And how beautiful she had always remained in her suffering, how beautifully she had suffered! Now she lay there, a half opened, broken flower, before his old eyes, that had so often wept over her; more over the gentleness and the unconscious, indestructible dignity with which she had borne her misfortune than over the misfortune itself. There are touching figures which fear and even wrath does not distort; which in all their doings, even in their smiling, even in their noisy joy, stir us, whose sight touches us without our having to think of a pain or suffering as we look at them. Nor is it a painful emotion that we experience; and even pain has in such a face a wonderful power to comfort us and at the same time to touch and elevate us, by carrying us on to the deepest compassion with its bearer. Such was the figure which Christine had represented to the eyes of old Valentine as long as he had known her, so she now lay before him.

Finally she had found tears. Old Valentine took heart again; he saw she was saved. He read it in her face, which, as honest as herself, could conceal nothing. He sat and listened to her weeping with such joyous attention as if it were a lovely song that she was singing to him. . . . Old Valentine heard in the flood of weeping in Christine's voice that pure melody that it had not lost even in the double cry of pain and outrage that followed the blow over little Anne's bed. She had had her cry out and rose; old Valentine had not needed to help her. She got ready to go out. Her actions had taken on something solemnly resolute. Valentine saw it with astonishment and concern. His responsibility came to his mind. He said anxiously that he hoped she was not going out. She nodded. "But I daren't let you go out," he said. "The old gentleman enjoined it upon me as if he was chaining my soul."

"I must," she said. "I must go to court. I must say that I am to blame. I must suffer my punishment. Grandfather will take care of my children. I should like to tell the gentlemen to lay him beside little Anne; he loved her so much. I should like to lie there too, but they won't do that. No, I will say nothing about that."

Valentine did not know what to reply. He must not let her go, and he saw by her resoluteness that he would not be able to restrain her. "If only the old gentleman were back!" he thought. He said, "Wouldn't you do anything at all for old Valentine?"

In the midst of her grief she looked kindly at him and replied, "What a question. You always loved him, and that I'll never forget as long as I have to live. He is dead, and I must die too. If I can do something else for you

before I have to go, then tell me. If I can do it, and if you don't ask me not to."

"No," said the old man. "Not that. But if you would only stay until the old gentleman comes back, so that I am free of my responsibility." The old man was not merely concerned about himself. He also hoped that the old gentleman's presence of mind would help him to find some means of keeping her from carrying out her plan.

She nodded her assent. "I'll wait that long," she replied.

Anxiety and hope impelled the old man to go out, to see whether Mr. Nettenmair were not coming. Christine fetched her hymnal from the desk and sat down at the table with it.

Valentine stayed away longer than he had expected. When he came in again, he was no longer the same as when he went out. He was confused and embarrassed, but in a wholly different confusion than before. . . . "Yes," he said, "it is such a day that the dead would like to rise again, and who knows—but do me this other favor and don't be frightened." She started all the same. She said to herself, "But it's not possible." And yet she started because it was more than possible, because it was certain. "Look down that way," sobbed the old man, who had only wanted to laugh. She looked down the walk; she had done so before the old man suggested it. Old Valentine hurried out of the front door to carry the joyful news to the old gentleman; happy and proud of his shrewdly executed commission. The young wife held fast to the door-post when she heard the step coming through the shed. But even the door-post no longer stood fast, nor she herself on the solid ground; she grew dizzy between heaven and earth. And as she saw him coming, there was nothing else in the world for her but the man for whom she had suffered more than the fear of death for weeks; everything whirled about her, first the walls, the floor, the ceiling, then trees, sky, and green earth; it seemed to her as if the world were coming to an end and she would be crushed in the maelstrom if she did not hold fast to him. She felt herself sinking, then nothing more.

Apollonius had hurried forward and caught her up. There he stood holding the beautiful woman in his arms, the woman that he loved, that loved him. And she was pale and seemed dead. He did not carry her into the house, he did not let her slip down upon the earth, he did nothing to revive her. He stood confused; he did not know what had befallen him, he had to think it out. Old Valentine had not yet spoken to him; he had only learned from the workman who was hurrying from the tinsmith's to St. George's that Apollonius was following and would soon be there. Apollonius had been held up by the nail-smith at the gate. Then he had hastened to obey his father's command. That his father had sent for him perplexed him; he could not imagine why. He had heard of a slater's fall at Tambach, but he did not know that rumor had mixed up the names, and that people might believe

the accident had happened to him. Thus he had come through the shed wholly unprepared for that which the next moment was to bring. He had intended to go straight to his father's little room, when he had seen the young woman rush down the walk and struggle to keep from falling and had hurried to her. And now he held her in his arms. That form that he, with painful effort and yet in vain, had struggled for weeks to hold at a distance, whose merely imagined shape brought his whole soul into a commotion which he told himself was sinful, lay and poured itself about him in swelling, breathing, burdening, rapturously terrifying reality. Her head, fallen backwards, lay over his left arm; he had to look into her face, which was lovelier, more dangerously lovely, than his dreams could paint it. And now a rosy flush overspread the white countenance up to the roots of the soft brown hair that flowed down over the temples in open, natural curls, the deep blue eyes opened, and he could not flee from their power. And now she looked at him and recognized him. She knew not how she had got here and into his arms, nor even that she was in his arms; she knew only that he was alive. How could she think any other thought but that! She wept and laughed at the same time, she clasped him with both arms, to be sure of him. And yet she asked in anxiously urgent haste, "And is it you? Is it surely you? And you still live? And you didn't fall? And I haven't killed you? And it's you? And it's I? But he — he may come." She looked wildly about. "He wants to kill you. He won't rest till then." She embraced him as if she would protect him with her body against an enemy; then she forgot her fear in the certainty that he was still alive, and laughed again and wept at the same time, and again asked whether he were still alive, whether it were he. But she must warn him. She must tell him everything that that other had done to him, and that he had threatened to do; she must do it quickly, for he might come any moment. Warning, sweetly unconscious love-prattle, weeping, laughter; bliss, fear, pain over lost happiness; complaint like that of a child to its father; the craving for love with all that it is, all that delights it and saddens it, to be a thought of his mind, a feeling of his soul, one that he thinks and feels with all others; bridal confusion and forgetfulness of all the world in view of this one moment that is its real existence — for all that was and all that can come to be is merely a shadow — what she tells, she has dreamed and experienced, but feels and knows it for the first time; what has been and will be, that has been and will be only so that this moment can exist; before and after this moment, time is at an end; — all this pervaded, all this quivered simultaneously in every single tone of the hurrying, urgent speech. "He lied to me and you. He told me you made fun of me and had offered to sell my flower to the other workmen. Oh, you remember, the flower at the time of the Whitsuntide rifle-match, the little bluebell that I let fall. And you sent it to him. I saw it. I didn't know why. I used to feel sorry for you. That you were so quiet and sad and so alone, that hurt me. Then he

told me at the dance that you were laughing at me. Then you went away and he told me how you made fun of me in your letters: that hurt me. You don't know how much that hurt me, even though I didn't know why. Father wanted me to marry him. And when you came I was afraid of you; I still felt sorry for you, and I still loved you, only I didn't know it. He himself was the first to tell me that. Then I avoided you. I didn't want to be bad, and I won't be. Surely not. Then he forced me to lie. Then he threatened me with what he would do to you. He would do something to make you fall. It was only a joke, he said; but if I told you then he would really do it. Since then I haven't slept one night; whole nights I have sat up in bed and in mortal fear. I saw you in danger and yet I couldn't tell you and couldn't save you. And he cut the ropes in the night with an axe before you went to Brambach. Valentine told me, our neighbor saw him steal into the shed. I thought you were dead and I wanted to die too. For I would have been to blame for your death and would die a thousand times on your account. And now you are still alive, and I can't realize it. And everything is still as it was; the trees there, the shed, the sky, and you aren't dead after all. And I wanted to die too, because you were dead. And now you are alive, and I don't know whether it's true or I am only dreaming. Is it really true? Oh, do tell me: is it true? I believe everything you say. And if you say I am to die, then I will, if only you know it. But he may come. Perhaps he has overheard me telling you what he is going to do. Send Valentine to court, so they will take him away and he can do nothing more to you."

Thus raved, laughed, and wept the feverish woman in his arms without ceasing. Forgetting everything, like a child playing by an abyss that it does not see, she unconsciously invites a danger more deadly than that over whose passing she exults, more threatening than that from which she would protect the man with her body. She does not realize what her passionate actions, the sweetness of her unconcerned surrender, what her caresses, what her warm, swelling embrace must arouse in the man who loves her; that she is doing everything that can make the man to whose probity and nobility she yields herself so unconcernedly forget probity and nobility in the tumult of his blood. She has no idea what a struggle she kindles in him, and how difficult, if not impossible, she makes his victory. And now he knows that the woman in his arms was his; his brother betrayed him to her and her to him. Now he knows it, when the woman in his arms is showing him the extent of the happiness of which his brother has defrauded him. He took her by theft and has maltreated her besides; and for all that he has suffered and done, he persecutes him and is aiming at his life. Does the woman belong to him who stole her from him, who maltreats her, whom she hates? Or to him from whom she was shamefully stolen, who loves her, whom she loves? All this was not clear thoughts; a hundred single emotions which, borne along on the current of a single deep and wild feeling, rushed through his veins and impelled the

muscles of his arms to press to his heart something that is his. But a dark fear stems the tide and holds his muscles as in a cramp. The feeling that he is about to do something and he is not clear in his mind as to what it is, whither it may lead; a distant recollection that he has given a promise which he is about to break — he lets himself be carried away; the dark idea that he was standing as before a table, and if he stirred before he looked about him he might upset something like an inkwell upon something like clean linen or a valuable document: underneath all this lay the anxious foreboding that with a single movement he might destroy something that could never again be restored. For a long time, amid these intoxicating sounds, he had been struggling for something, long before he knew that he was struggling, and that this something was clarity, the basic requirement of his nature. And now it came to him and said, "The word that you gave was to maintain the honor of the house, and what you wish to do must destroy it." He was the man, and he must be responsible for himself and her. Clarity stamped the betrayal that a single pressure, a single glance would inflict upon the touchingly unconditional confidence that spoke from the woman's surrender, stamped it with all the shame that it found there. It showed him the purity of the face that lay upon his heart and looked up at him so rapturously, and that he would ruin in her and himself more than that for which he accused her and his enemy. As yet a sacred reserve stood protectingly between him and her, but a single pressure, a single glance could break it down forever. And yet he looked anxiously about him for a helper. If only Valentine would come! Then he must release her from his arms. Valentine did not come. But shame at his weakness, which sought the help of others, became his helper. He laid the powerless form gently upon the grass. When he let the soft limbs go out of his hands, then first came his real loss of them. He had to turn away and could not resist a loud sob. Now the youngest boy looked curiously into the yard. He hurried to him, lifted the child in his arms, pressed him to his heart, and placed him between himself and her. It was strange: with the pressure with which he had pressed the child to his heart he had found relief for his wild strain, and now his tense muscles at last relaxed. In the child he had pressed her to his heart, the only way in which he might embrace her.

The woman saw him put the boy between himself and her and understood him. A burning flush rose to the roots of her disheveled brown curls. Now for the first time she knew that she had lain in his arms, that she had embraced him and spoken to him as only acknowledged love may speak. Only now did she see the danger at the brink of whose precipice she had placed herself and him. She lifted herself upon her knees, as if to beseech him not to despise her. At the same time it again occurred to her that her husband might have been listening and might still carry out his threat. Then she would really have destroyed him through her joy at his deliverance. He saw all this and suffered it with her. He had wrestled with himself not to show

her what was going on within him; but in his own soul the struggle itself was not yet completely fought. He bent over her and said, "You are my dear good sister. You are better than I. And over us and your husband there is God. But now go into the house, sister, dear, good sister." She did not venture to look up, but through her lowered lids she saw his gentleness, the deep, inexhaustible benevolence, the inextinguishable human esteem upon his shining brow and about his gentle mouth. And as he was her conscious and unconscious standard, she knew now that she was not bad, nor could become so; he was carrying her safely, carefully, as a mother her child, in his strong arms. He grew before her, as she saw him through her lowered lids, until his head touched the sky. She knew that her husband could not harm him. Apollonius put the boy into her arms and offered his hand to help her up. She quivered under his touch, and while she still lay upon her knees, her thoughts rose to him like a prayer. He led her to the door. Mr. Nettenmair was coming along from the shed with the workman. Fritz Nettenmair, who slunk after them, was in time to see him leading her.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

RICHARD WAGNER

NO name in the history of music occupies at the same time in the annals of literature so high a place, and with so secure a title, as that of Richard Wagner. He was a philosopher, who, with a nervous incisive prose which almost rivaled that of his master Schopenhauer, was able to set forth the theories by which his creative genius was guided; and he was a poet of eminence in a field quite his own, reconstructing in form and spirit the splendid conceptions of the legendary ages, and infusing into the characters of that heroic time the more complicated emotions of more modern days. He displayed a power of dramatic construction, and a depth of poetic imagination, that rank him among the great romantic poets of the nineteenth century. When Schopenhauer read the text of the 'Nibelungen' trilogy he exclaimed, "The fellow is a poet, not a musician"; and again, "He ought to hang music on the nail: he has more genius for poetry." But the might of Wagner's musical genius long obscured the poet's fame. Critics continued to sneer at the lines long after they had conceded the merit of the scores; but it is a crowning tribute to the greatness of the poet-composer that then a whole literature arose round his operas as poems. It is a remarkable coincidence that in the very town of Bayreuth, where after 1876 the Wagner festivals were held, Jean Paul Richter in a preface to a book of E. T. A. Hoffmann's wrote the half-prophetic words: "Hitherto Apollo has always distributed the poetic gift with his right hand, the musical with his left, to two persons so widely apart that up to this hour we are still waiting for the man who will create a genuine opera by writing both its text and its music."

In the very year in which these words were written, Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig on May 22, 1813. It is not to the present purpose to follow his career in biographical detail. The fatuous prophecies of criticism which followed him through life began when his music-teacher announced in disgust that he would never amount to anything. The creative impulse in him was early manifested when he wrote an ambitious tragedy, in which, having killed off all but one of forty-one characters, he was obliged to have some of them return as ghosts in order to save the last act from being a monologue. When he was sixteen he turned to music, and after a week's study he found its difficulties so great that he resolved to become a musician. Difficulties stimulated his energy. The germ of the ideas by which Wagner subsequently revolutionized the operatic stage lay already in the mind of Carl Maria von Weber, who, as early as 1817, had begun a campaign against the empty forms of the Italian-French opera. In Weber's 'Euryanthe' Wagner found suggestion

and inspiration; and in 1843 he succeeded to the position that Weber had held in Dresden, of court Kapellmeister. The commonplaceness of his early operas, and the Meyerbeer-like blatancy of 'Rienzi,' was less a concession to public taste than the result of an irresistible creative impulse with artistic aims as yet undefined. But when these aims became definite, never did an artist pursue his purpose with a more relentless energy in the face of gigantic obstacles. He defied the public taste in the midst of poverty and ridicule; the more discouraging his reception, the more absolute became his adherence to his ideals. There was something victorious in his resolute nature, which, quite apart from the originality and intrinsic beauty of his works, made him one of the formative forces of his age.

During the days of poverty in Paris, Wagner began his series of essays with a short story entitled 'A Pilgrimage to Beethoven.' Already a new world was dawning upon him; but it was at the time of the general revolutionary movement in Europe that he began to publish the works which proclaimed the revolution in art. The first was entitled 'Art and Revolution' (1849); the much-discussed 'Art Work of the Future' appeared in the following year; and in 1851 the 'Communication to my Friends,' and 'Opera and Drama.' In these works Wagner had not yet developed the powerful prose style of his later period: the metaphysician in him led him into what Henry T. Finck called "sophomoric bombast," and sometimes into unintelligibility. To the public of that day it all appeared unintelligible. In the 'Communication to my Friends,' first published as a preface to the poems of 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Tannhäuser,' and 'Lohengrin,' the plan of a Nibelung festival was announced. 'Opera and Drama,' the most important of these revolutionary treatises, is in three parts: of the Opera, of the Drama, and of the Music Drama. Of these the third part has permanent value: it is the statement of his ideals and the program of his life. All the arts are to be merged into one composite but unified art work. Architecture and painting contribute the scenery, the actor is the sculptured figure, while poetry and music unite in drama, orchestra, and voice.

With such ideas as these, it was obvious at once that the theater as then constituted must be revolutionized. Wagner fought against the degradation of the theater to a mere place of entertainment. The relations of art to public life were the burden of his argument. The great Wagner strife was thus of much wider scope than the musical questions involved. The national drama, or as Wagner called it, true German *art*, was to be the highest expression of the culture and artistic capabilities of the German people; and this art work, Wagner, by his own unaided genius, stood ready to create. A self-confidence so colossal moved to astonishment and scornful laughter; but the battle was won; the works of the master received their consecration in the pilgrimage temple of Bayreuth in 1876 and 1882.

That the extravagant theories of Wagner, with their contravention of artis-

tic limitations and their socialistic coloring, have not been carried out in their entirety, is perfectly true. The genius of the artist was superior to the reasoning of the theorizer. What Wagner did, viewed from the standpoint of literature, was to create a national music-drama, based upon ancient Germanic traditions and legends, about which he threw the gorgeous mantle of his harmonies. In addition to the beauty of the poetic conceptions, the literary artist appears in the perfect adaptation of each phrase and word, not only to the dramatic expression of the thought but to the needs of the human voice as well. His method of treating "themes" associates them inseparably with certain thoughts, so that the words come involuntarily to the mind: and in the midst of all the action, the orchestra speaks an articulate language; suggests, warns, alarms, melts, threatens, or moves to tears of sympathy or joy — produces in short that "demonic" emotion which Goethe considered the highest achievement of all art. Indeed, the music will not yield the whole secret of its charm until the words, the poetic thought, and the entire dramatic conception, have become completely a part of the hearer's mental equipment. To this quality of Wagner's works the art of the poet contributed as much as the genius of the composer.

For the material through which to give national expression to the culture of the German people, Wagner turned, like a true poet of Romanticism, to the heroic traditions of his race. In the 'Flying Dutchman' it is a somber legend of the sea; in 'Tannhäuser' it is the famous contest of the thirteenth century when the Minnesingers strove together in song in the hall of the Wartburg; in 'Lohengrin' and 'Parsifal' it is the medieval tradition of the Holy Grail; in 'Tristan und Isolde' it is the most popular love tale of the Middle Ages; and finally in 'Der Ring des Nibelungen' [The Nibelung's Ring], Wagner has combined in a colossal work of wonderful unity and beauty the most ancient poetic legends of the Germanic peoples, the legends out of which seven centuries before Wagner's time some unnamed poet created Germany's most national epic — the 'Nibelungenlied.' To have created anew these splendid conceptions of the poetic past is not the least of Wagner's merit. His works, in addition to their esthetic value, have a value of the moral sort as well: in them speaks the deep soul of a historic people, with its moral earnestness, its childlike love of song and legend, its martial strength and its manly tenderness.

The central theme of all these poems is love. It is through Senta's love, faithful unto death, that the curse is removed from the Flying Dutchman. Through the power of Elizabeth's pure passion and incessant prayers, Tannhäuser is at last delivered from the bondage of the Venusberg. In 'Lohengrin,' love is the manifestation of the Divine mercy; and a knight of the Holy Grail comes, swan-drawn, from his inaccessible temple to rescue a maiden in distress. He becomes her husband and protector, but Elsa, tempted of evil, puts the fatal question: her faith was insufficient, and her lord returns to the service of the Grail.

'Tristan und Isolde' is the apotheosis of earthly passion. Into this Celtic legend, of which Gottfried von Strassburg in the thirteenth century had made a German epic, Wagner has introduced a modern psychology; and he has given the poem a new significance. He has retained the love potion, but he has not made it the cause of the lovers' passion. They loved before, but Tristan is resolutely faithful to King Mark; and Isolde is wounded to the quick that Tristan should have wooed her in another's name. The potion symbolizes the irresistible power of a love that bears down all obstacles and stifles all considerations. The triumph, the reconciliation, the Nirvana of their passion, is attained only in death. This work must be numbered among the greatest love poems of literature.

And so too in the 'Nibelungen' trilogy, love is not only the theme, but in the end the force that conquers even in death. In 'Rheingold' the power of love is contrasted with the lust for gold; and here the keynote is struck, and the tragedy set in motion. The love and faithfulness of Siegmund and Sieglinde in the 'Walküre' show Brünnhilde for the first time what love can do; and when Siegfried, in the idyllic fairy tale that bears his name, awakens her from her long sleep, she throws aside her nature as Valkyrie for the joy of human love. Siegfried is the free fate-defying man, triumphing over the powers of darkness and destiny; to him Wotan, ever seeking guidance from the mother of wisdom, is forced to yield. In the 'Götterdämmerung' the god awaits the fullness of time, while the guileless Siegfried falls a victim to the wiles of man. But the end towards which Wotan blindly strove is attained by Siegfried's death. Brünnhilde, to whom the counsels of the gods are known, restores the symbolic ring to the daughters of the Rhine, and in twilight the ancient reign of the gods comes to an end. The reign of love is proclaimed as Brünnhilde immolates herself upon Siegfried's funeral pyre. But the symbolism which it is so easy to find in these operas, and so easy to exaggerate, is unimportant, if not wholly negligible. The Nibelung poems are fairy tales; it is the buoyant spirit of the young German race that revels in the poetry and legends of its childhood, and as fairy tales these works should be enjoyed.

Wagner died in Venice on February 13, 1883. In the preceding year he had seen his life work crowned by the performance of 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth. Wolfram von Eschenbach's 'Parzifal,' the finest courtly epic of the Middle Ages, Wagner has wrought into a music-drama of even greater moral significance and beauty. Wolfram's salvation of Parsifal through self-renunciation, as in 'Faust,' has in Wagner's work become the salvation of humanity through all-saving pity. This is love sublimated into its most unselfish form. The central thought is announced by an invisible chorus from the dome of the temple of the Holy Grail: —

Made wise through pity
The guileless fool:
Wait for him,
My chosen tool.

And Parsifal, once found wanting, attains at last, through paths of pain and error, the wisdom of pity. He is the chosen tool of the Divine power for the salvation of suffering sinners.

One opera remains to be mentioned — 'The Mastersingers of Nuremberg.' This, unless we include 'Siegfried,' as Wagner once did, is his only comic opera; and that in a sense widely different from the ordinary. 'The Mastersingers' gives a wonderful picture of German life in the early sixteenth century. The humorous and serious elements are so artistically woven around the central story of Walther's and Eva's love, that as a play this poem must be pronounced the finest example of Wagner's dramatic power. With a blending of satire and genial appreciation, Wagner has herein set forth his own theories of musical art and ridiculed the formalists. Hans Sachs is one of the most winning of all his creations, and through him the poet expresses his own philosophy. Walther, in his exquisite song before the Mastersingers in the first act, attempts to conform to the rules, but the marker scores countless mistakes against him; it is only under the instruction of Hans Sachs in the last act that he really composes his master-song.

And as through this opera the golden age of Nuremberg has been made to live again, so have the ancient gods and heroes and mythical happenings of early German legend been impressed upon the modern imagination, as not all the critical texts of the original poems, nor all the efforts of the other Romantic poets, have been able to impress them. They have passed not into the national consciousness only, but these fine old fairy tales and medieval pictures have become an indispensable part of the culture of the world. If this be to create a national art, Wagner has accomplished his purpose. There is an inscription under a bust of the poet-composer in Leipzig, which in the old alliterative form he used in the cycle of the 'Nibelungen' sums up the genius which has wrought a greater artistic revolution than any other force of this century: —

Denker und Dichter
Gewaltigen Willens,
Durch Worte und Werke
Wecker und Meister
Musischer Kunst.

[Thinker and poet of powerful will, by words and by works awakener and master of musical art.]

CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

THE FUNCTION OF THE ARTIST

From the 'Opera and Drama'

TO raise the strangely potent language of the orchestra to such a height that at every instant it may plainly manifest to feeling the unspeakable of the dramatic situation — to do this, as we have already said, the musician inspired by the poet's aim has not to haply practise self-restraint; no, he has to sharpen his inventiveness to the point of discovering the most varied orchestral idioms, to meet the necessity he feels of a pertinent, a most determinate expression. So long as this language is incapable of a declaration as individual as is needed by the infinite variety of the dramatic motives themselves; so long as the message of the orchestra is too monochrome to answer these motives' individuality — so long may it prove a disturbing factor, because not yet completely satisfying: and therefore in the complete drama, like everything that is not entirely adequate, it would divert attention toward itself. To be true to our aim, however, such an attention is absolutely not to be devoted to it; but through its everywhere adapting itself with the utmost closeness to the finest shade of individuality in the dramatic motive, the orchestra is irresistibly to guide our whole attention away from itself, as a means of expression, and direct it to the subject expressed. So that the very richest dialect of the orchestra is to manifest itself with the artistic object of not being noticed — in a manner of speaking, of not being heard at all; to wit, not heard in its mechanical but only in its organic capacity, wherein it is one with the drama.

How must it discourage the poet-musician, then, were he to see his drama received by the public with sole and marked attention to the mechanism of his orchestra, and to find himself rewarded with just the praise of being a "very clever instrumentalist"! How must he feel at heart — he whose every shaping was prompted by the dramatic aim — if art-literarians should report on his drama, that they had read a textbook and had heard, to boot, a wondrous musicing by flutes and fiddles and trumpets, all working in and out?

But could this drama possibly produce any other effect, under the circumstances detailed above?

And yet, are we to give up being artists? Or are we to abandon all necessary insight into the nature of things because we can draw no profit thence? Were it no profit then to be not only an artist, but a *man* withal; and is an artificial know-nothingness, a womanish dismissal of knowledge, to bring us more profit than a sturdy consciousness, which, if only we put all seeking-of-self behind us, will give us cheerfulness, and hope, and courage above all else, for deeds which needs must rejoice ourselves, how little soever they be crowned with an outward success?

For sure! Even now, it is only knowledge that can prosper us; whilst ignorance but holds us to a joyless, divided, hypochondriacal, scarcely will-ing and never can-ing make-believe of art, whereby we stay unsatisfied within, unsatisfying without.

Look round you, and see where ye live, and for whom ye make your art! That our artistic comrades for the representment of a dramatic art work are not forthcoming, we must recognize at once, if we have eyes the least whit sharpened by artistic will. Yet how greatly we should err, if we pretended to explain this by a demoralization of our opera-singers due entirely to their own fault; how we should deceive ourselves if we thought necessary to regard this phenomenon as accidental, and not as conditioned by a broad, a general conjuncture! Let us suppose for an instant that in some way or other we acquired the power of so working upon performers and performance, from the standpoint of artistic intelligence, that the highest dramatic aim should be fully carried out — then for the first time we should grow actively aware that we lacked the real enabler of the art work: a public to feel the need of it, and to make its need the all-puissant fellow-shaper. The public of our theaters has no need for art work: it wants to distract itself, when it takes its seat before the stage, but not to collect itself; and the need of the seeker after distraction is merely for artificial details, but not for an artistic unity. If we gave it a whole, the public would be blindly driven to tear that whole to disconnected fragments, or in the most fortunate event it would be called upon to understand a thing which it altogether refuses to understand; wherefore, in full consciousness, it turns its back on any such artistic aim. From this result we should only gain a proof why such a performance is absolutely out of the question at present, and why our opera singers are bound to be exactly what they are and what they cannot else be.

To account to ourselves for this attitude of the public towards the performance, we must necessarily pass to a judgment on this public itself. If we cast a look at earlier ages of our theatric history, we can only regard this public as involved in an advancing degradation. The excellent work, the pre-eminently fine work that has been done already in our art, we surely cannot consider as dropped upon us from the skies; no, we must conclude that it was prompted withal by the taste of those before whom it was produced. We meet this public of fine taste and feeling at its most marked degree of active interest in art production, in the period of the Renaissance. Here we see princes and nobles not only sheltering art, but so engrossed with its finest and its boldest shapings that the latter must be taken as downright summoned into being by their enthusiastic need. This noble rank — nowhere attacked in its position; knowing nothing of the misery of the thralls whose life made that position possible; holding itself completely aloof from the industrial and commercial spirit of the burgher life; living away its life of pleasure in its palaces, of courage on the field of battle — this nobility had trained its

eyes and ears to discern the beautiful, the graceful, nay, even the characteristic and energetic; and at its commands arose those works of art which signal that epoch as the most favored artistic period since the downfall of Greek art. The infinite grace and delicacy in Mozart's tone-modelings — which seem so dull and tedious to a public bred today on the grotesque — were delighted in by the descendants of that old nobility; and it was to Kaiser Joseph that Mozart appealed, from the mountebankish shamelessness of the singers of his 'Figaro.' . . . But the rulership of public taste in art has passed over to the person who now pays the artists' wages, in place of the nobility which erstwhile recompensed them; to the person who orders the art work for his money, and insists on ever novel variations of his one beloved theme, but at no price a new theme itself: and this ruler and this order-giver is — the Philistine. As this Philistine is the most heartless and the basest offspring of our civilization, so is he the most domineering, the cruelest and foulest, of art's bread-givers. True, that everything comes aright to him; only, he will have nothing to do with aught that might remind him that he is to be a man — either on the side of beauty, or on that of nerve. He wills to be base and common, and to this will of his has art to fit herself; for the rest — why! nothing comes to him as amiss. Let us turn our look from him as quickly as may be!

Are we to make bargains with such a world? No, no! For even the most humiliating terms would leave us sheer outside the pale.

Hope, faith, and courage can we only gain, when we recognize even the modern State Philistine not merely as a conditioning, but likewise as a conditioned, factor of our civilization; when we search for the conditionments of this phenomenon, too, in a conjuncture such as that we have just examined in the case of art. We shall not win hope and nerve until we bend our ear to the heart-beat of history, and catch the sound of that sempiternal vein of living waters, which, however buried under the waste-heap of historic civilization, yet pulses on in all its pristine freshness. Who has not felt the leaden murk that hangs above us in the air, foretelling the near advent of an earth upheaval? And we who hear the trickling of that well-spring, shall we take affright at the earthquake's sound? Believe me, no! For we know that it will only tear aside the heap of refuse, and prepare for the stream that bed in which we soon shall even see its living waters flow.

Where now the statesman loses hope, the politician sinks his hands, the socialist beplagues his brain with fruitless systems, yea, even the philosopher can only hint, but not foretell — since all that looms before us can only form a series of un-wilful happenings, whose physical show no mortal man may pre-conceive — there it is the artist whose clear eye can spy out shapes that reveal themselves to a yearning which longs for the only truth, the *human being*. The artist has the power of seeing beforehand a yet unshapen world, of tasting beforehand the joys of a world as yet unborn, through the stress of his desire for growth. But his joy is in imparting; and if only he turns his back

on the senseless herds who browse upon the grassless waste-heap, and clasps the closer to his breast the cherished few who listen with him to the well-spring, so finds he too the hearts — ay, finds the senses — to whom he can impart his message. We are older men and younger: let the elder not think of himself, but love the younger for sake of the bequest he sinks into his heart for new increasing; — the day will come when that heirloom shall be opened for the weal of brother men throughout the world!

We have seen the poet driven onward by his yearning for a perfect emotional expression, and seen him reach the point where he found his verse reflected on the mirror of the sea of harmony, as musical melody: unto this sea was he compelled to thrust; only the mirror of this sea could show him the image of his yearning: and this sea he could not create from his own will; but it was the Other of his being, that wherewith he needs must wed himself, but which he could not prescribe from out himself, nor summon into being. So neither can the artist prescribe from his own will, nor summon into being, that life of the future which once shall redeem him: for it is the Other, the antithesis of himself, for which he yearns, toward which he is thrust; that which, when brought him from an opposite pole, is for the first time present for him, first takes his semblance up into it, and knowably reflects it back. Yet again, this living ocean of the future cannot beget that mirror image by its unaided self: it is a mother element, which can bear alone what it has first received. This fecundating seed, which in *it* alone can thrive, is brought it by the poet — *i. e.*, the artist of the present: and this seed is the quintessence of all rarest life-sap which the past has gathered up therein, to bring it to the future as its necessary, its fertilizing germ; for this future is not thinkable, except as stipulated by the past.

Now the melody which appears at last upon the water-mirror of the harmonic ocean of the future, is the clear-seeing eye wherewith this life gazes upwards from the depth of its sea abyss to the radiant light of day. But the verse, whose mere mirror-image it is, is the own-est poem of the artist of the present, begotten by his most peculiar faculty, engendered by the fullness of his yearning. And just like this verse, so the prophetic art work of the yearning artist of the present will one day wed itself with the ocean of the life of the future. In that life of the future, this art work will be what today it yearns for, but cannot actually be as yet; for that life of the future will be entirely what it can be, only through its taking up into its womb this art work.

The begetter of the art work of the future is none other than the artist of the present, who presages that life of the future, and yearns to be contained therein. He who cherishes this longing within the inmost chamber of his powers, he lives already in a better life; but only one can do this thing — the artist.

Translated by William Ashton Ellis

GUSTAV FREYTAG

GUSTAV FREYTAG, one of the foremost of German novelists, was born in 1816 in Kreuzburg, Silesia, where his father was a physician. He studied alternately at Breslau and Berlin, taking his degree at the latter in 1838. In 1839 he settled as a *Privatdozent* at the University of Breslau, where he lectured on German language and literature until 1844, resigning to devote himself to letters. He removed to Leipzig in 1846, and the following year to Dresden, where he married. In 1848 he returned to Leipzig to edit with Julian Schmidt the weekly journal *Die Grenzboten*, which he conducted until 1861, and again from 1869 to 1870. In 1867 he became Liberal member for Erfurt in the North German Reichstag. In 1870, on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, he was attached to the staff of the Crown Prince, later the German Emperor Frederick III, and remained in service until after the battle of Sedan. Subsequent to 1870 his journalistic work was done chiefly for the newly-established weekly periodical *Im Neuen Reich*. In 1879 he retired from public life and afterward lived in Wiesbaden, except for the summer months, which he spent on his estate Siebleben near Gotha. He died at Wiesbaden in 1895.

All of Freytag's earliest work, with the single exception of a volume of poems published in 1845 under the title 'In Breslau,' is dramatic. His first comedy, 'Die Brautfahrt' [The Wedding Journey], published in 1844, and awarded a prize offered by the Royal Theater in Berlin, was not popular, nor was the one-act tragedy 'Die Gelehrte' [The Scholar]. With his next play, 'Die Valentine' (1846), Freytag, however, was signally successful. This was followed the year after by 'Graf Waldemar.' He attained his highest dramatic success with the comedy 'Die Journalisten' [The Journalists], which appeared in 1853, and since its first production in 1854 has maintained its place as one of the most popular plays on the German stage. But one other play followed, the tragedy 'Die Fabier' [The Fabii], which appeared in 1859.

He had begun in the meantime his career as a novelist with his most famous novel, 'Soll und Haben' [Debit and Credit], which was published in 1855 and met with an immediate and unbounded success. The appearance of this first novel, furthermore, was most significant, for it marked at the same time an era both in German literature and in its author's own career, in that it introduced into the one in its most recent phase one of the profoundest problems of modern life in Germany, and unmistakably pointed out, in the other, the direction which he was subsequently to follow. All of his subsequent novels embody inherently the characteristics of 'Debit and Credit,' for like it,

they are all well-defined attempts to depict the typical social conditions of the period in which they move, and their characters are the carefully considered types of their time. Freytag, with a philosophic seriousness of purpose perhaps characteristically German, is writing not only novels but the history of civilization, in his early work. Later on, the didactic purpose to a certain extent overshadows the rest; and although he never loses his power of telling a story, in the end it is history that is paramount.

'Debit and Credit' is a novel of the nineteenth century, and it takes up the great problem of the century, the position of modern industrialism in the social life of the day. Its principal center of action is the business house of the wholesale grocer T. O. Schröter, who is an admirable embodiment of the careful, industrious, and successful merchant. In sharp contrast stands the Baron von Rothsattel, the representative of earlier conditions in the organization of the State, which made the nobleman pre-eminently a social force. Freytag's polemic is not only the dignity of labor under present conditions, but the effeteness of the old order of things that despised it. The real hero of the story is Anton Wohlfahrt, who begins his commercial career as a youth in the house of T. O. Schröter, and ends, after some vicissitudes, as a member of the firm. Mercantile life has nowhere been better described in its monotony, its interests, and its aspirations, as the story is developed; and although at first sight no field could be more barren in literary interest, there is in reality no lack of incident and action, whose inevitable sequence makes the plot. Anton's career in the house of Schröter is interrupted by his connection with the Baron von Rothsattel, who has, through his want of a business training and his lack of a knowledge of men, fallen into the hands of a Jew money-lender; by whom he is persuaded to mortgage his land in order to embark in a business undertaking which it is presumed will increase his fortune. His mill fails, however, and he is involved in difficulties from which he is unable to extricate himself. Anton, the intimate friend of the family, is therefore persuaded by the Baroness to undertake the management of matters, and after vainly endeavoring to induce his principal to interest himself in the affair, sacrifices his position to accompany the family to their dilapidated estate in a distant province. The Baron will tolerate no interference, however, and Anton finally returns to the house of Schröter and is reinstated in the business. Lenore, the Baron's daughter, the first cause of Anton's interest, meantime becomes engaged to the young nobleman Fink, an associate of Anton's in the office of T. O. Schröter, recently returned from the United States, who first advances funds for the improvement of the estate and ultimately purchases it.

Fink acts his part in the author's philosophy as a contrast to the Baron von Rothsattel. Although a nobleman, he has adapted himself to the conditions of the century, and is free from any hallucinations as to his hereditary rank, even while he is perfectly awake to its traditions. He has entered upon a commercial career not from choice, but from necessity; but he has accepted his

fate and has made successful use of his opportunities. Anton marries the sister of T. O. Schröter, and becomes a partner in the business. Fink is, however, really the one who gains the princess in this modern tale, and is plainly to have the more important share as an actual social force in the future. The old feudal nobility has played its part on the stage of the world; and being so picturesque, and full of romantic opportunity, its loss is doubtless to be regretted. The tamer realities of the modern industrial state have succeeded it. As Freytag solves the problem in 'Soll und Haben,' it is the man who works, the man of the industrial classes alone, to whom the victory belongs in the modern social struggle, be his antecedents bourgeois or aristocratic.

Freytag's second great novel, 'Die verlorene Handschrift' [The Lost Manuscript], which appeared in 1864, concerns itself with another phase of the same problem. This time, however, instead of the merchant and man of affairs, it is the scholar about whom the action centers. Felix Werner, professor of philology, has come upon unmistakable traces of the lost books of Tacitus, whose recovery is the object of his life. In his search for the manuscript in an old house in the country he finds his future wife Ilse, one of the finest types in German literature of the true German woman. Werner, in his scholarly absorption, unwittingly neglects his wife, whose beauty has attracted the attention of the prince; and there is a series of intrigues which threaten seriously to involve the innocent Ilse, until the prince's evil intentions become evident even to the unsuspecting Werner. The covers of the lost manuscript are actually discovered at last, but the book itself has vanished. In this second novel Freytag displays a most genial humor, unsuspected in the author of 'Debit and Credit,' but apparent enough in 'The Journalists.' Professorial life here is admirably drawn with all its lights and shadows; and its motives and ambitions, its peculiar struggles and strivings, have never been more understandingly treated. The story, however, even more than 'Debit and Credit,' displays the author's weaknesses of construction. The plot is so confused by digressions that the main thread is sometimes lost sight of, and the tendency to philosophical generalization, which is to some extent the author's birthright as a German, reaches in these pages an appalling exemplification. Again the thesis is the dignity of labor, and the nobleman fares no better at the author's hands than in the mercantile environment of 'Debit and Credit.'

These two novels, which outside of Germany are Freytag's best claim to attention, were followed by the four volumes of 'Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit' [Pictures from the German Past] (1859-62), a series of studies of German life from different epochs of its history, intended to illustrate the evolution of modern conditions through their successive stages from the remote past. Freytag's early work as a university *docent* had particularly fitted him for this sort of writing, and some of his best is contained in these books.

More important still, however, was his next great work, the long series of historical novels 'Die Ahnen' [The Ancestors] (1872-80), an ambitious

plan, born of the stirring events of the Franco-Prussian War and the resultant awakening of the new spirit of nationality, to trace the development of the German people from the earliest time down to the present day. To carry out this purpose he accordingly selects a typical German family, which he describes under the characteristic conditions of each period, with the most conscientious attention to manners and customs and social environment. The same family thus appears from generation to generation under the changing conditions of the different epochs of German history, and the whole forms together the conservative *Kulturgeschichte* of the nation.

This whole long series of 'The Ancestors' stands as a monument of careful research into the most minute factors of German life in their time of action. Freytag's antiquarianism is not of the dilettante kind that is content to masquerade modern motives in ancient garb and setting. He was fully conscious of all the elements of his problem, and he sought to reproduce the intellectual point of view of his actors, and to account for their motives of action, as well as to picture accurately their material environment. It is in his super-conscientiousness in these directions that the inherent weakness of the novels of this series lies. They are too palpably reconstructions with a purpose. Their didacticism is wrapped around them like a garment; and much of the time, that is all that is visible upon the surface. As the series advances this fault grows upon them. They are in reality of very unequal interest. 'Ingo' and 'Ingraban' are the sprightliest in action, and have been as a consequence the most widely read of these later works, many of which are, in part at least, far too serious of purpose to play their part conspicuously well as novels. The struggle in Freytag's case was between the scholar and the man of letters, in which the scholar eventually won possession of the field.

Freytag's other work includes — 'Die Technik des Dramas' [The Technique of the Drama] (1863), a consideration of the principles of dramatic construction; the life of his friend Karl Malthy, 1870; and 'Der Kronprinz und die deutsche Kaiserkrone' [The Crown Prince and the German Imperial Crown] (1889), written after the death of Frederick III, with whom Freytag had had personal relations. To accompany the collected edition of his works (1887-88), he wrote a short autobiography, 'Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben' [Recollections from My Life].

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR

From 'The Lost Manuscript'

PROFESSORS' wives also have trouble with their husbands. Sometimes when Ilse was seated in company with her intimate friends — with Madame Raschke, Madame Struvelius, or little Madame Günther — at one of those confidential coffee parties which they did not altogether despise, many things would come to light.

The conversation with these intellectual women was certainly very interesting. It is true the talk sometimes passed lightly over the heads of the servants, and sometimes housekeeping troubles ventured out of the pond of pleasant talk like croaking frogs. To Ilse's surprise, she found that even Flaminia Struvelius could discourse seriously about preserving little gherkins, and that she sought closely for the marks of youth in a plucked goose. The merry Madame Günther aroused horror and laughter in more experienced married women, when she asserted that she could not endure the crying of little children, and that from the very first she would force her child (which she had not yet got) to proper silence by chastisement. Thus conversation sometimes left greater subjects to stray into this domain. And when unimportant subjects were reviewed, it naturally came about that the men were honored by a quiet discussion. At such times it was evident that although the subject under consideration was men in general, each of the wives was thinking of her own husband, and that each silently carried about a secret bundle of cares, and justified the conclusion of her hearers that that husband too must be difficult to manage.

Madame Raschke's troubles could not be concealed; the whole town knew them. It was notorious that one market day her husband had gone to the university in his dressing-gown — in a brilliant dressing-gown, blue and orange, with a Turkish pattern. His students, who loved him dearly and were well aware of his habits, could not succeed in suppressing a loud laugh; and Raschke had calmly hung the dressing-gown over his pulpit, given his lecture in his shirt-sleeves, and returned home in one of the student's overcoats. Since that time Madame Raschke never let her husband go out without herself inspecting him. It also appeared that all these ten years he had not been able to learn his way about the town, and she dared not change her residence, because she was quite sure that her professor would never remember it, and always return to his old home. Struvelius also occasioned much anxiety. Ilse knew about the last and greatest cause; but it also came to light that he expected his wife to read Latin proof-sheets, as she knew something of that language. Besides, he was quite incapable of refusing commissions to amiable wine merchants. At her marriage Madame Struvelius had found a whole cellar full of large and small wine casks, none of which had been drawn off, while he complained bitterly that no wine was ever brought into his cellar. Even little Madame Günther related that her husband could not give up night work; and that once, when he wandered with a lamp among his books, he came too near the curtain, which caught fire. He tore it off, and in so doing burnt his hands, and burst into the bedroom with blackened fingers in great alarm, resembling Othello more than a mineralogist. . . .

Raschke was wandering about in the ante-room. Here too was confusion. Gabriel had not yet returned from his distant errand; the cook had left the remains of the meal standing on a side-table till his return; and Raschke had to find his greatcoat by himself. He rummaged among the clothes, and seized

hold of a coat and a hat. As he was not so absent-minded as usual today, a glance at the despised supper reminded him just in time that he was to eat a fowl; so he took hold of the newspaper which Gabriel had laid ready for his master, hastily took one of the chickens out of the dish, wrapped it in the journal, and thrust it in his pocket, agreeably surprised at the depth and capaciousness it revealed. Then he rushed past the astonished cook, and out of the house. When he opened the door of the *étage* he stumbled against something that was crouching on the threshold. He heard a horrible growling behind him, and stormed down the stairs and out of doors.

The words of the friend whom he had left now came into his mind. Werner's whole bearing was very characteristic; and there was something fine about it. It was strange that in a moment of anger Werner's face had acquired a sudden resemblance to a bull-dog's. Here the direct chain of the philosopher's contemplations was crossed by the remembrance of the conversation on animals' souls.

"It is really a pity that it is still so difficult to determine an animal's expression of soul. If we could succeed in that, science would gain. For if we could compare in all their minutiae the expression and gestures of human beings and higher animals, we might make most interesting deductions from their common peculiarities and their particular differences. In this way the natural origin of their dramatic movements, and perhaps some new laws, would be discovered."

While the philosopher was pondering thus, he felt a continued pulling at his coat-tails. As his wife was in the habit of giving him a gentle pull when he was walking next her absorbed in thought and they met some acquaintance, he took no further notice of it, but took off his hat, and bowing politely towards the railing of the bridge, said "Good-evening."

"These common and original elements in the mimic expression of human beings and higher animals might, if rightly understood, even open out new vistas into the great mystery of life." Another pull. Raschke mechanically took off his hat. Another pull. "Thank you, dear Aurelia, I did bow." As he spoke, the thought crossed his mind that his wife would not pull at his coat so low down. It was not she, but his little daughter Bertha who was pulling; for she often walked gravely next him, and like her mother, pulled at the bell for bows. "That will do, my dear," said he, as Bertha continued to snatch and pull at his coat-tails. "Come here, you little rogue!" and he absently put his hand behind him to seize the little tease. He seized hold of something round and shaggy; he felt sharp teeth on his fingers, and turned with a start. There he saw in the lamplight a reddish monster with a big head, shaggy hair, and a little tassel that fell back into its hind legs in lieu of a tail. His wife and daughter were horribly transformed; and he gazed in surprise on this indistinct creature which seated itself before him, and glared at him in silence.

"A strange adventure!" exclaimed Raschke. "What are you, unknown

creature? Presumably a dog. Away with you!" The animal retreated a few steps. Raschke continued his meditations: "If we trace back the expression and gestures of the affections to their original forms in this manner, one of the most active laws would certainly prove to be the endeavor to attract or repel the extraneous. It would be instructive to distinguish, by means of these involuntary movements of men and animals, what is essential and what conventional. Away, dog! Do me a favor and go home. What does he want with me? Evidently he belongs to Werner's domain. The poor creature will assuredly lose itself in the town under the dominion of an *idée fixe*."

Meantime Speihahn's attacks were becoming more violent; and now he was marching in a quite unnatural and purely conventional manner on his hind legs, while his fore paws were leaning against the professor's back, and his teeth were actually biting into the coat.

A belated shoemaker's boy stood still and beat his leathern apron. "Is not the master ashamed to let his poor apprentice push him along like that?" In truth, the dog behind the man looked like a dwarf pushing a giant along the ice.

Raschke's interest in the dog's thoughts increased. He stood still near a lantern, examined and felt his coat. This coat had developed a velvet collar and very long sleeves, advantages that the philosopher had never yet remarked in his greatcoat. Now the matter became clear to him: absorbed in thought, he had chosen a wrong coat, and the worthy dog insisted on saving his master's garment, and making the thief aware that there was something wrong. Raschke was so pleased with this sagacity that he turned round, addressed some kind words to Speihahn, and made an attempt to stroke his shaggy hair. The dog again snapped at his hand. "You are quite right to be angry with me," replied Raschke; "I will prove to you that I acknowledge my fault." He took off the coat and hung it over his arm. "Yes, it is much heavier than my own." He walked on cheerfully in his thin coat, and observed with satisfaction that the dog abandoned the attacks on his back. But instead, Speihahn sprang upon his side, and again bit at the coat and the hand, and growled unpleasantly.

The professor got angry with the dog, and when he came to a bench on the promenade he laid down the coat, intending to face the dog seriously and drive him home. In this manner he got rid of the dog, but also of the coat. For Speihahn sprang upon the bench with a mighty bound, placed himself astride the coat, and met the professor, who tried to drive him away, with hideous growling and snarling.

"It is Werner's coat," said the professor, "and it is Werner's dog: it would be wrong to beat the poor creature because it is becoming violent in its fidelity, and it would be wrong to leave the dog and the coat." So he remained standing before the dog and speaking kindly to him: but Speihahn no longer

took any notice of the professor; he turned against the coat itself, which he scratched, rummaged, and bit. Raschke saw that the coat could not long endure such rage. "He is frantic or mad," said he suspiciously. "I shall have to use force against you after all, poor creature;" and he considered whether he should also jump upon the seat and push the mad creature by a violent kick into the water, or whether it would be better to open the inevitable attack from below. He resolved on the latter course, and looked round to see whether he could anywhere discover a stone or stick to throw at the raging beast. As he looked, he observed the trees and the dark sky above him, and the place seemed quite unfamiliar. "Has magic been at work here?" he exclaimed, with amusement. He turned politely to a solitary wanderer who was passing that way: "Would you kindly tell me in what part of the town we are? And could you perhaps lend me your stick for a moment?"

"Indeed," angrily replied the person addressed, "those are very suspicious questions. I want my stick myself at night. Who are you, sir?" The stranger approached the professor menacingly.

"I am peaceable," replied Raschke, "and by no means inclined to violent attacks. A quarrel has arisen between me and the animal on this seat for the possession of a coat, and I should be much obliged to you if you would drive the dog away from the coat. But I beg you not to hurt the animal any more than is absolutely necessary."

"Is that your coat there?" asked the man.

"Unfortunately I cannot give you an affirmative answer," replied Raschke conscientiously.

"There must be something wrong here," exclaimed the stranger, again eyeing the professor suspiciously.

"There is, indeed," replied Raschke. "The dog is out of his mind; the coat is exchanged, and I do not know where we are."

"Close to the valley gate, Professor Raschke," answered the voice of Gabriel, who hastily joined the group. "Excuse me, but what brings you here?"

"Capitall!" exclaimed Raschke joyously. "Pray take charge of this coat and this dog."

Gabriel gazed in amazement at Speihahn, who was now lying on the coat and bending his head before his friend. Gabriel threw down the dog and seized the coat. "Why, that is our greatcoat!" exclaimed he.

"Yes, Gabriel," said the professor, "that was my mistake, and the dog has shown marvelous fidelity to the coat."

"Fidelity!" exclaimed Gabriel indignantly, as he drew a parcel out of the coat pocket. "It was greedy selfishness, sir; there must be some food in this pocket."

"Yes, true," exclaimed Raschke; "it is all the chicken's fault. Give me the parcel, Gabriel; I must eat the fowl myself; and we might bid each other

good-night now with mutual satisfaction, if you would just show me my way a little among the trees."

"But you must not go home in the night air without an overcoat," said Gabriel considerately. "We are not far from our house; the best way would really be for you to come back with me, sir."

Raschke considered and laughed.

"You are right, Gabriel; my departure was awkward; and today an animal's soul has restored a man's soul to order."

"If you mean this dog," said Gabriel, "it would be the first time he ever did anything good. I see he must have followed you from our door; for I put little bones there for him of an evening."

"Just now he seemed not to be quite in his right mind," said the professor.

"He is cunning enough when he pleases," continued Gabriel mysteriously; "but if I were to speak of my experiences with this dog —"

"Do speak, Gabriel," eagerly exclaimed the philosopher. "There is nothing so valuable concerning animals as a truthful statement from those who have carefully observed them."

"I may say that I have done so," confirmed Gabriel, with satisfaction; "and if you want to know exactly what he is, I can assure you that he is possessed of the devil, he is a thief, he is embittered, and he hates all mankind."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the professor, somewhat disconcerted. "I see it is much more difficult to look into a dog's heart than into a professor's."

Speihahn crept along silent and suppressed, and listened to the praises that fell to his lot; while Professor Raschke, conducted by Gabriel, returned to the house by the park. Gabriel opened the sitting-room door, and announced: —

"Professor Raschke."

Ilse extended both her hands to him.

"Welcome, welcome, dear Professor Raschke!" and led him to her husband's study.

"Here I am again," said Raschke cheerfully, "after wandering as in a fairy tale. What has brought me back were two animals, who showed me the right way — a roast fowl and an embittered dog."

Felix sprang up; the men greeted one another warmly, shaking hands, and after all misadventures, spent a happy evening.

When Raschke had gone home late, Gabriel said sadly to his mistress, "This was the new coat; the fowl and the dog have put it in a horrible plight."

GOTTFRIED KELLER

GOTTFRIED KELLER was born at Zürich of humble parentage on July 19, 1815. While he was still a boy, he heard some say, "The great Goethe is dead;" and ever afterward that name haunted him. He describes finding the fifty volumes of Goethe's works tied together on his bed; he attacked the knot, and "the golden fruit of eighty years fell asunder." From that hour he read and re-read Goethe, discovering new beauties with each perusal. Nevertheless he mistook his vocation, and expended much fruitless effort in an attempt to become a landscape painter. Gradually, and only after several years of unhappy struggling, it became clear to him that his talents were a poet's, not a painter's; even his sketch-books contained more writing than drawing. His lyric poems and critical essays attracted attention, and he received a government stipend which enabled him to study at the University of Heidelberg. In 1850 he went to Berlin, and spent several years in poverty and obscurity. He wished to become a dramatist, but of his dramatic plans none was ever executed. Instead there appeared a new volume of poems, and in 1854 his first great novel, 'Der grüne Heinrich' [Green Henry]. This autobiographic romance had cost him five years of almost reluctant effort; for in it he lays bare the "truth and poetry" from his own life. The central theme is practically the same as that of 'Wilhelm Meister': it is the story of a young man's mistake in the choice of a profession; of his misdirected efforts, and his intellectual growth. With fineness of observation and fullness of poetic fancy Keller has told the tale of his own artistic and religious development and mental struggle. This novel received a thorough revision in after years, and was republished in its new form in 1879. The author burned all the unsold copies of the first edition.

But the work upon which Keller's fame most securely rests is the collection of tales bearing the title 'Die Leute von Seldwyla' [Seldwyla Folk]: "The immortal Seldwyilers," Paul Heyse called them. These tales all treat of the simple country people who dwell in the imaginary but typically Swiss village of Seldwyla. So faithfully realistic is the delineation of Swiss character that many of Keller's countrymen remonstrated against this frank exposure of their national foibles; but this realism is realism with a soul, and over all these delightful pages plays the fancy of a true poet, with his genial humor and loving insight into the human heart. No short story in German literature surpasses in beauty, pathos, and tragic significance the famous tale of 'Romeo and Juliet of the Village.' Two peasants are rival claimants for a strip of land; one has a son, the other a daughter: these love each other, are united; but,

conscious of the hopelessness of their situation, they go to death together. In 'The Smith of His own Fortunes' satirical humor prevails, but not without sympathy and an ultimate human reconciliation. These tales are among the most finished and delicate bits of short-story telling in modern literature.

With the appearance of these volumes Keller's fame became established; and when in after years he returned to Zürich he was at least "a writer," he said, "even though an insignificant one." In 1861 he received the post of secretary for the Canton Zürich, and for fifteen years faithfully performed the duties of his office. The position was no sinecure, and left him little leisure for literary work. Nevertheless he had written a few tales and poems, and after his retirement from office he devoted himself diligently to literature. A volume of legends had appeared in 1872; in 1876 came two volumes of Swiss tales, entitled 'Zürich Stories,' and others appeared in 1881 with the title of 'Das Sinngedicht' [The Epigram]. His latest important work was the less satisfactory satirical novel of 'Martin Salander,' published in 1886. It has the qualities of truth and sincerity; but, as he said himself, it is deficient in beauty.

Keller was an extremely modest man, and under a bluff exterior was concealed a shy nature. He was surprised at his own literary eminence; and when upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday, for which his distinguished countryman Böcklin designed the medallion, all Germany did him homage, he was deeply touched, and thought too much praise had been bestowed upon his "yarns." He died in the fullness of his fame, on July 15, 1890.

THE INTRODUCTION TO 'SELDWYLA FOLK'

SELDWYLA signifies, in the older tongue, a delightful and sunny spot, and such indeed is the little town of that name, situated somewhere in Switzerland. It is still surrounded by the same old circular walls and towers as three hundred years ago, and hence is still the same out-of-the-way nest as of old; the original profound purpose of this site is confirmed by the circumstance that the founders of the city built it a good mile and a half from a navigable stream, as a plain indication that no development was expected. But it is prettily situated, in the midst of green mountains which open up toward the south, so that the sun can get into it, but no rude blast of air. For which reason, moreover, a fairly good vine flourishes round about the old city wall, while higher up the mountain-side extend endless forests which constitute the wealth of the town; for this is the distinctive sign and the strange destiny of Seldwyla, that the community is rich and the citizens are poor, and indeed to such a degree that nobody in the town has anything and nobody knows what they have really been living on all these centuries. And they live

very gaily and are of good cheer, regarding good humor as their particular achievement; and when they arrive at any spot where other wood is burned, the first thing they criticize is the type of good humor that prevails there, opining that nobody can outdo them at that trade.

The core and the luster of Seldwyla is constituted by the young folks, aged from about twenty to five or six-and-thirty, and it is these that set the pace and keep it up, and represent the glory of the city. For during these years they carry on business, trade, or any other advantage that they possess or have learned: that is, they allow other people to work for them, as long as their luck holds out, and use their callings to promote a superb traffic in liabilities, which comprises the very foundation of the power, splendor and good humor of the gentlemen of Seldwyla and is preserved with an excellent mutuality of understanding; but, note well, only among this aristocracy of youth. For as soon as a man reaches the border-line of the aforesaid flourishing years, when the men of other towns mostly begin to pull themselves together more than ever and thus to strengthen themselves, he is done for in Seldwyla; he must drop out, and if he is a very ordinary Seldwyler, he continues to hang on as one shorn of power and cast out of the paradise of credit, or if there is still some unconsumed force in him, he goes into foreign war-service and there learns to do for an alien tyrant what he scorned to practice in his own interest, namely to pull in his horns and stiffen up his backbone. These men return as capable soldiers after a number of years, and then make the best drill-masters of Switzerland, understanding so well the education of the young troops that it is a pleasure to see. Others go to foreign parts in search of adventure when they are about forty, and in the most varied parts of the world one can meet Seldwyilers, all of whom are characterized by the skill with which they can eat fish—in Australia, in California, in Texas, as well as in Paris or Constantinople.

But those who remain behind and grow old in the town ultimately learn to work, namely that piddling performance, to earn the daily penny, of a thousand odd jobs that one has never really learned to do, and the aging, impoverished Seldwyilers with their wives and children are the busiest little folks in the world, after they have given up the trades they have learned, and it is touching to see how keen they are on earning the wherewithal to get themselves a good morsel of the meat they used to have. All the citizens have wood to burn, and the community sells a substantial additional portion every year, whereby its numerous poor are supported and fed, and so the little old town continues in this unalterable circuit of affairs down to this very day. But they are always contented and gay, on the whole, and if ever a shadow clouds their souls, as for instance when an excessively severe financial stringency hangs over the town, they pass away the time and encourage each other by their great political activity, which is a further characteristic of the Seldwyilers. For they are passionate partisans, constitution-amenders, and legislators, and

when they have hatched out a particularly crazy motion and had it brought up by their representative in the federal council, or when the call goes out in Seldwyla for an amendment to the constitution, then it is known throughout the land that for the moment there is no money circulating there. At the same time they love a change of opinions and principles, and the day after a government has been elected, they always join the opposition to it. If it is a radical régime, then they group themselves, in order to vex it, about the pious and conservative pastor that they were heckling only the day before, and pay court to him, thronging into his church in feigned enthusiasm, praising his sermons, and peddling about with great clamor his printed tracts and the reports of the Basel missionary society, of course without contributing a cent to it. But if there is a régime at the helm that looks so much as halfway conservative, at once they go crowding about the schoolmasters of the city, and the pastor has his hands full paying the glazier for replacing broken windows. If on the other hand the government consists of liberal jurists who lay great store by correct form, and of touchy financiers, then they rush to the arms of the nearest socialist and annoy the government by electing him to the Council with the battle-cry: Enough of political formalism, for it is only material interests with which the people are concerned. Today they want to have the Veto power, and even the most direct form of self-government with a permanent popular assembly — for which, to be sure, the Seldwyler would have plenty of time — tomorrow they act weary and blasé with regard to public affairs and allow a half-dozen old stand-patters, who went bankrupt thirty years ago and have slowly and silently rehabilitated themselves, to control the elections; then they look out comfortably from behind the ale-house windows and watch the stand-patters slinking into the church and laugh up their sleeves, just like that boy who said: It will serve my father just right if I freeze my hands, why doesn't he buy me some gloves? Yesterday they were all aflame for the federate system of the Swiss nation, and were highly indignant that complete union had not been established in the year '48; today they are wild about the sovereignty of the Canton and have ceased to vote for a Federal Councilor.

But when some one of their agitations or proposals disturbs or annoys the national majority, then the government usually pacifies them by dropping on their heads an investigating commission that is supposed to regulate the administration of the Seldwyla community land; then they have plenty to do to look after their own affairs, and the danger is averted.

All this gives them a great thrill, which is only exceeded in the fall when they drink their new wine, the fermenting grape-juice that they call 'buzzer'; if it is good, your life is not safe among them, and they make a hellish racket; the whole city reeks of new wine, and the Seldwyler are then worth absolutely nothing. But the less a Seldwyler amounts to at home, the better he conducts himself, strangely enough, when he goes abroad, and whether they march out singly or in companies, as for example in past wars, they have always

given a good account of themselves. As speculator and business man, too, many a one of them has been active and successful as soon as he got out of that warm sunny valley where he did not thrive.

In so merry and rare a city there can be no lack of all sorts of strange happenings and unusual lives, since the Devil finds work for idle hands. But I do not really wish to tell in this little book such stories as are implicit in the above described character of Seldwyla, but some uncommon little chance happenings that befell in between, as it were, and were exceptional, and yet could have happened nowhere but just in Seldwyla.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

THE FOUNDING OF A FAMILY

From 'The Smith of his Own Fortunes,' in 'Seldwyla Folk'

[John Kabys, having exhausted his meager patrimony in idle expectation of a fortune which did not appear, was at last forced to earn his own livelihood, and accordingly opened a barber-shop in his native town. Here one day he casually learned from a customer that a wealthy old gentleman in Augsburg had been making inquiries if there were still Kabyses in Seldwyla. Acting upon this hint, John went to Augsburg, and the scenes of the following extract took place. The fact that John in his efforts to render his position more secure subsequently became the father of his uncle's heir, thus supplanting himself, gives a touch of humorous irony to the title of the tale.]

COME up with me to the hall of knights!" said Mr. Litumlei. They went; when the old man had paced solemnly up and down a few times, he began: "Hear my purpose and my proposition, my dear grand-nephew! You are the last of your race; this a serious fate! But I have one not less serious to bear! Look upon me: Well, then! I am the first of mine!"

Proudly he drew himself up; and John looked at him, but could not discover what it all meant. The other then continued: "'I am the first of mine,' means the same as — 'I have determined to found a race as great and glorious as you here see painted on the walls of this hall!' You see, these are not my ancestors, but the members of an extinct patrician family of this city. When I came here thirty years ago, this house happened to be for sale with all its contents and memorials; and I acquired the whole apparatus at once, as a foundation for the realization of my favorite idea. For I possessed a large fortune, but no name, no ancestors; and I don't even know the baptismal name of my grandfather who married a Kabys. I indemnified myself at first by ex-

plaining the painted ladies and gentlemen here as my ancestors, and by making some of them Litumleis, others Kabyses, by means of such labels as you see: but my family recollections sufficed only for six or seven persons; the rest of this mass of pictures — the result of four centuries — mocked my efforts. All the more urgently I was thrown upon the future, upon the necessity of inaugurating a lasting race myself, whose honored ancestor I am. Long ago I had my portrait painted, and a genealogical tree as well, at whose root stands my name. But an ill star obstinately pursues me! I already have my third wife, and as yet not one of them has presented me with a girl, to say nothing of a son and heir to the family name. My two former wives, from whom I procured a divorce, have since out of malice had several children by other husbands; and my present wife, whom I have had now seven years, would undoubtedly do the same if I should let her go.

“Your appearance, dear grand-nephew, has given me the idea of resorting to an artificial assistance, such as in history was frequently made use of in dynasties great and small. What do you say to this? — You live with us as a son of the house; I will make you my legal heir! In return, you will perform the following: You sacrifice externally your own family traditions (for you are the last of your race anyway); and at my death — *i. e.*, on your accession as my heir — you assume my name! I spread the report privately that you are a natural son of mine, the fruit of a mad prank in my youth; you adopt this view and do not contradict it! Later on perhaps a written document about it might be composed — a memoir, a little novel, a noteworthy love story in which I cut a fiery though imprudent figure, and sow misery for which I atone in old age. Finally, you bind yourself to accept from my hand whatever wife I shall choose for you from among the distinguished daughters of the city, for the further prosecution of my design. This in all and in detail is my proposition.”

During this speech John had turned alternately red and white; not from shame or fright, but from astonishment and joy at the fortune that had arrived at last, and at his own wisdom which had brought it to him. But he by no means allowed himself to be taken by surprise, but pretended that only with great reluctance could he make up his mind to sacrifice his honored family name and his legitimate birth. In polite and well-chosen words he requested twenty-four hours to consider; and then he began to walk up and down in the beautiful garden, deeply immersed in thought. The lovely flowers — carnations, roses, gillyflowers, crown-imperials, lilies, the geranium beds and jasmine bowers, the myrtle and oleander trees — all ogled him politely and did him homage as their master.

When he had enjoyed for half an hour the perfume and sunshine, the shade, and the freshness of the fountain, he went with an earnest mien out into the street, turned the corner, and entered a bakery, where he indulged in three warm patties with two glasses of fine wine. Then he returned to the

garden and again walked for half an hour, but this time smoking a cigar. Now he discovered a bed of small tender radishes. He pulled a bunch of them from the ground, cleaned them at the fountain, whose stone Tritons blinked at him submissively, and betook himself to a cool brewery, where with his radishes he drank a mug of foaming beer. He enjoyed a pleasant chat with the burghers, already endeavoring to transform his native dialect into the softer Suabian, as in all probability he was going to be a man of eminence among these people.

He purposely let the noonday hour go by, and was late at his meal. In order to carry out there a discriminating lack of appetite, he previously ate three Munich white-sausages and drank a second mug of beer, which tasted still better to him than the first. Finally, however, he wrinkled his brow and betook himself with the same to dinner, where he stared at the soup.

Little Litumlei, who generally became passionate and wilful at unexpected obstacles, and could not bear contradiction, already felt wrathful anxiety lest his last hope of founding a family should turn to water, and regarded his incorruptible guest with distrustful glances. At last he could no longer bear the uncertainty as to whether he should be an ancestor or not, and he requested the reflecter to shorten those twenty-four hours and come to a decision at once. For he feared lest his nephew's austere virtue should increase with every hour. He fetched with his own hand a bottle of very old Rhine wine from the cellar, of which John had as yet had no suspicion. As the released spirits of summer wafted their invisible odors over the crystal glasses, that clinked so musically, and as with every drop of the liquid gold that passed over his tongue a little flower garden seemed to spring up under his nose, then at last was the rude heart of John Kabys softened, and he gave his consent. The notary public was quickly summoned, and over some excellent coffee a testament was set down in due legal form. In conclusion the artificial-natural son and the race-founding arch-father embraced each other; but it was not like a warm embrace of flesh and blood, but far more solemn, like the collision rather of two great elements whose orbits meet.

Now John was in clover. He now had nothing to do but to cherish the consciousness of his agreeable destiny, to behave with some consideration towards his father, and to spend an abundance of pocket-money in whatever way best suited him. All this was done in the most respectable, unassuming manner, and he dressed like a nobleman. He did not need to purchase any more valuables: his genius now revealed itself, in that what he procured years ago still amply sufficed, thus resembling an accurately constructed design which was now completed in detail by the fullness of fortune. The battle of Waterloo thundered and lightened on his contented breast; chains and dangling ornaments rocked upon a well-filled stomach; through the gold glasses looked a pair of pleased proud eyes; the cane adorned more than it supported a shrewd man; and the cigar-case was filled with good weeds which he smoked appreciatively

in his Mazeppa holder. The wild horse was already of a brilliant brown hue, while the Mazeppa upon it was just turning a light pink, almost flesh-color; so that the twofold work of art, the carver's and the smoker's, excited the just admiration of connoisseurs. Papa Litumlei, too, was greatly taken with it, and diligently set about learning to color meerschaums under the instruction of his foster-son. A whole collection of such pipes was purchased; but the old man was too restless and impatient for this noble art. The young man had to help him continually and make improvements, which again inspired the former with respect and confidence.

Soon, however, the two men found a still more important employment; for papa now insisted that they should make up together and bring to paper that novel through which John was to be promoted to a natural-sonship. It was to be a secret family document in the form of fragmentary memoirs. To avoid arousing the jealousy of Mrs. Litumlei and disquieting her, it had to be composed in secret session; and was to be shut up surreptitiously in the family archives which still remained to be founded, in order that in future times, when the family should be in full bloom, it might see the light and tell the story of the blood of the Litumleis.

John had already made up his mind, upon the death of the old man, to call himself not plain Litumlei but Kabys-de-Litumlei; for he had an excusable weakness for his own name, which he had wrought so neatly. It was furthermore his intention to burn summarily some day the document they were about to create, through which he was to lose his legitimacy of birth and receive a dissolute mother. For the present, however, he had to take his part in the work, which slightly clouded his serenity. But he wisely accommodated himself to circumstances, and one morning shut himself up a garden room with the old man to begin the work. So they now sat opposite each other at table, and suddenly discovered that their undertaking was more difficult than they had thought, inasmuch as neither of them had ever written a hundred consecutive lines in his life. They positively could not find a beginning; and the nearer they put their heads together, the further off was any idea. Finally it occurred to the son that they really ought first to have a quire of fine stout paper to establish a durable document. That was evident; they started at once to buy it, and wandered in concord through the city. When they had found what they sought, they advised each other, as it was a warm day, to go to a tavern, there to refresh themselves and collect their thoughts. They drank several mugs with satisfaction, and ate nuts, bread, sausages; till suddenly John said he had now devised a beginning for the story, and would run straight home to write it down, that he might not forget it. "Run quickly, then," said the old man; "in the meantime I will stay here and make up the continuation; I feel that it is on its way to me already!"

So John hastened back to the room with the quire of paper, and wrote: — "It was in the year 17 —, when it was a prosperous year. A pitcher of wine

cost 7 florins, a pitcher of cider $\frac{1}{2}$ florin, and a measure of cherry brandy 4 batz. A two-pound loaf of white bread 1 batz, 1 ditto rye bread $\frac{1}{2}$ batz, and a sack of potatoes 8 batz. The hay too had turned out well, and oats were two florins a bushel. The peas and beans turned out well too, and flax and hemp had not turned out well; on the other hand again, the olives and tallow or suet had: so that all in all, the remarkable condition of things came about that society was well supplied with food and drink, scantily clad, and then again well lighted. So the year came to a close without ado, and every one was justly curious to experience how the new year would come in. The winter showed itself a proper regular winter, cold and clear; a warm covering of snow lay upon the fields and protected the young seed. But nevertheless a singular thing took place at last. It snowed, thawed, and froze again during the month of January in so frequent alternation that not only did many people fall sick, but also there came to be such a multitude of icicles that the whole country looked like a huge glass magazine, and every one wore a small board on the head in order not to be pricked by the points of the falling icicles. For the rest, the prices of staples still remained firm, as above remarked, and fluctuated at last towards a remarkable spring."

At this point the little old man came eagerly running in, seized the sheet, and without reading what had been written and without saying a word, he wrote straight on: —

"Then *he* came, and was called Adam Litumlei. He couldn't take a joke, and was born anno 17 — . He came rushing along like a spring storm. He was one of *Those*. He wore a red velvet coat, with a feather in his hat, and a sword. He wore a gold-embroidered waistcoat, with the motto, 'Youth hath no virtue!' He wore golden spurs and rode upon a white charger; this he stabled at the best inn, and cried, 'What the devil do I care? for it is spring, and youth must sow its wild oats!' He paid cash for everything, and every one marveled at him. He drank the wine, he ate the roast; he said, 'All this amounts to nothing!' Further he said, 'Come, my lovely darling, you are more to me than wine and roasts, than silver and gold! What do I care? Think what you will, what must be must be!'"

Here he suddenly came to a standstill and positively could get no further. They read together what had been written, found it was not bad, and spent a week collecting their thoughts again — during which time they led a dissipated life, for they went frequently to the beer-house in order to get a new start; but fortune did not smile every day. Finally John caught another thread, ran home, and continued: —

"These words young Mr. Litumlei addressed to a certain Liselein Feder-spiel, who lived in one of the remotest houses of the city, where the gardens are and you soon come to a little wood or grove. She was one of the most charming beauties the city had ever produced, with blue eyes and small feet. Her figure was so fine that she didn't need a corset; and out of the money thus saved,

for she was poor, she was enabled little by little to buy a violet-colored silk gown. But all this was enhanced by a general sadness that trembled not only over her lovely features but over the whole harmony of Miss Federspiel's form, so that whenever the wind was still you might believe you heard the mournful tones of an Æolian harp. For a very memorable May month had now come, into which all four seasons seemed to be compressed. At first there was snow, so that the nightingales sang with snowflakes on their heads as if they wore white nightcaps; then followed such a hot spell that the children went bathing in the open air and the cherries ripened, and the records have preserved a rhyme about it: —

Ice and snowflake,
Boys bathe in the lake,
Cherries ripe and blossoming vine,
All in one May month might be thine.

"These natural phenomena made men meditative and affected them in different ways. Miss Liselein Federspiel, who was especially pensive, speculated about it too, and realized for the first time that she bore her weal and woe, her virtue and her fall, in her own hand; and because she now held the scales and weighed this responsible freedom, was just why she became so sad about it. Now as she stood there, that audacious red-jacket came along and said without delay, 'Federspiel, I love you!' whereupon by a singular destiny she suddenly altered her previous line of thought and broke out into ringing laughter."

"Now let me go on," cried the old man, who came running up in a great heat and read over the young man's shoulder. "It's just right for me now!" and he continued the story as follows: "'There's nothing to laugh at!' said he, 'for I don't take a joke!' In short, it came about as it had to come: on the hill in the little wood sat my Federspiel on the green sward and kept on laughing; but the knight had already mounted his white horse and flew away into the distance so fast that in a few minutes, in the aerial perspective that took place, he appeared blue. He vanished, returned no more; for he was a devil of a fellow!

"Ha, now it's done!" shouted Litumlei, as he threw down the pen; "I've done my part, now you bring it to a conclusion. I am completely exhausted by these hellish inventions! By the Styx! I don't wonder that the ancestors of great houses are valued so highly and are painted life-size, for I feel what trouble the founding of mine is costing me! But haven't I given the thing bold treatment?"

John then proceeded: —

"Poor Miss Federspiel experienced great dissatisfaction when she suddenly noticed that the seductive youth had vanished at the same time almost with

the remarkable May month. But she had the presence of mind quickly to declare to herself that the occurrence had not occurred, in order to restore the former condition of equally balanced scales. But she enjoyed this epilogue of innocence only a short time. The summer came; they began to reap; it was yellow before one's eyes wherever one looked, from all the golden bounty; prices sank again materially; Liselein Federspiel stood on the hill and looked at it all; but she could see nothing for very grief and remorse. Autumn came; every wine-stock was a flowing spring; there was an incessant drumming on the earth from the falling pears and apples; people drank and sang, bought and sold. Every one supplied himself; the whole country was a fair; and cheap and abundant as everything was, luxuries were nevertheless prized and cherished and thankfully accepted. Only the fruit that Liselein brought remained unvalued and not worth asking about, as if the human hordes that were swimming in superfluity could not find use for one single little mouth more. She therefore wrapped herself in her virtue and bore, a month before her time, a lively little boy who was clearly forced to become the smith of his own fortune.

"And indeed this son passed so bravely through a very varied career that by a strange fate he was finally united with his father, brought to honor by him, and made his heir; and this is the second ancestor of the race of Litumlei."

Under this document the old man wrote: "Examined and confirmed, Johann Polycarpus Adam Litumlei." And John signed it likewise. Then Mr. Litumlei put his seal upon it with the coat-of-arms, consisting of three half fish-hooks golden, in a field blue, and seven square wagtails white and red, on a green bar sinister.

But they were surprised that the document was no larger; for they had written scarcely one sheet full of the whole quire. Nevertheless, they deposited it in the archives, to which purpose they devoted for the present an old iron chest; and they were contented and of good cheer.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung, revised by Bayard Quincy Morgan

THEODOR STORM

THEODOR STORM is one of the masters of the German *Novelle*. His range is somewhat limited, for he is intensely national, almost sectional. Born in 1817 in Husum, a small town on the sea-coast of Schleswig-Holstein, he had the Northerner's deep love for home; and all his work is colored by this love. After passing through the *gymnasium* of his native town, he went to Lübeck to prepare for the university. Here his love of poetry was awakened; and Goethe, Eichendorff, and Heine exerted an influence upon him which he never outgrew. He studied law at Kiel and at Berlin, and settled down to a quiet practice at Husum. The revolutionary disturbances of 1848 drove him from his home, and led him to accept positions under the Prussian government; first at Potsdam, and then at Heiligenstadt in Southern Germany. During these latter years he acquired that intimate acquaintance with Southern manners and modes of thinking which he turned to artistic uses in some of his stories. He returned to Husum in 1864, where he held the position of *Landvogt* until 1880. He then retired to his country home in Holstein, where some of his most delightful work was produced in his old age, and where he died in 1888.

Storm led the most uneventful of lives, happy in his family and conscientious in his official duties. In his literary work there is very curiously an ever-returning undertone of sadness of lost hopes, of disappointed lives. He began his literary career as lyric poet with the 'Liederbuch dreier Freunde' [Song-Book of Three Friends], a small volume published in 1843 in conjunction with Tycho and Theodor Mommsen. By their truth to nature and their simple pathos these poems promised to place Storm high among German lyric poets, but his growing fame as story-teller led him to cultivate prose somewhat at the expense of poetry. Nevertheless, Storm ranks among the dozen greatest poets of the nineteenth century, his output being not large, but very distinguished. His first great success was 'Immensee,' published in 1850. Even today it is one of the most popular and best known of his works, and it was always a favorite with himself. It is a story of reminiscence — an old man going back to his youth to live over again, in the twilight hour, the days of his young lost love. This harking back to bygone times runs more or less through all of Storm's work. It determines the form — a tale told in the first person by an elderly speaker; and it colors the spirit, toning it down to the gray of sorrows outlived but not forgotten. Renunciation and resignation, not infrequently rising to tragic heights in his later work, are the watchwords of most of his stories.

With his return home in 1864, his most fruitful creative period began, marked by a great advance in characterization and in firmness of touch; he is also more dramatic: 'In St. Jürgen' is an example. He next tried the artist novel, a favorite type with German writers. 'Psyche,' published in 1875, has been especially praised by German critics. Some of his strongest work was done in the so-called chronicle novels — romantic tales with a historic background, delineating North German life in the seventeenth century. 'Aquis Submersis' is one of the best of these, and by some critics considered the finest he ever wrote. 'Pole Poppenspüler' [Paul the Puppet-Player], written in 1877 for the children's magazine *Deutsche Jugend*, is one of his most charming stories. He composed it with the utmost care, on the principle that only the best is good enough for children, and that one should not "write down" to them. He has also cultivated the *Märchen*: 'Die Regentrude' [Rain-Gertrude] is a most happy example of the blending of the real with the fantastic.

After his retirement his country home became a Mecca for literary pilgrimages. He was a favorite of the German reading public, because of his poetical, dreamy sentiment, his simplicity, his love of home, and his finished workmanship. He knows how to create an atmosphere and to produce a mood; he is one of the great masters of the short story of character and sentiment.

AFTER YEARS

From 'Immensee'

ONCE more years had fled. It was a warm spring afternoon; and a young man, with sunburnt and strongly marked features, tramped down-hill along a shady road. His grave gray eyes seemed watching attentively for some alteration in the monotonous features of the road, which was long in making its appearance. By-and-by a cart came slowly up the hill. "Hallo, good friend," cried the wanderer to the peasant trudging by its side, "does this road lead to Immensee?"

"Straight on," replied the man, touching his round hat.

"Is it far from here?"

"Your Honor's just there. You'll see the lake before you could half finish a pipe: the manor-house is close on to it."

The peasant went his way; the other quickened his pace under the trees. After a quarter of an hour their shade suddenly ceased on the left hand; the path lay along the ridge of a descent, wooded with ancient oaks, whose crests hardly reached the road. Beyond these a wide sunny landscape opened out. Far beneath him lay the lake, calm, dark-blue, almost encircled by green sunlit

forests, which, opening on one side, disclosed an extensive perspective, bounded in its turn by a blue mountain range. Diagonally opposite, it seemed as if snow had been strewn: this effect was caused by the fruit-trees, now in full blossom; and amidst them, crowning the high bank of the lake, stood the manor-house — a white edifice with red tiles. A stork flew from the chimney and circled slowly over the water. "Immensee!" cried the traveler. It almost seemed as if he had reached the end of his journey; for he stood motionless, gazing over the summits of the trees at his feet towards the opposite shore, where the reflection of the house lay gently quivering on the water. Then suddenly he continued his course.

The descent now became steep, so that the trees again shaded the path, but also shut out all view of the prospect beyond, of which a glimpse could only now and then be caught through their branches. Soon the road rose again, and the woods were replaced by well-cultivated vineyards; on both sides of the road stood blossoming fruit-trees filled with humming, busy bees. A stately man clad in a brown overcoat now advanced to meet our pedestrian. When within a few paces he waved his cap in the air, and exclaimed in a clear voice, "Welcome, brother Reinhard! welcome to Immensee!"

"God bless you, Eric! thanks for your kind welcome!" cried the other in answer.

Here the old friends met and shook hands. "But is it really you?" said Eric, as he looked closely into the grave countenance of his old schoolfellow.

"Certainly it is I. And you are your old self too, Eric; only you look, if possible, almost more cheerful than you always used to do."

At these words a glad smile made Eric's simple features look even brighter than before. "Yes, brother Reinhard," said he, once more pressing his friend's hand: "since then I have drawn the big prize, as you know." Then, rubbing his hands and chuckling he added, "That will be a surprise! She'd never expect him, not to all eternity!"

"A surprise? To whom?" demanded Reinhard.

"To Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth! You haven't told her of my visit?"

"Not a word, brother Reinhard! She's not expecting you, nor does mother either. I invited you quite secretly, that the pleasure might be all the greater. You know I always had my quiet little plans at times."

Reinhard grew thoughtful; as they approached the house, he found it hard to breathe. On the left hand the vineyards were now succeeded by a large kitchen-garden, stretching down to the water's edge. Meanwhile the stork had alighted and was marching gravely among the vegetable beds. "Halloo!" cried Eric, clapping his hands: "there's that long-legged Egyptian stealing my short pea-poles again." The bird rose slowly, and perched on the roof of a new building, which, almost covered by the branches of the peach and apricot trees trained against it, lay at the end of the kitchen garden. "That is the

distillery," said Eric. "I had that added two years ago. The farm-buildings were built by my late father; the dwelling-house dates from my grandfather's time. So each generation gets forward a little."

As he spoke, they reached an open space, bounded on both sides by the rural farm-buildings, and in the background by the manor-house, whose two wings were joined by a high garden wall; behind this one saw the rows of dark yew-hedges, and over it drooped here and there the clusters of the now flowering lilacs. Men with faces heated by toil and exposure crossed the yard and saluted the two friends; and for each Eric had some order or inquiry respecting his daily work. — At length they had reached the house. A cool and spacious hall received them, at the end of which they entered a somewhat darker side passage. Here Eric opened a door, and they passed into a large sun-porch. The thick foliage which covered the windows filled both sides of this apartment with a sort of green twilight; but between these the tall, wide-open folding-doors at once admitted the full splendor of the spring sunshine, and revealed the charming view of a garden with circular flower-beds and high trimmed hedges, and divided by a broad straight walk, beyond which appeared the lake and the forest on its opposite shore. As the two companions entered, a breeze laden with delicious perfume was wafted towards them.

On the terrace facing the garden sat a slight, girlish figure. She rose and advanced to meet the new-comers; but half-way paused and stared at the stranger, motionless as though rooted to the spot. He smiled, and held his hand towards her. "Reinhard!" cried she, "Reinhard! Good heavens, is it you? It is long since we met."

"Long indeed," said he, and could say no more; for as he heard her voice, a sharp bodily pang shot through his heart; and when he looked at her, she stood before him, the same delicate, tender form to whom, years ago, he had bidden farewell in his native place.

Eric, his whole face beaming with delight, had remained standing at the door. "Well, Elizabeth," said he, "you wouldn't have expected him, would you, to all eternity?"

Elizabeth looked at him with the eyes of a sister. "You are always so kind, Eric!" said she.

He took her slender hand caressingly in his. "And now we have got him," said he, "we will not let him go again in a hurry. He has been so long away, we must make him feel at home again. He looks quite a stranger. Only see how strange and distinguished looking he has become!"

Elizabeth stole a shy glance at Reinhard's face.

"It is only that we have not seen each other for so long," said he.

At this moment her mother entered, a little key-basket on her arm. "Mr. Werner!" exclaimed she, on perceiving Reinhard; "a guest as welcome as unexpected!" And now the conversation kept its even pace in question and answer. The ladies settled themselves to their needlework; and while Reinhard

partook of the refreshments provided for him, Eric lighted his substantial meerschaum pipe, and sat, puffing and discoursing, by his side. . . .

Some days after this, when evening was drawing on, the family were assembled, as usual at this hour, in the sun-porch. The doors stood open; the sun had already sunk behind the forests beyond the lake.

At the request of the party, Reinhard consented to read aloud some ballads which he had that afternoon received from a friend in the country. He went to his room and returned, bringing a roll of papers which seemed to consist of several clearly written sheets.

They seated themselves round the table, Elizabeth by Reinhard's side. "We will take them as they come," said he. "I have not yet looked them over."

Elizabeth unrolled the manuscripts. "Some are set to music," said she. "You must sing them, Reinhard."

The first he came to were some Tyrolese herdsman's songs, of which he now and then hummed the cheerful airs as he read. A general gaiety began to pervade the little circle.

"Who can have composed these charming songs?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh," said Eric, "they tell you that themselves. Journeymen tailors and hairdressers, and merry souls of that sort!"

"They never were composed," observed Reinhard; "they grow, fall from the air, fly overland like gossamer, hither and thither, and are sung in thousands of spots at the same moment. Our own most personal actions or sufferings we find described in these ballads. It is as though we all had helped to write them."

He took up another sheet. "I stood on lofty mountains —"

"I know that!" cried Elizabeth. "You begin, and I will join in, Reinhard!" And now they sang that wondrous melody, which one can hardly believe to have been invented by any human being; Elizabeth with her rather husky contralto accompanying his tenor.

The mother sat meanwhile stitching industriously at her needlework; Eric had folded his hands, and was listening with devout attention. When they finished, Reinhard silently laid the paper aside. — From the shore of the lake the tinkle of the cow-bells was borne through the still evening air. Involuntarily they listened; then they heard a clear boy's voice singing: "I stood on lofty mountains, and marked the vale beneath." Reinhard smiled. "Do you not hear? So it is carried from mouth to mouth."

"It is often sung about here," said Elizabeth.

"Yes," remarked Eric: "it is Caspar the herdboy, driving home the cows."

They listened till the tinkle had died away behind the farm-buildings.

"Those are creation's echoes, they sleep in the forest depths," said Reinhard; "God alone knows who first awakened them."

He drew out a fresh leaf.

It had already grown darker; a crimson glow bathed the distant woods be-

yond the lake. Reinhard unrolled the paper, Elizabeth laid her hand on its other side, and looked over the lines with him. Reinhard read: —

“My mother’s choice was he:
His bride I was to be;
All I had learnt to cherish
Was from my heart to perish;
My heart would not agree.

“My mother’s act I view
With protest and with rue:
What else had been so blameless
Is sinful now and shameless.
What shall I do?

“For all my joy and pride
But griefs with me abide;
Ah, were those vows unsaid!
Ah, could I beg my bread
Over the brown hillside!”

While reading, Reinhard had perceived a very slight trembling of the paper; when he had done, Elizabeth gently pushed back her chair and passed silently into the garden. Her mother’s look followed her. Eric would have gone after her; but her mother remarked, “Elizabeth is engaged in the garden.” So he desisted.

Gradually evening fell more and more on lake and garden. The moths flew whirring past the open doors, through which the perfume of the flowers and shrubs entered with ever-increasing strength. From the water rose the croaking of the frogs; under the windows sang a nightingale, farther off in the garden a second; the moon rose over the trees. Reinhard gazed awhile on the spot where Elizabeth’s graceful form had disappeared between the hedges; then he rolled up his papers and, bowing to his companions, passed through the house and down to the water.

The silent forests threw their dark shadows far out over the lake, while the center glistened in the pale moonlight. At times a slight whisper shivered among the trees; but it was not wind, it was but the breath of the summer night. Reinhard kept along the shore. A stone’s-throw from the water’s edge, he perceived a white water-lily. All at once the wish seized him to examine it more closely; he threw off his clothes, and stepped into the water. It was shallow, sharp stones and plants wounded his feet, and still it would not become deep enough for swimming. Suddenly the ground was gone beneath him, the water swirled together over his head, and it was some time before he again rose to the surface. Now he struggled with hand and foot and swam round in circles until he could find out where he had entered the lake. Soon he

again saw the lily; she lay lonely among the broad, shining leaves. — He swam slowly out, now and then raising his arms out of the water, so that the falling drops glittered in the moonlight; but it seemed as though the distance between himself and the flower would never lessen: only when he looked towards the shore its outline grew ever more and more indistinct. He would not, however, be baffled, and swimming boldly forward, he came at length so close to the flower that he could clearly distinguish its silvery leaves in the moonlight; but at the same moment he felt himself caught as in a net; the smooth stems reached up from the bottom and twined round his naked limbs. The unknown waters stretched black around him; close behind he heard the spring of a fish; suddenly such a horror came over him in the strange element that, violently tearing himself free from the tangled plants, he swam in breathless haste to the shore. Here he once more looked back over the lake, where, beautiful and distant as ever, the lily floated upon the surface of the dark deep. — He dressed and returned slowly to the house. On entering, he found Eric and his mother-in-law busied with the preparations for a short business journey which was to take place the following day.

"Why, where have you been so late at night?" cried the lady.

"I?" replied he; "I wished to pay a visit to the water-lily; but I could not manage it."

"Another enigma," said Eric. "What the deuce had you to do with the lily?"

"I once knew her well," answered Reinhard, "but it is a long time ago."

The following afternoon Reinhard and Elizabeth wandered together on the farther shore of the lake, now through the wood, now on the steep and high banks by the water-side. Eric had begged Elizabeth to show their visitor during his and her mother's absence all the most beautiful views of the neighborhood, especially those from the farther shore, which commanded the house itself. Thus they rambled from one lovely spot to another. At length Elizabeth became tired and seated herself in the shade of some overhanging branches. Reinhard stood opposite to her, leaning against the trunk of a tree. All at once, deep in the forest, he heard the cry of the cuckoo; and suddenly it struck him that all this had happened just so once before. He looked at her with a strange smile.

"Shall we gather strawberries?" asked he.

"It is not the strawberry season," she replied.

"It will soon be here."

Elizabeth shook her head in silence; then she rose, and they continued their stroll. Often and often did his gaze rest on her as she walked by his side — she moved so gracefully, as though borne along by her clothing. Frequently he involuntarily remained a step behind, that he might get a full view of her. Thus they arrived at a wide, open heath, from which there was an extensive prospect over the surrounding country. Reinhard stooped, and gathered something from among the plants which covered the ground. When he again

looked up, his face bore an expression of passionate sorrow. "Do you know this flower?" demanded he.

She looked at him inquiringly. "It is heather: I have often picked it in the woods."

"I have an old book at home," continued he, "in which formerly I used to write all sorts of rhymes and songs — though I have long ceased to do so. Between its leaves there lies another heather-blossom, though it is but a withered one. Do you remember who gave it me?"

She nodded without reply; but she dropped her eyes and looked only on the plant which he held in his hand. So they stood a long time. As she raised her eyes to his, he saw that they were full of tears.

"Elizabeth," said he, "behind yonder blue mountains lies our youth. What has become of it?"

Neither spoke further; in silence they again descended to the lake. The air was sultry; lowering clouds were rising in the west. "There will be a storm," said Elizabeth, quickening her steps. Reinhard nodded silently, and both walked rapidly along the shore till they reached their boat.

During the passage, Elizabeth let her hand rest on the gunwale of the skiff. He looked over at her while rowing; but she looked past him into the distance. So his gaze dropped and rested on her hand; and that pale hand betrayed all that her face had concealed. On it the secret grief, which will so frequently show itself in a beautiful woman-hand that lies all night on a sickened heart, had left its delicate traces. As Elizabeth felt his eyes resting on her hand, she allowed it to glide slowly overboard into the water.

On arriving at home, they found a knife-grinder's cart in front of the house. A man with long black locks stood busily turning the wheel and humming a gipsy air between his teeth, while a dog, harnessed to his little vehicle, lay panting beside it. In the hall stood a ragged girl, with disfigured though once beautiful features, who stretched her hand towards Elizabeth, imploring charity. Reinhard felt in his pocket; but Elizabeth was too quick for him, and hastily pouring the whole contents of her purse into the beggar's hand, she turned abruptly away. Reinhard heard her sob as she passed up the stairs.

His impulse was to follow her, but recollecting himself, he remained behind. The girl still stood motionless in the hall, the money just given her in her hand.

"What else do you want?" asked Reinhard.

She started. "I want nothing more," said she. Then turning her head and fixing on him the gaze of a lost soul, she retreated slowly towards the door. He called out a name, but she heard it not. With bowed head, and arms folded on her breast, she crossed the courtyard below: "Death will o'ertake me, friendless, alone." An old song rang in his ears, his breath stood still; a moment more, and he turned and sought his own chamber.

He seated himself, and tried to study: but he could not collect his thoughts.

After wasting an hour in this fruitless effort, he went down to the sitting-room. No one was there, only the cool green twilight. On Elizabeth's work-table lay a red ribbon she had worn about her neck in the afternoon. He took it in his hand, but it gave him pain, and he laid it down again. He could not rest, so he went down to the lake, and unmooring the boat, rowed across, and once more went over every spot that he had visited so shortly before with Elizabeth. When he again returned to the house it was dark; in the courtyard he met the coachman taking the carriage-horses to graze; the travelers had just returned. As he entered the hall, he heard Eric pacing up and down the sun-porch. Reinhard did not go to him. A moment he paused, then he softly mounted the stairs to his room. Here he seated himself in an arm-chair at the window. He tried to persuade himself that he was listening to the nightingale which was singing among the yew-trees beneath him; but he only heard the throbbing of his own heart. Below in the house all went to rest. The night passed away; but he felt it not. — For hours he sat thus. At length he rose, and lay down in the open window. The night-dew trickled between the leaves; the nightingale had left off singing. Gradually towards the east the deep blue of the sky was broken by a pale yellow flush; a fresh breeze sprang up and played on Reinhard's burning forehead; the first lark soared rejoicing in the air. — Reinhard suddenly turned and went to the table; he felt for a pencil, and when he had found it, he sat down and wrote with it a few lines on a sheet of white paper. This done, he took his hat and stick, and leaving the note, he cautiously opened the door and descended into the hall. — The gray dawn still rested in every corner; the great cat stretched herself on the straw mat, and arched her back against the hand which he absently held towards her. In the garden, however, the sparrows were already preaching among the branches, telling every one that the night was past. Then he heard a door open upstairs; some one came down, and as he looked up, Elizabeth stood before him. She laid her hand on his arm, she moved her lips, but he caught no sound. "You will not come back," said she at length. "I know it, do not lie to me. You will never come back."

"Never," said he. She let her hand fall and said no more. He crossed the hall to the door; then he turned once more. She stood motionless on the same spot, and gazed at him with lifeless eyes. He made one step forward, and stretched out his arms to her. Then violently he tore himself away, and went out. — Without lay the world in the fresh morning light. The dewdrops hanging in the spiders' webs sparkled in the first rays of the sun. He looked not behind; quickly he hurried forward; and more and more the quiet farm sank from sight behind him, and up before him rose the wide, wide world.

Translation of H. Clark, revised by Bayard Quincy Morgan

LYRIC VOICES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE aptitude and craving of the German people for lyric expression is a commonplace of literary history. The rude singing of the primitive Teutons is remarked upon by Tacitus; the prevalence of song at a later period is attested by the pains which the early Christian church took to obliterate all records of it — with only too much success; one of the earliest remnants of German literature, the 'Lay of Hildebrand,' is virtually a ballad. During the period of chivalry, the outpourings of German song — artificial though much of it was — reached a level of artistry of which no people need have been ashamed. Through later ages, when more formal types of literature fell into decay and disuse, the poetic spirit of the Germans found expression in folk-song and hymn, and some of the religious songs of those otherwise barren centuries are still a vital part of our modern hymnology.

With the great revival of German letters in the eighteenth century, described elsewhere in this volume, came a corresponding development of lyric poetry. Here as in other fields, the names of Goethe and Schiller stand pre-eminent and almost alone, although their achievement in other literary types, especially the drama, is better known abroad. This is of course due to the difficulties which lyric poetry offers the translator.

The qualities which characterize German lyric poetry are not dissimilar from those of the best English verse: a close wedding of words and sense, of thought and melody, a skilful and varied use of rhythm and rhyme, of couplet and quatrain, of strophe and stanza, but above and beyond these things a deep and poignant emotion that makes the external embellishments significant.

The folk-song has left a deep impress upon the German spirit, and the greatest poets have not disdained to write in that style; whence it is not surprising to find that poems written in such a vein have themselves become true folk-songs, known and sung through all the German-speaking lands. Another striking feature of German poetry is the love of nature, now standing alone as the bearer of the poetic mood, now serving as the background for a bewildering variety of themes. Indeed, it is this variety which chiefly strikes the student of the German lyric, a variety born of the innate particularism of the German temperament. It is precisely because of this that the number of categories almost defies collective treatment.

Many of Germany's best lyric poets were versatile artists, who achieved distinction in other than purely lyric fields; they will be found elsewhere in

this volume. The object of this article is to present a number of poets whose claim to lasting commemoration rests almost solely upon their lyric verse. The selections must necessarily be limited and can do but scant justice to the writers in question; it is hoped, however, that they may in some cases stimulate the reader to look farther afield in this fascinating territory.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN

HÖLDERLIN was born at Lauffen on the Neckar in 1770, and died in Tübingen, after years of insanity, in 1843. An intensely subjective poet, Hölderlin combined the fervor of "Storm and Stress" with a romantic enthusiasm for Greek antiquity, and most of his verse is unrhymed, like the classics he loved. We give one of his most remarkable poems, which was included in his novel 'Hyperion.'

HYPERION'S SONG OF FATE

YE wander high in the light
 On softest footing, spirits of blessedness!
 Sparkling airs of heaven
 Touch you but lightly,
 As the hands of the artist-maid
 Finger the harp-strings.

Fate-untouched, like the slumbering
 Suckling, breathe the immortal ones;
 Chastely preserved
 In a modest calyx
 Blossoms ever
 In them the soul,
 And their eyes full of blessing
 Look in a quiet
 Clearness eternal.

But we are condemned
 Nowhere on earth to find rest,
 They vanish, they tumble,
 The suffering mortals,
 Blindly from hour

To hour successive,
 Like waters from boulder
 To boulder descending,
 Agelong into uncertainty down.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

BORN in 1787 in Tübingen, where he died in 1862, Uhland was a scholar, for a time a university professor, and a participant in public affairs; but his fame is due to his lyrics, of which an extraordinary number have become truly popular, and which have been especial favorites with composers. A student and lover of the folk-song, Uhland wrote many songs and ballads of that type, yet without sacrificing purity of form or careful treatment of matter.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

OF Edenhall the youthful lord
 Bids sound the festal trumpeter's call;
 He rises at the banquet board,
 And cries, 'mid the drunken revelers all,
 "Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain —
 The house's oldest seneschal —
 Takes slow from its silken cloth again
 The drinking-glass of crystal tall:
 They call it *The Luck of Edenhall*.

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,
 Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
 The graybeard with trembling hand obeys:
 A purple light shines over all;
 It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light: —
 "This glass of flashing crystal tall
 Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
 She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

"'Twas right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
We drink deep draughts right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! Klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last, like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper, takes a race of might
The fragile goblet of crystal tall:
It has lasted longer than is right: —
Kling! klang! with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the flames upstart:
The guests in dust are scattered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword!
He in the night had scaled the wall;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard — in the desert hall
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside;
Down must the stately columns fall:
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall."

Translated by Longfellow

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

THERE stood in former ages a castle high and large;
 Above the slope it glistened far down to ocean's marge;
 Around it like a garland bloomed gardens of delight,
 Where sparkled cooling fountains, with sun-bow glories dight.

There sat a haughty monarch, who lands in war had won;
 With aspect pale and gloomy he sat upon the throne:
 His thoughts are fraught with terrors, his glance of fury blights;
 His words are galling scourges, with victims' blood he writes.

Once moved towards this castle a noble minstrel pair,
 The one with locks all golden, snow-white the other's hair:
 With harp in hand, the graybeard a stately courser rode;
 In flower of youth, beside him his tall companion strode.

Then spake the gray-haired father: "Be well prepared, my son:
 Think o'er our loftiest ballads, breathe out thy fullest tone;
 Thine utmost skill now summon — joy's zest and sorrow's smart; —
 'Twere well to move with music the monarch's stony heart."

Now in the spacious chamber the minstrels twain are seen;
 High on the throne in splendor are seated king and queen:
 The king with terrors gleaming, a ruddy Northern Light;
 The queen all grace and sweetness, a full moon soft and bright.

The graybeard swept the harp-strings — they sounded wondrous clear;
 The notes with growing fullness thrilled through the listening ear:
 Pure as the tones of angels the young man's accents flow;
 The old man's gently murmur, like spirit-voices low.

They sing of love and springtime, of happy golden days,
 Of manly worth and freedom, of truth and holy ways;
 They sing of all things lovely, that human hearts delight,
 They sing of all things lofty, that human souls excite.

The courtier train around them forget their jeerings now;
 The king's defiant soldiers in adoration bow;
 The queen to tears now melted, with rapture now possessed,
 Throws down to them in guerdon a rosebud from her breast.

"Have ye misled my people, and now my wife suborn?"
Shouts out the ruthless monarch, and shakes with wrath and scorn;
He whirls his sword — like lightning the young man's breast it smote,
That 'stead of golden legends, bright life-blood filled his throat.

Dispersed, as by a tempest, was all the listening swarm;
The youth sighs out his spirit upon his master's arm,
Who round him wraps his mantle, and sets him on the steed,
There tightly binds him upright, and from the court doth speed.

Before the olden gateway, there halts the minstrel old;
His golden harp he seizes, above all harps extolled:
Against a marble pillar he snaps its tuneful strings;
Through castle and through garden his voice of menace rings: —

"Woe, woe to thee, proud castle! ne'er let sweet tones resound
Henceforward through thy chambers, nor harp's nor voice's sound:
Let sighs and tramp of captives and groans dwell here for aye,
Till retribution sink thee in ruin and decay.

"Woe, woe to you, fair gardens, in summer light that glow:
To you this pallid visage, deformed by death, I show,
That every leaf may wither, and every fount run dry —
That ye in future ages a desert heap may lie.

"Woe, woe to thee, curst tyrant! that art the minstrel's bane:
Be all thy savage strivings for glory's wreath in vain!
Be soon thy name forgotten, sunk deep in endless night,
Or, like a last death murmur, exhaled in vapor light!"

The graybeard's curse was uttered; heaven heard his bitter cry:
The walls are strewn in fragments, the halls in ruins lie;
Still stands one lofty column to witness olden might —
E'en this, already shivered, may crumble down tonight.

Where once were pleasant gardens, is now a wasted land;
No tree there lends its shadow, nor fount bedews the sand:
The monarch's name recordeth no song, nor lofty verse;
'Tis wholly sunk — forgotten! Such is the Minstrel's Curse!

Translated by W. W. Skeat

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

RÜCKERT was born at Schweinfurt in 1788 and died near Coburg in 1866. A great linguist, Rückert translated much from Oriental poetry, and also wrote original poems in the Oriental spirit. His technical skill was extraordinary, and his metrical range unusual. We give here merely a simple ballad dealing with the familiar legend of the enchanted sleeper.

BARBAROSSA

THE ancient Barbarossa
 By magic spell is bound —
 Old Frederic the Kaiser —
 In castle underground.

The kaiser hath not perish'd.
 He sleeps an iron sleep;
 For, in the castle hidden,
 He's sunk in slumber deep.

With him the chiefest treasures
 Of empire hath he ta'en,
 Wherewith, in fitting season,
 He shall appear again.

The kaiser he is sitting
 Upon an ivory throne;
 Of marble is the table
 His head he resteth on.

His beard it is not flaxen:
 Like living fire it shines,
 And groweth through the table
 Whereon his chin reclines.

As in a dream he noddeth,
 Then wakes he, heavy-eyed,
 And calls, with lifted finger,
 A stripling to his side.

"Dwarf, get thee to the gateway,
And tidings bring, if still
Their course the ancient ravens
Are wheeling round the hill.

"For if the ancient ravens
Are flying still around,
A hundred years to slumber
By magic spell I'm bound."

Translated by H. W. Dulcken

AUGUST GRAF VON PLATEN-HALLERMÜNDE

PLATEN was born in Ansbach, Bavaria, in 1796, and died in Sicily in 1835. He is one of the greatest masters of form in German literature, and though his poems have never been widely popular, the classic perfection of his best work entitles him to a place among the leading lyric poets of Germany. We give translations of two of his best-known poems, the former referring to the retirement of Charles V to a monastery.

THE PILGRIM BEFORE ST. JUST

'**T**IS night and storms sweep by and loudly roar,
Hispanian monks, unlock to me your door.

Till matin bell awakes, here let me stay,
Which frightens you to prayers and church away.

Prepare for me all that your House can do,
Your robe of Order and a coffin too.

Grudge me not one small cell, and consecrate
Me, to whom half the world belonged of late.

This head, which stoops beneath the scissors now,
Has worn full many a crown upon its brow.

Imperial ermine decked with princely state,
Those shoulders which are clad with cowl sedate.

Now am I like the dead before I'm cold,
And fall to ruins like the empire old.

Translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker

REMORSE

I ROUSED myself up in the night — in the night —
I felt myself drawn from my pillow;
The streets were deserted — the watchman in sight —
My footsteps went light,
In the night — in the night —
Through the Gothic-arched gate to the billow.

The mill-stream went roaring, and flashed in its flight;
I leaned from the parapet, yearning,
The waves in the chasm were mocking my sight,
As they glided so light,
In the night — in the night —
Not one of them ever returning.

Above me the stars — a vast wilderness bright —
In silence melodious were wheeling;
And with them the moon in her tranquilized height;
Their silvery light,
In the night — in the night —
Through measureless distance came stealing.

And upward I gazed in the night — in the night —
And down on the billow, so fleeting;
Alas for thee! how have thy days taken flight!
Now softly! throb light,
In the night — in the night —
Thou bosom, remorsefully beating!

Translated by Charles T. Brooks

ANNETTE ELISABETH VON DROSTE-HÜLSHOFF

ANNETTE VON DROSTE was born near Münster in 1797 and died at Schloss Meersburg on Lake Constance in 1848. She is undoubtedly the most gifted and original of German women poets, and her verse is strong and vigorous. Perhaps it owes part of its strength to its utter lack of feminine sentimentality or even sweetness. Her narrative verse is very successful.

ON THE TOWER

I STAND on balcony high, where a swarm
 Of shrieking starlings surround me,
 And let, like a Mænad, the blustering storm
 My fluttering locks blow around me.
 O wild companion, O madman gay,
 I fain would boldly embrace thee,
 And arm against arm, two steps from the bay,
 For life and for death I would face thee.

Down yonder I see on the strand, as spry
 As hounds at playing, the billows,
 They toss and tumble with hiss and cry
 And make foamy down for your pillows.
 O fain I'd leap where the breakers race,
 Where the waters gleefully bellow,
 And through the forest of coral I'd chase
 The walrus, that merriest fellow.

And yonder I see a pennon afloat
 As bold as in battle's hour,
 And up and down goes the keel of the boat
 I watch from my airy tower.
 O fain would I sit in the battling ship
 And seize the helmsman's rudder,
 And over the breaker-swept reefs we'd skip
 With a curlew's fluttering shudder.

Were I a hunter of bird or beast,
 Or had I soldier's position,
 Were I a man at the very least,
 Then heaven might speed my ambition;

Now I must sit here, mild and rare,
 Like a child sweet nothings to utter,
 And only in secret may loosen my hair
 In tempests to wantonly flutter.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

NIKOLAUS NIEMBSCH VON STREHLENAU

LENAU was born in Hungary in 1802, and died near Vienna in 1850. An unhappy and melancholy temperament was driven in upon itself by untoward outward circumstances, and Lenau belongs to that company which Byron has made familiar to English readers. His poetry is pre-vaillingly pessimistic, but full of striking nature descriptions. His 'Sedge Songs' show a remarkably successful handling of an unpromising subject.

SEDGE SONGS

I

FAINTLY sets the sun o'er yonder,
 Tired falls the day asleep,
 And the willows trail their streamers
 In these waters still and deep.

Flow, my bitter tears, flow ever,
 All I love I leave behind;
 Sadly whisper here the willows,
 And the reed shakes in the wind.

Into my deep lonely sufferings
 Tenderly you shine afar,
 As athwart these reeds and rushes
 Trembles soft yon evening star.

II

Oft at eve I love to saunter
 Where the sedge sighs drearily,
 By entangled hidden footpaths,
 Love! and then I think of thee.

When the woods gloom dark and darker,
 Sedges in the nightwind moan,
 Then a faint mysterious wailing
 Bids me weep, still weep alone.

And methinks I hear it wafted,
 Thy sweet voice, remote yet clear,
 Till thy song, descending slowly,
 Sinks into the silent mere.

III

Angry sunset sky,
 Thunder-clouds o'erhead,
 Every breeze doth fly,
 Sultry air and dead.

From the lurid storm
 Pallid lightnings break,
 Their swift transient form
 Flashes through the lake.

And I seem to see
 Thyself, wondrous nigh —
 Streaming wild and free
 Thy long tresses fly.

Translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroecker

EDUARD MÖRIKE

MÖRIKE was born at Ludwigsburg in 1804 and died at Stuttgart in 1875. He trained for the ministry, and was a pastor for some years, but later turned to teaching. The range of Mörike's poetry is not wide, and he consciously shunned all extremes of emotion; but he is a real singer, and he is unsurpassed in the expression of half-hidden beauties of nature. A master of speech, he offers intense pleasure to those who yield to his peculiar charm.

"ONE LITTLE HOUR ERE DAY"

8

THE while I sleeping lay
 One little hour ere day,
 Before my window on the tree
 A swallow sang this song to me,
 One little hour ere day.

"Now listen to my lay,
 Thy lover I betray!
 The while I sing this song to thee,
 Another maiden kisseth he
 One little hour ere day."

O me, no further say!
 Ah hush, no more betray!
 Fly, swallow, from my sill away.
 Ah, love and faith, a dream are they
 One little hour ere day!

SUUM CUIQUE

A NINKA dances
 In rapid measure
 Upon the greensward,
 How fair was she!

With drooping lashes,
 With eyes so modest,
 The modest maiden —
 She drives me wild!

Lo, springs a button
 From off her jacket,
 A golden button,
 I caught it up!

And deemed it wondrous,
 A sweet strange omen,
 But all sarcastic
 Jegór doth smile,

As who should tell me:
 Mine is the jacket
 And all it covers,
 Mine is the maiden;
 The button — thine!

Translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker

TWO LOVERS

A SKIFF swam down the Danube's tide,
 Therein a bridegroom sate, and bride,
 He one side, she the other.

Tell me, my dearest heart, said she,
 What present shall I make to thee?

And back her little sleeve she stripped,
 And deeply down her arm she dipped.

And so did he, the other side,
 And laughed and jested with his bride.

Fair lady Danube, give me here
 Some pretty gift to please my dear.

She drew a sparkling sword aloft,
 Just such the boy had longed for, oft.

The boy, what holds he in his hand?
 Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He binds it round her jet-black hair,
 She looks a princess, sitting there.

Fair lady Danube, give me here,
 Some pretty gift to please my dear!

Once more she'll try what she can feel;
 She grasps a helmet of light steel.

On his part, terrified with joy,
Fished up a golden comb, the boy.

A third time clutching in the tide,
Woe! she falls headlong o'er the side.

The boy leaps after, clasps her tight,
Dame Danube snatches both from sight.

Dame Danube grudged the gifts she gave,
They must atone for't in the wave.

An empty skiff glides down the stream,
The mountains hide the sunset gleam.

And when the moon in heaven did stand,
The lovers floated dead to land,
He one side, she the other.

Translated by Charles T. Brooks

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

FREILIGRATH was born at Detmold in 1810, and died near Stuttgart in 1876. He belongs to the group of revolutionary poets, of whom he was the most distinguished, and his verse more than once brought him into conflict with the government. His significance for German poetry lies in his reconciliation of French and German romanticism. We give an example of his own romantic strain, translated by his daughter.

THE FIR-TREE

ON the mountain's highest summit
Straight and green the Fir doth grow,
Stretching forth its roots and fibres
Through the creviced rocks below.

Towards the highest cloud-banks soaring,
Lo, its topmost branches sweep,
As if them, of birdlike swiftness,
They would grasp and firmly keep.

For the clouds, a hundred-shapen,
 Streaming, tattered, rent in twain,
 Are the Fir-tree's needle cushions,
 Vast gray masses, big with rain.

Far within its gnarled fibres,
 Dank and brown with clinging earth,
 Live the dwarfs of tiny stature,
 Madcaps they in pranks and mirth.

Without ladders, without buckets,
 They the mountain's depth explore;
 In those wondrous mines, the metals
 Melt they into precious ore.

Tangled, do its roots hang downward
 To the caverns deep below,
 There beholding diamonds glitter,
 And the gold's rich yellow glow.

But on high, its shady branches
 Love to see a scene more fair,
 See the sun through foliage glancing,
 Watch the Spirit's stir and care,

Who, with clever dwarfs, his helpmates,
 In this lonely mountain range
 Everything doth keep in order,
 All doth govern and arrange;

Often too, at change of solstice,
 After nightfall rushes by,
 Round his loins a shaggy deerskin,
 In his fist a pine-tree high.

Catching every note that's uttered
 By each songster's tender beak,
 Not a word the Fir-tree loseth
 That the bubbling brook doth speak;

Doth behold the forest creatures'
 Household, in calm happiness—
 Oh, what peace, what ample riches
 In this shady wilderness!

Man is distant. — Nought but red-deer's
 Tracks upon the mossy ground; —
 Ah! well may'st thou, all exulting,
 Scatter far thy cones around.

Ah! well may'st thou sprinkle fragrant
 Drops of amber resin bright,
 And adorn thy stiff and dark green
 Hair with dew in the morning's light!

Ah! well may'st thou whisper softly,
 Aye, or roar defiance free;
 On the lonely mountain waving,
 Green and strong the storm-wind braving,
 Fir-tree! could I change with thee.

From out the frigate tapering
 The tall mast lightly rears,
 With sail and shroud and pennon;
 'Tis bent with weight of years.

The foaming wave it addresses
 With loud and angry wail;
 "What use to me this garment
 Of white and flowing sail?

"What use to me this rigging,
 These flags that sport in the wind?
 A secret yearning draws me
 To the forest left behind!

"In early youth they felled me,
 And brought me to the strand,
 To navigate the ocean
 And see each foreign land.

"I've sailed the main, beholding
 Sea-kings upon their throne,
 Both fair and swarthy nations
 I saw in every zone.

"Rock-nourished moss in Iceland
 Far northwards I did greet,
 With palms in southern islands
 I have held converse sweet.

"But evermore I'm longing
For yon mountain grown with pine,
Where in the dwarfs' dominions
My hairy roots did twine!

"Oh glades, so brightly flowered,
Oh greenwood, glad and free;
Oh life, so sweet and dreamy,
How far, how far are ye!"

Translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroecker

EMANUEL GEIBEL

GEIBEL was born at Lübeck in 1815, and died there in 1884. His early poems were rather conventional, flawless in form, but on the whole superficial. His greatest strength lies in the epic, and he also produced some fine political verse. He was widely acclaimed in his day, and was perhaps the leading lyricist of Germany between 1848 and 1870.

FREDERICK REDBEARD

DEEP within Kyffhäuser mountain,
Where the lantern glimmers red,
There he sits, old emperor Frederick,
At the marble table's head.

Vested in his purple mantle,
Still his limbs their armor keep,
But upon his drooping eyelids
Lies the dark of deepest sleep.

Forward bend his tranquil features—
Gentle, earnest, they appeared;
Through the marble table growing
Is his long and golden beard.

Round about like carven statues
Stand his knights in company,
Armor-laden, swords in scabbards,
But as deep in sleep as he.

Henry too of Ofterdingen
 In their mute array is there,
 With the lips so apt for singing,
 With his blond and curly hair.

See, the singer's harp is resting
 Mute upon his arm so strong,
 But upon his lofty forehead
 Hovers now a future song.

All is still, but any moment
 Falls a drop of water down:
 Till the gray dawn on a sudden
 Bursts in with its fiery crown;

Till the proud flight of the eagle
 Sweeps around the mountain's brow,
 Till before his pinions' whirring
 Flees the swarm of ravens now.

Then indeed with distant thunder
 All the mountain 'gins to quake,
 And the monarch grips his falchion,
 And the knights at last awake.

Groaning loudly on its hinges
 Opes the iron gate anew,
 Barbarossa with his faithful,
 Fully armed, ascends to view.

'Neath his crown he wears a helmet,
 Victory is in his hand;
 Swords are flashing, harps resounding,
 Where he marches through the land.

And before the noble Frederick
 All the nations bend the knee,
 And he founds again at Aachen
 His imperial dynasty.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

JOSEPH VIKTOR VON SCHEFFEL

SCHEFFEL was born at Karlsruhe in 1826, and died there in 1886. His romantic and humorous narrative poem, 'The Trumpeter of Säckingen,' is his best-known work. But his most original achievement was the joyous songs published under the title of 'Gaudeamus,' of which we give a taste. Says R. M. Meyer: "We regard this collection of frivolous songs as Scheffel's most important, as his only lasting accomplishment."

THE TEUTOBURGER BATTLE

WHEN the Romans, rashly roving,
 Into Germany were moving,
 First of all—to flourish, partial—
 Rode 'mid trumps the great field-marshal,
 Sir Quinctilius Varus.

But in the Teutoburgian forest
 How the north wind blew and chor-rused;
 Ravens flying through the air,
 And there was a perfume there
 As of blood and corpses.

All at once, in sock and buskins
 Out came rushing the Cheruskins
 Howling, "Gott und Vaterland!"
 They went in with sword in hand,
 Against the Roman legions.

Ah, it was an awful slaughter,
 And the cohorts ran like water;
 But of all the foe that day,
 The horsemen only got away,
 Because they were on horseback.

O Quinctilius! wretched general,
 Knowest thou not that such our men are all?
 In a swamp he fell—how shocking!
 Lost two boots, a left-hand stocking,
 And, besides, was smothered.

Then, with his temper growing wusser,
 Said to Centurion Titiusser,
 "Pull your sword out — never mind,
 And bore me through with it behind,
 Since the game is busted."

Scaevola, of law a student,
 Fine young fellow — but imprudent
 As a youth of tender years,
 Served among the volunteers —
 He was also captured.

E'en his hoped-for death was baffled,
 For ere they got him to the scaffold
 He was stabbed quite unaware,
 And nailed fast en derrière
 To his Corpus Juris.

When this forest fight was over
 Hermann rubbed his hands in clover;
 And to do the thing up right,
 The Cheruskans did invite
 To a first-rate breakfast.

But in Rome the wretched varminths
 Went to purchase morning garments;
 Jest as they had tapped a puncheon,
 And Augustus sat at luncheon,
 Came the mournful story.

And the tidings so provoked him,
 That a peacock leg half choked him,
 And he cried — beyond control —
 "Varus — Varus — d—n your soul!
 Redde legiones!" [Return the legions.]

His German slave, Hans Schmidt be-christened,
 Who in the corner stood and listened,
 Remarked, "Der teufel take me wenn
 He efer kits dose droops acain,
 For tead men ish not lifin."

Now, in honor of the story,
 A monument they'll raise for glory.
 As for pedestal — they've done it;
 But who'll pay for a statue on it
 Heaven alone can tell us.

THE LAST TROUSERS

TIS my last pair of breeches
 Left sadly alone;
 Ah — and she too with her riches,
 With another hence has gone.

Oh, they seemed in one piece knitted,
 Such a pair is seldom matched;
 Winter-buckskin, how they fitted!
 Large plaid pattern, never patched!

Strutting proudly as a turkey,
 With those breeks I first sailed in;
 In my pocket to the door-key
 Rang such lots of lovely tin.

Ah, we fall as we have risen —
 Soon no specie showed its face;
 And the Heidelberg town-prison
 Is a dark and silent place.

Soon I pawned all things worth pawning:
 Dress-coat, frock, and mantle light.
 You too, now, ere morrow's dawning,
 My last trousers, good — good-night!

Day of trial, with what sorrow
 Do I feel thy pain at last;
 Nothing earthly bides the morrow,
 And the pledge-laws travel fast.

All must go though strictly hoarded,
 Oh, last trousers, last of mine!
 Elkan Levi, gloomy, sordid,
 Old clo' — take them, they are thine!

Boots! — of all my friends the truest,
 Come and prop my suffering head;
 But one pint, and that of newest,
 May'st thou bring — enough is said!

Then abed, from this sad hour,
 I'll not rise, though all should ring,
 Till a heavy golden shower
 Through the roof comes pattering.

Then begone, for we must sever,
 Greet thy fellows in their cell.
 Ah! my legs already shiver;
 My last breeches — fare ye well!

Translated by Chas. G. Leland

DETLEV VON LILIENCRON

LILIENCRON was born at Kiel in 1844 and died near Hamburg in 1909. A soldier by inclination and profession, Liliencron served in two wars and only turned to literature when wounds and debts forced him out of the army. He is undoubtedly, next to Dehmel, the most noteworthy lyric poet of the late nineteenth century. He excelled in the ballad and narrative lyric, and has a charming vein of humor.

WHO KNOWS WHERE

(Battle of Kolin, June 18, 1757)

ON blood, smoke, ruin and the dead,
 On trampled grass unharvested
 The sun poured light.
 Dark fell. The battle's rage was o'er,
 And many a one came home no more
 From Kolin's fight.

A lad, half boy, had shared the fray,
 Had first heard bullets whiz that day.
 He had to go . . .
 And though he swung his flag on high,
 Fate touched him, it was his to die.
 He had to go.

Near him there lay a pious book
Which still the youngster bore and took
With sword and cup.
A grenadier from Bevern found
The small stained volume on the ground
And picked it up.

And swiftly to the father brought
This last farewell with silence fraught
And with despair.
Then wrote therein the trembling hand:
"Kolin: my son hid in the sand.
Who knows where!"

And he who here has sung this song
And he who reads it, both are strong
Of life and fair.
But once art thou and once am I
Hid in the sand eternally,
Who knows where!

Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn

AFTER THE HUNT

T IRED and thirsty, weary of the way,
I seek the forest inn that is my own:
Rifle and cap upon a bench I lay,
Beside the water-pail my dog lies prone.
The inn's young mistress, in the dying day
Stands still as one from whom all joy has flown:
Then she smiles shyly and half turns away —
The guests' departure leaves us soon alone.

Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn

FROM CHILDHOOD

I SAT today quite buried in old letters,
When suddenly one fell into my hands
Whose date, when once deciphered, startled me,
It was so many years, so long ago.

Large, small, broad, crowded up the writing stood
 And richly mixed with smudgy finger-prints:
 "Dear Cousin Fritz: The trees are all bare now,
 We don't play soldier any more nor robbers,
 Turk broke his right front leg the other day,
 And poor Aunt Anna's tooth aches all the time.
 This morning papa went out pheasant shooting.
 I guess that's all there is to write about.
 I'm well, I hope that you are too. Be sure
 To answer this. Yours truly, Sigismund."
 "The trees are all bare now —" the bitter words
 Made me fold up the letter silently,
 Pick up my hat and gloves, seize coat and cane
 And hasten out upon my heath once more.

Translated by Bernard Raymund

IN A WINTER NIGHT

THOUSANDS have left their own firelight
 In this stormy, snow-covered winter night.
 And the throng is close-packed in masses fast
 To salute their emperor at the last.

On the castle sudden a quivering fire,
 And from the cathedral the bells in choir
 Resound with equal and terrible grace
 In an awe-struck rhythm, in a dreadful bass.
 And where the dense throng apart has drifted
 Beyond their heads behold, uplifted
 A scarlet bier, ah, heavy it swings
 And is followed by a train of kings.
 As the dark clouds hasten over all,
 The wind grasps, fluttering, the somber pall,
 But through the quivering airs on high
 I see an hundred eagles fly
 With majestic beat of wing, as they flew
 In a day of victory's retinue.
 Smoke falls from the iron basins dim
 Whence the forked flames quiver over the rim.
 The earth it trembles: dully you feel
 On the asphalt pavement the hoofs of steel.

The torches glow reflected once more
 In the helmets bright of the Gardes du Corps,
 And sink once again and are quenched in the snow —
 Pass by me, pass by, O thou terrible woe!
 And from the cathedral an organ sound
 And palm-groves greet the winter around,
 And spring-like and green the walls of chalk,
 Laurel covers the catafalque,
 For gardens that once our mailed tread bent
 Today their roses and wreaths have sent.

"Let me through! Oh, open a lane for my sake!
 Let me through, let me through, or a path I'll break!
 Once more on my knees I must lie before him
 With brow on his purple bier to adore him!
 At Gravelotte! The night was falling:
 The king! my comrades sprang up calling,
 And holding his reins around him we hovered,
 With kisses his stirrup and hands we covered.
 The streaming sunset, red and low,
 Framed his helmet in radiant glow,
 His eyes grew moist and his soul gave way —
 With him, with him did I see that day!"

Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn

GERMAN HISTORIANS

THE German historical school derives almost exclusively from Leopold von Ranke, the first of the German historians to cast aside mere theoretical speculation and devote himself single-mindedly to the portrayal of the entire body of pertinent fact. His own dictum was that he was not so ambitious as to set forth what ought to have happened; he was content to narrate what actually did happen. Moreover, the German passion for scholarship, for comprehensive knowledge, led these historians into the investigation of every territory, however apparently remote, which might be expected to contribute something to the final result. A combination of encyclopedic knowledge with a conscious insistence upon scientific objectivity—these are the outstanding characteristics of the two German historians who rise head and shoulders above all the rest: Leopold von Ranke and Theodor Mommsen.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE

LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the founder of the objective school of history, was born in 1795. Early in life he came to regard the Reformation as the beginning of modern history, and as illustrating admirably his theory of the unity of history. So he began that research into the history of the Reformation and of the Counter-Reformation which occupied the greater part of his life. His first book, the 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples' (1824) formulated the theory of the unity of history; moreover, it announced a new aim and a new method. He maintained that the aim of history was not to enforce preconceived theological or political views, but to narrate events as they happened, without regard to their moral worth. He showed the untrustworthiness of contemporaneous source-material, such as memoirs and formal histories, as lacking in the requisite perspective and clarity; and he insisted upon the use of original documents such as diplomatic correspondence and State papers. This work at once became a classic in German historical literature and made Von Ranke, at the age of thirty, a professor in the University of Berlin. The most typical and popular of his works, however, is his 'History of the Popes' (1834-36), which discussed with admirable clearness, fullness, and insight the causes, political and religious, of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation. This was and is a model of historical writing, and no less notable as a contribution to literature than as a contribution to historical

science. Von Ranke died in 1886, actively engaged on a history of the world which he had begun at the age of eighty-three, and of which seven volumes were completed before his death.

THEODOR MOMMSEN

THEODOR MOMMSEN was born in 1817 and died in 1903, after holding professorships at Leipzig, Zürich, Breslau, and (after 1858) Berlin. A lifelong student of history, Mommsen was primarily interested in the life and growth of political institutions. So it was natural that the Roman State, the greatest organization in all human history, should have engaged his fullest attention. He combined the power of patient and minute investigation with a singular faculty for bold generalization and the capacity of tracing out the effects of thoughts and ideas on political and social life. His smaller papers number many hundreds, and there is no department of Roman life and learning which he did not illuminate. Thus, although he wrote no history of the Roman Empire, his most enduring work is devoted to that epoch, and created the factual basis on which such a history could be written.

In the mind of the general public, however, Mommsen's name and fame rest chiefly upon his monumental history of Rome (1854-85) which, published in three volumes, brought events down to the end of the Roman republic. It was the work of a poet as well as a scholar, and his violent likes and dislikes — he detested Cicero and worshiped Cæsar — give the great work an epic quality which will long justify its inclusion among the outstanding achievements of historical literature.

THE CHARACTER OF CÆSAR

From the 'History of Rome'

THE new monarch of Rome, the first ruler of the whole domain of Romano-Hellenic civilization, Gaius Julius Cæsar, was in his fifty-sixth year (born 12th July, 652 A. U. C.) when the battle of Thapsus, the last link in a long chain of momentous victories, placed the decision of the future of the world in his hands. Few men have had their elasticity so thoroughly put to the proof as Cæsar: the sole creative genius produced by Rome, and the last produced by the ancient world, which accordingly moved on in the track that he marked out for it until its sun had set. Sprung from one of the oldest noble families of Latium, which traced back its lineage to the heroes of the Iliad and the kings of Rome, and in fact to the

Venus-Aphrodite common to both nations, he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life, had recited and declaimed, had practised literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilette wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying.

But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses: Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and his swimming saved his life in Alexandria; the incredible rapidity of his journeys, which usually were performed by night for the sake of gaining time — a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompeius moved from one place to another — was the astonishment of his contemporaries and not the least among the causes of his success. The mind was like the body. His remarkable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless; and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived, he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother, Aurelia (his father having died early). To his wives, and above all to his daughter Julia, he devoted an honorable affection, which was not without reflex influence even on political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and of humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity, with each after his kind. As he himself never abandoned any of his partisans after the pusillanimous and unfeeling manner of Pompeius, but adhered to his friends — and that not merely from calculation — through good and bad times without wavering, several of these, such as Aulus Hirtius and Gaius Matius, even after his death gave noble testimonies of their attachment to him.

If in a nature so harmoniously organized there is any one trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this: that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had had his season of youth, and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind; but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar in his sleepless hours mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and verbs. He made verses as everybody then did, but they were weak; on the other hand he was interested in subjects of astronomy and natural science. While

wine was and continued to be with Alexander the destroyer of care, the temperate Roman, after the revels of his youth were over, avoided it entirely. Around him, as around all those whom the full luster of woman's love has dazzled in youth, fainter gleams of it continued imperishably to linger; even in later years he had his love adventures and successes with women, and he retained a certain foppishness in his outward appearance, or to speak more correctly, a pleasing consciousness of his own manly beauty. He carefully covered the baldness which he keenly felt with the laurel chaplet that he wore in public in his later years; and he would doubtless have surrendered some of his victories if he could thereby have brought back his youthful locks. But however much, even when monarch, he enjoyed the society of women, he only amused himself with them, and allowed them no manner of influence over him. Even his much-censured relation to Queen Cleopatra was only contrived to mask a weak point in his political position.

Cæsar was thoroughly a realist and a man of sense; and whatever he undertook and achieved was penetrated and guided by the cool sobriety which constitutes the most marked peculiarity of his genius. To this he owed the power of living energetically in the present, undisturbed either by recollection or by expectation; to this he owed the capacity of acting at any moment with collected vigor, and applying his whole genius even to the smallest and most incidental enterprise; to this he owed the many-sided power with which he grasped and mastered whatever understanding can comprehend and will can compel; to this he owed the self-possessed ease with which he arranged his periods as well as projected his campaigns; to this he owed the "marvelous serenity" which remained steadily with him through good and evil days; to this he owed the complete independence which admitted of no control by favorite, or by mistress, or even by friend. It resulted, moreover, from this clearness of judgment that Cæsar never formed to himself illusions regarding the power of fate and the ability of man; in his case the friendly veil was lifted up which conceals from man the inadequacy of his working. However prudently he planned and contemplated all possibilities, the feeling was never absent from his heart that in all things, fortune, that is to say accident, must bestow success; and with this may be connected the circumstance that he so often played a desperate game with destiny, and in particular again and again hazarded his person with daring indifference. As indeed occasionally men of predominant sagacity betake themselves to a pure game of hazard, so there was in Cæsar's rationalism a point at which it came in some measure into contact with mysticism.

Gifts such as these could not fail to produce a statesman. From early youth, accordingly, Cæsar was a statesman in the deepest sense of the term; and his aim was the highest which man is allowed to propose to himself — the political, military, intellectual, and moral regeneration of his own deeply decayed nation, and of the still more deeply decayed Hellenic nation intimately akin to

his own. The hard school of thirty years' experience changed his views as to the means by which this aim was to be reached; his aim itself remained the same in the times of his hopeless humiliation and of his unlimited plenitude of power, in the times when as demagogue and conspirator he stole towards it by paths of darkness, and in those when, as joint possessor of the supreme power and then as monarch, he worked at his task in the full light of day before the eyes of the world. All the measures of a permanent kind that proceeded from him at the most various times assume their appropriate places in the great building-plan. We cannot therefore properly speak of isolated achievements of Cæsar; nothing he did was isolated.

With justice men commend Cæsar the orator for his masculine eloquence, which, scorning all the arts of the advocate, like a clear flame at once enlightened and warmed. With justice men admire in Cæsar the author the inimitable simplicity of the composition, the unique purity and beauty of the language. With justice the greatest masters of war of all times have praised Cæsar the general, who, in a singular degree disregarding routine and tradition, knew always how to find out the mode of warfare by which in the given case the enemy was conquered, and which was consequently in the given case the right one; who, with the certainty of divination, found the proper means for every end; who after defeat stood ready for battle like William of Orange, and ended the campaign invariably with victory; who managed that element of warfare, the treatment of which serves to distinguish military genius from the mere ordinary ability of an officer — the rapid movement of masses — with unsurpassed perfection, and found the guarantee of victory not in the massiveness of his forces but in the celerity of their movements, not in long preparation but in rapid and bold action even with inadequate means. But all these were with Cæsar mere secondary matters: he was no doubt a great orator, author, and general, but he became each of these merely because he was a consummate statesman.

The soldier more especially played in him altogether an accessory part; and it is one of the principal peculiarities by which he is distinguished from Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, that he began his political activity not as an officer but as a demagogue. According to his original plan he had purposed to reach his object, like Pericles and Gaius Gracchus, without force of arms; and throughout eighteen years, as leader of the popular party, he had moved exclusively amid political plans and intrigues: until, reluctantly convinced of the necessity for a military support, he headed an army when he was already forty years of age. It was natural that even afterwards he should remain still more statesman than general; like Cromwell, who also transformed himself from a leader of opposition into a military chief and democratic king, and who in general, little as the Puritan hero seems to resemble the dissolute Roman, is yet in his development, as well as in the objects which he aimed at and the results which he achieved, of all statesmen perhaps the most akin to

Cæsar. Even in his mode of warfare this improvised generalship may still be recognized: the enterprises of Napoleon against Egypt and against England do not more clearly exhibit the artillery lieutenant who had risen by service to command, than the similar enterprises of Cæsar exhibit the demagogue metamorphosed into a general. A regularly trained officer would hardly have been prepared, through political considerations of a not altogether stringent nature, to set aside the best-founded military scruples in the way in which Cæsar did so on several occasions, most strikingly in the case of his landing in Epirus.

Several of his acts are therefore censurable from a military point of view; but what the general loses the statesman gains. The task of the statesman is universal in its nature, like Cæsar's genius: if he undertook things the most varied and most remote one from another, they had all, without exception, a bearing on the one great object to which with infinite fidelity and consistency he devoted himself; and he never preferred one to another of the manifold aspects and directions of his great activity. Although a master of the art of war, he yet from statesmanly considerations did his utmost to avert the civil strife, and when it nevertheless began, to keep his laurels from the stain of blood. Although the founder of a military monarchy, yet with an energy unexampled in history, he allowed no hierarchy of marshals or government of pretorians to come into existence. If he had a preference for any one form of services rendered to the State, it was for the sciences and arts of peace rather than for those of war.

The most remarkable peculiarity of his action as a statesman was its perfect harmony. In reality all the conditions for this most difficult of all human functions were united in Cæsar. A thorough realist, he never allowed the images of the past or venerable tradition to disturb him; with him nothing was of value in politics but the living present, and the law of reason: just as in grammar he set aside historical and antiquarian research, and recognized nothing but on the one hand the living *usus loquendi* and on the other hand the rule of symmetry. A born ruler, he governed the minds of men as the wind drives the clouds, and compelled the most heterogeneous natures to place themselves at his service; — the smooth citizen and the rough subaltern, the noble matrons of Rome and the fair princesses of Egypt and Mauritania, the brilliant cavalry officer and the calculating banker. His talent for organization was marvelous. No statesman has ever compelled alliances, no general has ever collected an army out of unyielding and refractory elements, with such decision, and kept them together with such firmness, as Cæsar displayed in constraining and upholding his coalitions and his legions. Never did regent judge his instruments and assign each to the place appropriate for him with so acute an eye.

He was monarch; but he never played the king. Even when absolute lord of Rome, he retained the deportment of the party leader: perfectly pliant

and smooth, easy and charming in conversation, complaisant towards every one, it seemed as if he wished to be nothing but the first among his peers.

Cæsar entirely avoided the blunder of so many men otherwise on an equality with him, who have carried into politics the tone of military command; however much occasion his disagreeable relations with the Senate gave for it, he never resorted to outrages such as that of the eighteenth Brumaire. Cæsar was monarch; but he was never seized with the giddiness of the tyrant. He is perhaps the only one among the mighty men of the earth who in great matters and little never acted according to inclination or caprice, but always without exception according to his duty as ruler; and who, when he looked back on his life, found doubtless erroneous calculations to deplore, but no false step of passion to regret. There is nothing in the history of Cæsar's life which even on a small scale can be compared with those poetico-sensual ebullitions — such as the murder of Kleitos or the burning of Persepolis — which the history of his great predecessor in the East records. He is, in fine, perhaps the only one of those mighty men who has preserved to the end of his career the statesman's tact of discriminating between the possible and the impossible, and has not broken down in the task which for nobly gifted natures is the most difficult of all — the task of recognizing, when on the pinnacle of success, its natural limits. What was possible he performed; and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better, never disdained at least to mitigate by palliatives evils that were incurable. But where he recognized that fate had spoken, he always obeyed. Alexander on the Hyphasis, Napoleon at Moscow, turned back because they were compelled to do so, and were indignant at destiny for bestowing even on its favorites merely limited successes; Cæsar turned back voluntarily on the Thames and on the Rhine; and at the Danube and the Euphrates thought not of unbounded plans of world-conquest, but merely of carrying into effect a well-considered regulation of the frontiers.

Such was this unique man, whom it seems so easy and yet is so infinitely difficult to describe. His whole nature is transparent clearness; and tradition preserves more copious and more vivid information regarding him than regarding any of his peers in the ancient world. Of such a person our conceptions may well vary in point of shallowness or depth, but strictly speaking they cannot be different: to every inquirer not utterly perverted, the grand figure has exhibited the same essential features and yet no one has succeeded in reproducing it to the life. The secret lies in its perfection. In his character as a man as well as in his place in history, Cæsar occupies a position where the great contrasts of existence meet and balance each other. Of the mightiest creative power and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment; no longer a youth and not yet an old man; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution; filled with republican ideals and at the same time born to be a king; a Roman in the deepest essence of his nature, and yet called to reconcile and combine in himself as well as in the outer world the Roman

and the Hellenic types of culture — Cæsar was the entire and perfect man. Accordingly we miss in him more than in any other historical personage what are called characteristic features, which are in reality nothing else than deviations from the natural course of human development. What in Cæsar passes for such at the first superficial glance is, when more closely observed, seen to be the peculiarity not of the individual but of the epoch of culture or of the nation: his youthful adventures, for instance, were common to him as to all his more gifted contemporaries of like position; his unpoetical but strongly logical temperament was the temperament of Romans in general.

It formed part also of Cæsar's full humanity that he was in the highest degree influenced by the conditions of time and place; for there is no abstract humanity — the living man cannot but occupy a place in a given nationality and in a definite line of culture. Cæsar was a perfect man just because more than any other he placed himself amidst the currents of his time, and because more than any other he possessed the essential peculiarity of the Roman nation — practical aptitude as a citizen — in perfection; for his Hellenism in fact was only the Hellenism which had been long intimately blended with the Italian nationality. But in this very circumstance lies the difficulty, we may perhaps say the impossibility, of depicting Cæsar to the life. As the artist can paint everything save only consummate beauty, so the historian, when once in a thousand years he falls in with the perfect, can only be silent regarding it. For normality admits doubtless of being expressed, but it gives us only the negative notion of the absence of defect; the secret of nature, whereby in her most finished manifestations normality and individuality are combined, is beyond expression. Nothing is left for us but to deem those fortunate who beheld this perfection, and to gain some faint conception of it from the reflected luster which rests imperishably on the works that were the creation of this great nature.

These also, it is true, bear the stamp of the time. The Roman hero himself stood by the side of his youthful Greek predecessor, not merely as an equal but as a superior; but the world had meanwhile become old and its youthful luster had faded. The action of Cæsar was no longer, like that of Alexander, a joyous marching onward towards a goal indefinitely remote: he built on and out of ruins, and was content to establish himself as tolerably and as securely as possible within the ample but yet definite bounds once assigned to him. With reason, therefore, the delicate poetic tact of the nations has not troubled itself about the unpoetical Roman, and has invested the son of Philip alone with all the golden luster of poetry, with all the rainbow hues of legend. But with equal reason the political life of nations has during thousands of years again and again reverted to the lines which Cæsar drew; and the fact that the people to whom the world belongs still at the present day designate the highest of their monarchs by his name, conveys a warning deeply significant, and unhappily fraught with shame.

POWER, PROSPERITY, AND PRIDE

(1871-1914)

POLITICS and art have ever been divorced in the German State, and though the autocratic governments of Central Europe may have trained a subservient bureaucracy and a servile press, the creative fields of literature have kept themselves remarkably free of control. Nor have they on their part striven very much to take a hand in politics or government. Even when the man of letters was also a civil servant, like Gottfried Keller, he kept his bureaucratic right hand from knowing what his scribbling left hand wrote. It must not therefore be assumed that any sketch of German life, during the forty-odd years under consideration, would afford a satisfactory outline of the course of literary history in that epoch. If we attempt it nevertheless, it is because political and social conditions did after all furnish the material foundations upon which the producers of literature set their feet.

The caption of this section fairly summarizes, I think, the external status of the German Empire after the Franco-Prussian War. That war had been a swift and successful adventure, glorious from the point of view of the militarist, financially profitable through the indemnity exacted from France, and entitled to most credit for its part in bringing about the long overdue (and still incomplete) union of the German people. It is true that the prompt — and unexpected — payment of the French indemnity inflated the German money market and brought on a frenzy of speculation and an eventual panic. But German technological skill coupled with the energy of a naturally hard-working people had kept German industry well abreast of the advances made by other nations, and the setback caused by these disturbances was temporary and comparatively slight. More important in their literary reverberations were those maladjustments growing out of the industrial advance itself: the steady wane, speaking in terms of power, of the landed gentry (Junker) in proportion to the rising importance of the industrial magnates, and the growth of the big city slums, of the proletariat, of the revolutionary socialists. The astute policy of Bismarck, who continually stole the thunder of the Socialists by putting into effect policies which they had advocated, kept the German State off the rocks; but the fermentation never ceased, and the bloodless revolution of 1918 may safely be regarded as its ultimate product.

Viewed as purely material substructure, then, the Germany of the inter-war period appears as physically sound, industrially aggressive, financially prosperous, martially vainglorious, intellectually alert, and spiritually elated,

self-conscious, and not a little chauvinistic. Of all this, her literature carries on its surface the faintest traces. Rather does it link hands with races and literatures to right and left, forming one strand in the curiously interwoven pattern of nineteenth-century letters.

For simultaneously with the new political era we have a branch of the industrial development that suddenly wipes out space and time and international boundaries, and makes — gradually at first — all Europe into a more closely knit community than was ever a single kingdom in bygone days. I refer, of course, to the railway, telegraph, and telephone. Now the citizen of Berlin knew at breakfast what had happened the day before in London, Paris, Rome, or St. Petersburg; now the German *littérateur* was reading the latest French novel within a week after its publication. From now on literature becomes international rather than national, and is colored by personality rather than by race; from now on we may expect to find in Germany phenomena that derive from anywhere in Europe, and that lead anywhere else, provided only there be a kindred spirit to receive their message. The naturalistic novels of Zola and Tolstoy, the grim logic of Ibsen, the grand sweep of the Victorian novelists, the verbal music of D'Annunzio, the brilliant technique of Maupassant — these are only a few of the strains in the literary symphony which strike sympathetically upon the German ear and are now taken as leading motives, in the Wagnerian sense, for further elaboration and variation.

What will eventually remain to us as a permanent heritage from the last quarter of the nineteenth century? Prophecy is perilous, but I venture the guess that aside from a few lyric voices we may ascribe lasting value to the dramas of Hauptmann, the novels of Fontane, Richard Dehmel's 'Zwei Menschen,' and the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. The revolution of 1918 was not solely a political affair: it crystallized into one form of action a whole world of rebellion and ferment. This rebellion was naturally bound to burst forth in literature and art, into impressionism, expressionism, dadaism, and what not. What genuine values these seemingly freakish tendencies may comprise, what works among the flooding production of these decades really represent something new or significant, time alone can tell. So much at least we seem to feel: the present age, in German-speaking lands, is not sterile; out of its notable fertility a new school of letters is destined to go forth, one which, without losing its deeper connections with the general body of European literature, will find characteristic expression for the new spirit that animates the German people of today.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

HISTORICAL EVENTS

LITERARY DATES

1871 Foundation of German Empire
William I of Prussia pro-
claimed German Emperor at
Versailles

End of Franco-Prussian War

1873 Kulturkampf between Protest-
ants and Catholics begins

1882 Triple Alliance formed

1884 Colonies acquired in southern
Africa

1888 Accession of William II

1890 Bismarck dismissed

1905 Moroccan intervention

1911 Moroccan disagreement

1914 World War begins

1918 Revolution, William II abdi-
cates

1919 Constitution of new German
republic promulgated

1880 K. F. Meyer, *The Saint*

1883 Anzengruber, *Meteor Farm*

1883-84 Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Za-
rathustra*

1887 Sudermann, *Dame Care*

1892 Hauptmann, *Weavers*

1893 Sudermann, *Magda*
Schnitzler, *Anatol*

1895 Fontane, *Effi Briest*

1896 Hauptmann, *Sunken Bell*

1899 Hofmannsthal, *The Adven-
turer and the Singer*

1901 T. Mann, *Buddenbrooks*
Frenssen, *Jörn Uhl*

1902 Clara Viebig, *Our Daily Bread*

1903 Dehmel, *Two Lovers*

1924 Hauptmann, *Heretic of Soana*

THEODOR FONTANE

THE lyric poet, like most musicians, matures early and pours out his finest work almost as by divine inspiration; the novelist and the essayist, on the other hand, need a broad experience of life, a ripened wisdom, a soul purged of passion, in order to be able to mirror the kaleidoscope of existence and give it coherence and meaning. It is doubtful if literary history records a great poet whose beginnings date from the later part of his life; but a number of notable novelists come to mind who would have failed of most of their just repute if they had died at fifty. Theodor Fontane belongs to this group. He was almost sixty when his first novel, 'Vor dem Sturm,' appeared in 1878, although its inception lay much earlier; and his work gained steadily in power and beauty as the years went on, so that his last book, 'Der Stechlin' (1899), published after his death, is among the finest of his writings.

Fontane's life can be briefly told. He was born December 30, 1819, at Neuruppin in the district of Potsdam, was apprenticed to a druggist at the age of sixteen, and for some years was an apothecary in Leipzig and Dresden. In 1849 he settled in Berlin and devoted himself thenceforth to literature. A number of journeys to England bore fruit in a series of studies of English life. In a similar vein, he published four volumes of 'Wanderungen durch die Mark Brandenburg' (1862-1882), delightfully written and invaluable for the cultural history of the old March. He wrote accounts of the Prussian wars of 1864 and 1866, and also of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, in which he participated and was taken prisoner.

Meanwhile he had begun strictly literary production with his 'Gedichte' (1851) and a collection of ballads entitled 'Men and Heroes' (1860), stimulated by and in part based upon Percy's 'Reliques,' but far from mere imitation or echo. These ballads, some of which have become immensely popular in the best sense, give the formula for Fontane's novelistic technique; progression by leaps rather than a step at a time, stimulation of the reader's imagination rather than detailed analysis of a situation, direct and vigorous speech, and everywhere the grim and often tragic sway of a destiny that is implacable and inescapable.

His first novel, 'Vor dem Sturm,' deals with the period of the Napoleonic wars and is a masterly performance, but suffers from over-elaboration of episodic material and hence excessive length. Thereafter Fontane held himself within bounds and learned precision and close-knit structure. Now he turned to stories of modern life: 'L'Adultera' (1882) treats a human situation in

which Fontane evidently took a deep interest, for he studied it repeatedly. It is indeed one which springs naturally from the economic conditions of our present-day civilization: the young wife by the side of the aged or aging husband, her awakening to passion in the presence of a younger man, the inevitable tragedy, which, to be sure, may take various forms. In 'Graf Petöfy' (1884) the husband sets his wife free, but without giving her spiritual freedom; in 'Cecile' (1887) the lover (as yet guilty of no overt act) is shot in a duel, whereupon she follows him to voluntary death; in 'Effi Briest' (1895), Fontane's most perfect novel from the technical point of view, the sin of her youth, discovered only after many years, leads to her social ostracism and the crushing of her spirit, so that death comes as a kindly release. Nowhere has Fontane preached so impressively as in this book that there is no "guilt," only Fate. Nowhere do we feel as keenly as here his utilization of the ballad technique, his studious avoidance of all sensational elements: many of the most important parts of the story take place off stage, as it were — the young wife's fall, the discovery of it by her husband during her absence, the duel, her return to her parents. All the more poignantly, perhaps, do we feel the hopeless tragedy of the story.

Another social problem with which German literature has wrestled repeatedly was taken up by Fontane and handled with a perfection that may well be called definitive. It is the conflict between love and social station that comes down to us as a direct heritage of the aristocratic system. Irregular sexual relations between young men of the higher and young women of the lower classes are a commonplace of literature as well as life; they become a burning problem only when they result from a genuine love on the part of one or both of the protagonists. Such a theme inspired Fontane in 'Stine' (1890), in which a tragic note is struck that reminds one of Schnitzler's 'Light-o'-Love'; told with utmost simplicity and convincing truth, the story is a little masterpiece in its kind. But an almost ideal embodiment of the same basic situation is given us in 'Irrungen, Wirrungen' (1888), which might be translated as 'Errors and Entanglements' and was written later than 'Stine,' despite its earlier date. Here we have two young persons who are truly worthy of each other in every respect except that of social station, and whose love is none the less deep and sincere for the realization that it must inevitably be transient. Nor is the outcome tragic in this case: strong, self-reliant characters, both find themselves and make their adjustments to the demands of life (see below for an extract from this story).

One more work deserves a word of tribute: 'Frau Jenny Treibel' (1892). A vein of the most charming humor lightens up even such a tragic tale as 'Stine,' growing chiefly out of the lifelike delineation of odd and original characters. In 'Frau Jenny Treibel,' on the other hand, a series of inimitably drawn figures carry on an action that is intrinsically humorous and involves a delightful satire upon the *nouveau riche* of Berlin. Frau Jenny, whose talk

fairly drips with sentimentality, but whose eye is firmly fixed on the golden realities of existence, engages in a drawn battle with Corinna Schmidt, daughter of an impecunious professor who was Jenny's lover in past days, for the disposal in marriage of Jenny's son. Jenny wins the day, whereby Corinna is not left comfortless, however; and indeed the outcome itself is relatively indifferent, provided we are allowed a little longer sojourn with these wholly engaging persons.

Fontane's last work, 'Der Stechlin,' appeared in print after he had already breathed his last on September 20, 1898. It is a sort of last confession and autobiographical monument of the aged but still vigorous poet, who chooses a man of seventy as the center of the story. The sunset-glow of the last chapters, in which the old Major von Stechlin moves gravely and quietly towards his death, doubtless reflects the farewell mood of the poet himself. The final tribute which the pastor pays to the old gentleman may well serve as Fontane's own epitaph: "He had no enemies, because he himself was no man's enemy. He was kindness itself, the embodiment of the wise old saying: 'Do unto others . . .' For he had love in his heart. Nothing human was alien to him, because he was conscious of his own humanity."

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

FROM 'MRS. JENNY TREIBEL'

[Corinna Schmidt, who really loves her cousin Marcell, has fished for and caught Leopold Treibel, the son of her father's one-time sweetheart. Mrs. Jenny still sentimentalizes over Schmidt, but Corinna is not good enough for Leopold, as Schmidt had not been for her; she keeps Leopold, who has no real character, virtually a prisoner under her displeasure. In the end Corinna admits herself beaten and withdraws from the unequal conflict.]

TEN days had passed, and still there was no change at Smith's; the old man kept silence as before, Marcell did not come, still less Leopold, and only the latter's morning letters arrived with great punctuality; Corinna had long since ceased to read them, she merely glanced through them and then thrust them with a smile into the pocket of her morning dress, where they were crumpled and sat upon. Her only comfort was Schmolke, whose healthy presence really did do her good, even though she still avoided saying anything to her.

But that too merely bided its time.

The professor had just come home, this time at eleven, for it was Wednesday, when classes, at least for him, stopped an hour earlier. Corinna and

Schmolke had both heard him come and slam the outer door, but neither found any occasion to pay attention to him; they stayed in the kitchen, into which the July sunshine streamed through the open French windows. At one of the windows stood the kitchen table. Outside it, on two hooks, hung a box-like flower-shelf, one of those remarkable products of the wood-carver that are peculiar to Berlin: small holes arranged in the pattern of the aster; painted dark green. In this box stood several pots of geranium and wallflower, among which the sparrows flitted and then with big-city boldness lighted on the kitchen-table inside. Here they picked contentedly at everything, and nobody thought of disturbing them. Corinna, the mortar between her knees, was pulverizing cinnamon, while Schmolke was cutting green cooking-pears lengthwise and dropping the two equal halves into a great brown bowl. To be sure, two exactly equal halves they were not and could not be, because of course only one half had the stem, which stem then gave rise to the commencement of a conversation for which Schmolke had been longing for some time.

"Look, Corinna," said Schmolke, "this one, this long fellow, that's the kind o' stem your father likes so well. . . ."

Corinna nodded.

". . . He can take hold of it like a piece o' macaroni an' hold it up in the air an' eat the whole pear from below. . . . Isn't he a remarkable man. . . ."

"Yes, he certainly is."

"A remarkable man an' full o' notions, an' you have to study him out first. But the most remarkable thing about him is this business o' the long stems, an' that when we have bread-puddin' an' pears we're not allowed to peel 'em an' the whole core with stem an' everything has to stay in 'em. O' course he's a professor an' a very smart man, but I must tell you this, Corinna, if I'd ever given my Schmolke, an' he was on'y a simple man, such long stems an' unpeeled an' the whole core left in, well, there'd ha' been a row. For good man as he was, if he thought, 'I s'pose she thinks that's good enough,' then he'd get mad an' put on his official face an' look as if he was goin' to arrest me. . . ."

"Well, Schmolke," said Corinna, "that's just the old saying that tastes differ and that there's no arguing about them. And then too it's partly habit and perhaps a little bit healthier."

"Healthier," laughed Schmolke. "Now listen, child, when you get those slivers down your throat an' swallo the wrong way an' you sometimes have to say to a perfect stranger, 'will you please pound me, good an' hard in the small o' the back' — no, Corinna, then I'm all for a good cored Bartlett that goes down like butter. Healthy. . . ! Stem and peel, what's healthy about them, I'm sure I don't know. . . ."

"They are, though, Schmolke. Some people can't eat fruit and feel embarrassed, especially when they spoon up the sauce afterward, like papa. And there's only one thing to do about it: everything has to be left on, the stem and the green peel. Those two have the astringent. . . ."

"What?"

"The astringent, that is the part that draws together, first just the lips and the mouth, but then that process of astriction continues through the whole inside of you, and that is what puts everything into good condition again and keeps you from harm."

A sparrow had been listening, and as if convinced of the correctness of Corinna's explanations, he took in his bill a stem that had accidentally broken off and flew with it on to the roof opposite. But the two women lapsed into silence and only resumed the conversation after a quarter of an hour.

The picture was no longer quite the same, for Corinna had meanwhile cleared off the table and spread over it a blue sheet of sugar-paper, upon which lay numerous old rolls together with a big grater. The latter she now took in hand, braced herself against it with her left shoulder, and began her grating with such vehemence that the grated roll-dust flew all over the paper. Now and then she broke off and pushed the crumbs into a great mountain in the middle, but immediately she began anew, and it really sounded as if she were entertaining all sorts of murderous thoughts in connection with this work.

Schmolke looked at her askance. Then she said, "Corinna, who're you crumblin' up, I'd like to know?"

"The whole world."

"That's a lot . . . an' yourself too?"

"Myself first."

"That's right. For when you're once all crumbled an' all softened up, then you'll prob'ly come back to your senses."

"Never."

"You mustn't ever say 'never,' Corinna. That was one o' Schmolke's principles. An' I must say I've always noticed that when somebody says 'never' things is always on the point o' takin' a turn. An' I wisht it was that way with you."

Corinna sighed.

"Listen, Corinna, you know I was always agen it. For it's as clear as day that you've got to marry your cousin Marcell."

"Schmolke, don't say a word about *him*."

"Ayah, we know about that, that's your bad conscience. But I won't say anything more an' I on'y want to say what I've said before, that I was always agen it, I mean agen Leopold, an' that I was scared when you told me. But then when you told me that his mother would be sore, I wanted her to be, an' I thought, 'Why not? Why ain't it possible? An' even if Leopold's on'y a babe in di'pers, Corinn'll pep him up an' put some stren'th in him.' Yes, Corinna, that's what I thought an' I told you so too. But it was a bad thought, for you shouldn't vex your fellow-man, even if you can't endure him, an' what came to me first, bein' scared at your engagement, that was the real thing. You got to have a smart man, one that's really smarter 'n you — you're not so

smart, anyway — an' one that's got somethin' manly about him, like Schmolke, an' that you can respect. An' you can't respect Leopold. Do you still love him?"

"Not the least bit in the world, Schmolke."

"Well, Corinna, then it's high time, an' you've got to put an end to it. You can't stand the whole world on its head an' try to spill an' spoil your own happiness an' that of others, includin' your father an' your old Schmolke, just for the sake o' puttin' a spoke in the wheel of old Money-bags with her pompadour an' her di'mond ear-rings. She's awful proud of her money an' she's forgot all about the apple-shop, an' all she does is put on airs an' make eyes at the old professor an' call him 'Wilibald,' too, jus' as if they was still playin' hide-an'-seek in the attic an' gettin' behind the peat, for in those days they used to have peat in the attic, an' when you came down-stairs you always looked like a chimney-sweep — now look here, Corinna, all that's true enough, an' I wouldn't ha' grudged her some vexation, an' she's prob'ly been vexed enough over it. But as old pastor Thomas said to Schmolke an' me in his weddin' sermon, 'Love one another, for man is to base his life on love an' not on hate' (of which Schmolke an' I, we was always mindful) — so, my dear Corinna, that's what I'm tellin' you too, you shouldn't base your life on hate. Have you really got such a hatred o' the old woman, I mean a real hatred?"

"Not the least bit in the world, Schmolke."

"Well, Corinna, then all I can say to you is what I said before, then it's really high time somethin' was done. For if you don't love *him* an' you don't hate *her*, then I don't know what's the use o' the whole thing any more."

"Nor I either."

And with that Corinna embraced her good old Schmolke, and the latter saw by a certain light in Corinna's eyes that now all was over and the tempest had passed its height.

"Well, Corinna, then we'll manage it, I guess, an' everything may be all right yet. But now give me that mold an' let's put in the puddin', for it has to cook an hour at least. An' before dinner I won't say a word to your father, because otherwise he won't be able to eat for joy. . . ."

"Oh, he'd eat just the same."

"But after dinner I'll tell him, even if he loses his nap. An' I've drempt about it, too, on'y I didn't want to tell you about it. But now I can. Seven carriages, an' the two heifers of Professor Cow was bridesmaids. O' course everybody'd always like to be bridesmaids, for everybody looks at them, almost more 'n at the bride, because she's already gone; an' mostly it *is* their turn pretty soon. An' the on'y one I couldn't quite recognize was the pastor. It wasn't Thomas. But perhaps it was Souchon, on'y that he was a little bit too fat."

And Marcell really did write, and the next morning two letters addressed to

Corinna lay on the breakfast-table, one of a dainty shape with a tiny landscape in the left corner showing a pond and weeping willow, wherein Leopold, for the ninth time, wrote of his "unshakable resolve," the other, without pictorial decoration, from Marcell. The latter read:

"Dear Corinna, your father talked to me yesterday and informed me, to my deepest joy, that — pardon me, these were his own words — 'reason is once more lifting up her voice.' 'And,' he went on, 'true reason comes from the heart.' May I believe this? Has a change taken place, the conversion for which I have been hoping? Your father has at least assured me of it. He was also of the opinion that you would be ready to say this to me, but I made the most solemn protest against that, for I have no interest in hearing confessions of wrong or guilt; — what I already know, even though not from your lips as yet, satisfies me completely, makes me happy beyond words, and obliterates all bitterness in my soul. Many a man would not be able to follow me in this feeling, but where my heart speaks I do not feel the need of speaking to an angel; on the contrary, perfections oppress me, perhaps because I do not believe in them; defects for which I have a human comprehension arouse my sympathy, even in cases where I suffer from them. What you said to me on the evening when I took you home from the Mr.-Nelson-evening at Treibels' — of course I remember it all, but it lives only in my ears, not in my heart. In my heart there is only the one thing that has always been there, from the beginning, from boyhood on.

"I hope to see you today. As ever, your Marcell."

Corinna handed the letter to her father. He read it too, blowing out double clouds of smoke the while; when he had finished, he rose and kissed his daughter on the forehead: "You're a child of fortune. You see, that is what we call the higher, the truly ideal, not in the sense of my friend Jenny. Believe me, the classic principle that they all mock at nowadays is that which makes the spirit free, that which knows no pettiness, that which anticipates the Christian ideal and teaches us to forgive and forget, because we all lack perfection. Yes, Corinna, the classical world has sayings like those of the Bible. Sometimes almost better ones. For example, we have the saying: 'Become what thou art,' a word that only a Greek could say. To be sure, the process of becoming that is here demanded must bring its reward, but if my fatherly partisanship does not deceive me, that is the case with you. This 'Treibeling' was an error, a 'Step from the Road,' which, as you doubtless know, is the title of a comedy, moreover written by a judge of the superior court. The superior court, thank God, has always been for literature. Literature makes men free. . . . Now you have rediscovered the right thing and yourself into the bargain. . . . 'Become what thou art,' said the great Pindar, and therefore Marcell, in order to become what he is, must go forth into the world, to visit the great places and especially the very old ones. The oldest places are like the Holy Sepulcher; thither go the crusades of science, and

once the two of you are back from Mycenæ — I say 'the two of you,' for you will accompany him, Mrs. Schliemann always goes along, too — then there must be no justice in the world if you don't become a *Privatdozent* within the year, or even Assistant Professor."

Corinna thanked him for including her, but felt that she was more interested in house and nursery. Then she excused herself and went into the kitchen, seated herself on a stool, and let Schmolke read the letter. "Well, what do you say, Schmolke?"

"Well, Corinna, what shall I say? I on'y say what Schmolke always used to say: Some folks fall into luck without liftin' a finger for it. You've acted in an inexcusable an' almost horrid way, an' now you get him anyway. You're a child o' fortune."

"That's what papa said too."

"Well, then it must be so, Corinna. For what a professor says is always true. But now no more fibs an' no more foolin', we've had enough o' them with poor Leopold, an' it's really sorry I am for him, for he didn't make himself, an' after all a man is no more 'n he is. No, Corinna, now we're going to be serious. An' when do you think it's to begin or to be put in the paper? Tomorrow?"

"No, Schmolke, not as fast as that. First I have to see him and give him a kiss. . . ."

"O' course, o' course. That's got to come first."

"And then I must first tell Leopold that it's all off. Only today he assured me again that he will live and die for me. . . ."

"Oh dear, the poor lad."

"O, perhaps he'll be glad of it. . . ."

"That's possible."

On the same evening, as his letter had announced, Marcell came and greeted first his uncle, at that point buried in his newspaper, who then — perhaps because he regarded the engagement question as settled — met him somewhat absently and, holding his newspaper, spoke the following words: "And now tell me, Marcell, what do you think of it? *Summus episcopus*. . . . The emperor, our old Wilhelm, divests himself of it, and won't do it any more, and Kögel is to be the one. Or perhaps Stöcker. . . ."

"Oh, my dear uncle, firstly I don't believe it. And then, I shall hardly be married in the cathedral."

"Right. I make the mistake of all non-politicians, allowing a sensational report, which afterwards always turns out to be false, to make me forget all other more important matters. Corinna is sitting over there in her room and waiting for you, and I think it will be best if you settled things between you; I'm not quite done with the paper, anyway, and a third person is only in the way, even when it's a father."

When Marcell entered, Corinna met him in a hearty and friendly manner, somewhat embarrassed, but yet at the same time visibly determined to treat the matter after her own fashion, that is, with as little of the tragic as possible. The evening glow shone into the window, and when they had sat down she took his hand and said: "You are so good, and I hope that I shall always be mindful of it. What I wanted was only folly."

"Did you really want it?"

She nodded.

"And did you really love him?"

"No. But I did really want to marry him. And more than that, Marcell, I don't believe that I should have been very unhappy, for that is not in my nature, though to be sure not very happy either. But who is happy? Do you know anybody? I don't. I should have taken lessons in painting and perhaps in riding too, and made friends on the Riviera with a few English families, of course such as had a pleasure yacht, and should have sailed with them to Corsica or Sicily, or wherever they have blood-feuds. For a craving for excitement I should undoubtedly have had all my life long; Leopold is somewhat sluggish. Yes, that's the way I should have lived."

"You always remain the same and paint yourself worse than you are."

"Hardly; but not better, I admit. And therefore you will doubtless believe me when I now assure you that I am glad to be out of all that. From childhood on I have had a leaning towards externals, and perhaps I have it still, but its gratification can be too dearly bought, and that is what I have learned to see."

Marcell was about to interrupt again, but she would not have it.

"No, Marcell, I must say one thing more. You see, the affair with Leopold might have succeeded; why not, after all? To have a weak, kind, insignificant person by your side may even be agreeable, may constitute an advantage. But that mother, that terrible woman! Certainly, property and money have their charm; were it not so, my perversion would have been spared me; but when money is everything and narrows heart and mind, and, worse than all, goes hand in hand with sentimentality and tears—then there is rebellion *here*, and to bear that would have been a hardship for me, even if I might perhaps have borne it. For I still maintain that in a good bed and with good care man can really bear a good deal."

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

FROM 'ERRORS AND ENTANGLEMENTS'

[Baron Botho von Rienecker helps to save from overturning a boat in which Lene Nimptsch is riding, and afterwards takes her home. The result is a genuine love on both sides. All too soon Botho is called upon to stabilize the family fortunes by a wealthy marriage.]

BOTHO wished to go out to Lene's at once, and when he felt that he had not the strength for that, he tried at least to write to her. But that too seemed impossible. "I can't do it, not today." And so he let the day go by and waited until the next morning. Then he wrote very briefly.

"Dear Lene, now things have happened just as you prophesied to me day before yesterday: good-by. And good-by forever. I have letters from home that compel me to act; it must be, and because it must be, let it be done quickly. . . . Oh, I wish these days were over. I tell you nothing more, not even how my heart aches. . . . It was a brief, lovely time, and I shall forget nothing of it. Around nine I shall be with you, not earlier, for it must be a short visit. It will be the last time. Your B. v. R."

And now he came. Lene stood by the lattice and received him as usual; not the slightest trace of reproach or even of painful renunciation was visible in her face. She took his arm, and so they walked up the front garden path.

"It is good that you came. . . . I am glad you are here. And you must be glad too."

Then they had reached the house, and Botho made a move to enter the great front room from the vestibule, as usual. But Lene drew him farther, saying, "No, Mrs. Derr is in there. . . ."

"And is still angry with us?"

"Not that. I calmed her down. But what use have we for her today? Come, it is such a lovely evening, and we want to be alone."

He agreed, and so they walked through the hall and across the court to the garden. Sultan did not stir and merely blinked as his eyes followed the pair, who walked up the wide middle path and then proceeded to the bench among the raspberries.

When they arrived here, they sat down. It was still; only from the fields came a chirping, and the moon stood above them.

She leaned against him and said quietly and warmly, "And so this is the last time that I shall hold your hand in mine?"

"Yes, Lene. Can you forgive me?"

"What a question to ask. What should I forgive you?"

"For hurting your heart."

"Yes, it does hurt. That is true."

And now she was silent again and looked up at the stars, rising palely along the sky.

"What are you thinking, Lene?"

"How good it would feel to be up there."

"Don't say that. You must not wish your life away; from such a wish it's only a step. . . ."

She smiled. "No, not that. I am not like the girl who ran to the well and threw herself in because her lover danced with another. Do you remember telling me the story?"

"But then what do you mean? You are not one to say a thing merely for the sake of saying something."

"No, I really meant what I said. And really (and she pointed upward) I should like to be there. There I should have peace. But I can wait for it. . . . And now come and let us go through the field. I didn't take a shawl and I find it cold sitting here."

And so they walked up the same field-road that had once led them to the outermost houses of Wilmersdorf. The tower was clearly visible beneath the starry sky, and only across the meadow-bottoms floated a thin veil of mist.

"Do you remember," said Botho, "how we walked here with Mrs. Derr?"

She nodded. "That's why I proposed it; I wasn't cold at all, or only a little bit. Oh, that was such a lovely day, and I've never been so gay and happy, neither before nor after. At this very moment my heart bubbles over when I think of how we walked along singing, 'Do you remember.' Yes, remembrance means so much, means everything. And I have that now and shall keep it and it can't ever be taken away from me. And I can fairly feel how it lightens my spirit to think of it."

He embraced her. "You are so good."

But Lene continued in her quiet tone: "And since my heart feels so light, I don't want to let the chance go by, and want to tell you everything. It's really just the same thing that I've always told you; only day before yesterday, when we were out there on that half-ruined party, and then afterwards when we separated. I saw it coming from the very beginning, and it had to come this way. When you've had a beautiful dream, then you must thank God for it and not complain that the dream stops and reality begins again. Now it's hard, but in time everything gets forgotten or takes on a pleasanter aspect. And some day you'll be happy again and perhaps I will too."

"Do you think so? And if not, what then?"

"Then one lives on without happiness."

"O Lene, you say that so lightly, as if happiness were nothing. But it is something, and that is just what torments me, and I feel as if I had done you a wrong."

"I absolve you of that. You have done me no wrong, you did not lead me astray and you made me no promises. Everything was done of my own free will. I loved you with all my heart, that was my fate, and if it was a sin, it was *my* sin. And moreover a sin of which, I must tell you over and over, I am glad to the bottom of my soul, for it gave me my happiness. If I must pay for it now, I am glad to pay. You have not wounded, not injured, not offended, or at most that which men call decency and good morals. Shall I grieve over that? No. Everything adjusts itself in time, even that. And now come, let's turn back. Just see how the mists are rising; I think Mrs. Derr is gone by now, and we'll find the good old lady alone. She knows all about it and has said only the one thing all day long."

"And that was?"

"That it is better so."

Mrs. Nimptsch was really alone when Botho and Lene came in. Everything was still and dim, and only the open fire threw a beam of light over the broad shadows that lay aslant across the room. The goldfinch had long since gone to sleep in his cage, and one heard nothing but an occasional hiss of the water when it boiled over.

"Good evening, little mother," said Botho.

The old woman returned the greeting and was going to get up from her low stool, so as to draw up the big arm-chair. But Botho would not have it, saying, "No, mother, I'll sit in my usual place."

And with that he shoved the stool toward the fire.

A little pause ensued; but soon he began again, "I have come today to say good-by and to thank you for all the love and kindness I have had here so long. Yes, mother, I thank you with all my heart. I have enjoyed it so much here and been so happy. But now I must go away, and all that I can say is merely this: it is probably better so."

The old woman was silent and nodded assent. "But I am not out of the world," continued Botho, "and I shall not forget you, mother. And now give me your hand. There. And now good night."

Then he rose quickly and went to the door, while Lene clung to his arm. So they walked to the garden gate without saying another word. But then she said, "Now quickly, Botho. My strength will go no further; they really were too much for me, these two days. Farewell, my only love, and be as happy as you deserve, and as happy as you have made me. Then you will be happy. And say no more about the other thing, for it's not worth talking about. There, there."

And she gave him a kiss and then a second and closed the gate.

When he reached the other side of the street and caught sight of Lene, it seemed as if he were going to turn back once more and exchange greeting and kiss with her. But she motioned him away with vehemence. And so he continued down the street, while she, her head resting on her arm and her arm on the gate-post, looked after him wide-eyed.

So she remained for a long time, until his steps had died away in the stillness of the night.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

KONRAD FERDINAND MEYER

SWITZERLAND, the country without a language, is divided into three parts, like ancient Gaul, and its literature faces Italy to the south, France to the west, and Germany to the north. As much of the land is bilingual, it can happen that a Swiss, being brought up both on French and German, wavers between the two as a medium for the expression of his creative moods. Such was the case with Meyer, who only turned decisively to the German side as a result of the Franco-Prussian War. A son of Zürich, like his great compatriot and contemporary Keller, Meyer is like him unhesitatingly counted as a German writer, and the bulk of his public is doubtless north of the Swiss border. Comparisons between the two men will never cease to be made, but chiefly with the effect of throwing into greater relief the contrasts they exhibit. Keller was the son of a poor artisan, and felt for and with the common people all his life; Meyer was a patrician born and bred, who lived in a sort of hedonistic seclusion. Keller was a natural genius, whose literary outpourings resulted from an irresistible inner urge; Meyer had to struggle for his literary first-fruits, which only ripened late in life. Keller was a born humorist, whose works bubble over with gaiety and the most delicious conceits; Meyer wrote but a single bit of humor, 'The Shot from the Pulpit' (1883) — delightfully done, to be sure — and was always ashamed of that. Keller has his feet firmly planted in the soil of his own day, and his greatest work is his autobiographical novel, 'Green Henry'; Meyer was quite incapable of such self-revelation, and nearly all his fiction deals with persons and events remote either in time or space. Not even a close personal attachment united the two men, despite their natural and inevitable esteem and mutual regard. Nevertheless, Meyer shares with Keller the honor of the first place in Swiss letters.

Konrad Ferdinand Meyer was born at Zürich on October 12, 1825. His younger years were spent in Geneva and Lausanne, where he acquired a mastery of the French language and a fondness for French literature. For a time it was his intention to study law; but after a brief stay at the University of Zürich, he abandoned the idea. For years thereafter he devoted himself with scholarly ardor to the study of history, his means allowing him to disregard any gainful occupation. He lived in Paris for a time in pursuit of his historical studies, and spent the year 1858 in Italy. From 1875 on, he lived at his country home in Kilchberg, near Zürich, where he died on November 28, 1898.

Meyer's first publication was a collection of 'Ballads,' which came out in

1867, when their author was forty-two. In 1870 he followed this with a volume of poems entitled 'Romances and Pictures,' and in 1871 with 'Hutten's Last Days.' The latter work — a cycle of poems, half epic, half lyric — was not only a signal accomplishment, which at once drew attention to its author; it marked at the same time Meyer's deliberate choice of the German side, as the very subject-matter indicates: for the hero also embraces a great national cause and thus demonstrates the intrinsic greatness of his soul. A few years later he began that brilliant series of novels and stories on which his fame rests: 'Jürg Jenatsch' (1876), 'The Saint' (1880), 'The Sufferings of a Boy' (1883), 'The Monk's Marriage' (1884), 'The Judge' (1885), 'The Temptation of Pescara' (1887), 'Angela Borgia' (1890).

Meyer's chief bent was history, and so it is not surprising that we find him turning to great historical epochs for his pictures and plots: the Thirty Years' War, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the France of Louis XIV. He delights in taking a historical riddle, such as the dramatic transformation in the character and conduct of Thomas à Becket, and weaving a plot that will motivate it ('The Saint'); his psychological keenness and profundity, in such cases, give his scenes the clarity of a steel engraving. Apropos of 'The Temptation of Pescara,' a noted critic has pointed out that almost all of Meyer's plots hinge upon some great temptation, which is his way of seeking and finding the story-teller's most "fruitful moment" — in Lessing's memorable phrase. A young girl, a passionate admirer of the great Swedish king, is tempted to play the rôle of a man and be ever by his side ('The Page of Gustavus Adolphus'); her choice, as Meyer narrates it, may have changed the outcome of the Thirty Years' War. In like manner one could trace the same essential idea in the story of 'Jürg Jenatsch,' the seventeenth-century pastor and political leader, whose bloody career is modeled by Meyer into perhaps his starkest characterization; or, quaintly enough, in 'The Shot from the Pulpit,' where an old soldier's prank cuts the Gordian knot of a tangled love-affair.

Meyer's art was too austere and too little ready with concessions to the groundlings to bring him popularity or a large following; both his form and his substance betray the aristocrat quite plainly. Keller called his works "brocade"; but, as the above-mentioned critic remarks, one cannot go so far in a coat of brocade as in an ordinary hunting-jacket. Yet if one were to select half a dozen outstanding German novelists of the nineteenth century, Meyer could not be omitted.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

FROM 'THE MONK'S WEDDING'

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"**M**UST there be monks anyway?" tittered a subdued voice from the semi-darkness, as if to suggest that any sort of escape from an unnatural condition was a blessing.

The audacious and heretical question caused no shock; for at this court the boldest discussion of religious matters was allowed — yes, smiled upon — whilst a free or incautious word in regard to the person or policy of the Emperor was certain destruction.

Dante's eyes sought the speaker, and recognized in him a distinguished young ecclesiastic whose fingers toyed with the heavy gold cross he wore over his priestly robe.

'Not on my account,' said the Florentine deliberately. "Let the monks die out as soon as a race is born that understands how to unite the two highest attributes of the human soul — justice and mercy — which seem now to exclude one another. Until that late hour in the world's history let the State administer the one, the Church the other. Since, however, the exercise of mercy requires a thoroughly unselfish heart, the three monastic vows are justified; for experience teaches that total abnegation is less difficult than a partial one."

"Are there not more bad than good monks?" persisted the doubting ecclesiastic.

"No," said Dante, "when we take into consideration human weakness; else there were more unjust than righteous judges, more cowards than brave warriors, more bad men than good."

"And is not this the case?" asked the doubter.

"No," Dante replied, a heavenly brightness suddenly illuminating his stern features. "Is not philosophy asking and striving to find out how evil came into this world? Had the bad formed the majority, we should have been asking how good came into the world."

This proud enigmatical remark impressed the party forcibly, but at the same time excited some apprehension lest the Florentine was going deeper into scholasticism instead of relating his story.

Cangrande, seeing his young friend suppress a pretty yawn, said, "Noble Dante, are you to tell us a true and documented story? or a legend current among the people? or an invention of your own laurel-crowned head?"

Dante replied with slow emphasis, "I evolve my story from an epitaph."

"An epitaph!"

"From an epitaph which I read years ago, when with the Franciscans at Padua. The stone which bears it was in a corner of the cloister garden, hidden under wild rose-bushes, but still accessible to the novices, if they crept on all

fours and did not mind scratching their cheeks with thorns. I ordered the prior — or, I should say, besought him — to have the stone removed to the library and put in charge of a gray-headed custodian."

"What did the stone say?" interposed somewhat listlessly the Prince's wife.

"The inscription," answered Dante, "was in Latin, and ran thus: '*Hic jacet monachus Astorre cum uxore Antiope. Sepeliebat Azzolinus.*'"

"What does it mean?" eagerly cried the lady on Cangrande's left.

The Prince fluently translated: "Here sleeps the monk Astorre beside his wife Antiope. Both buried by Ezzelin."

"Atrocious tyrant!" exclaimed the impressible maiden: "I am sure he had them buried alive, because they were lovers; and he insulted the poor victims even in their graves, by styling her the 'wife of the monk.' Cruel wretch!"

"Hardly," said Dante: "I construe it quite differently, and according to history this seems improbable; for Ezzelin's rigor was directed rather against obedience than breaches of ecclesiastical vows. I take the '*sepeliebat*' in a friendly sense: he gave the two burial."

"Right," exclaimed Cangrande joyously. "Florentine, you think as I do. Ezzelin was a born ruler, and as such men usually are, somewhat harsh and violent. Nine-tenths of the crimes imputed to him are inventions of the clergy and scandal-loving people."

"Would it were so!" sighed Dante; "at any rate, where he appears in my romance, he is not yet the monster which the chronicle, be it true or false, pictures him to be; his cruelty is only beginning to show itself, so to speak, in certain lines about the mouth."

"A commanding figure," Cangrande completed the picture ardently, "with black hair bristling round his brow, as you paint him in your Twelfth Canto among the inhabitants of hell. But whence did you get that dark head?"

"It is yours," replied Dante boldly; and Cangrande felt himself flattered.

"And the rest of the characters in my story," he said with smiling menace, "I will also take from among you, if you will allow me" — and he turned toward his listeners: "I borrow your names only, leaving untouched what is innermost; for that I cannot read."

"My outward self I lend you gladly," responded the Princess magnificently, her indifference beginning to yield.

A murmur of intense excitement now ran through the courtly circle, and "Your story, Dante, your story!" was heard on all sides.

"Here it is," he said, and began: —

[Dante begins his tale with a description of a bridal party returning in festal barges upon the waters of the Brenta to Padua, where the wedding is to be solemnized. Umberto Vicedomini, with his three sons by a former marriage, and his bride, Diana, occupy one barge; an accident overturns the vessel, and the entire party is drowned, with the exception of Diana, who is rescued by Astorre, Umberto's younger brother. The news of this acci-

dent is brought to the aged head of the house of Vicedomini, who thus sees all his hopes of a posterity cut off, for his only surviving son has already assumed monastic vows. Upon his willingness to renounce these vows now depends the future of the Vicedomini. The old man is in the midst of a heated interview with the ruler Ezzelin when Diana enters his chamber.]

Just then he caught sight of his daughter-in-law, who had pressed through the crowd of servants and over the threshold in advance of the hesitating monk. Spite of his physical weakness he rushed towards her, staggering; seized and wrenched her hands, as if to make them responsible for the misfortune which had befallen them both.

"Where have you left my son, Diana?" he gasped.

"He lies in the Brenta," she answered sadly, and her blue eyes darkened.

"Where are my three grandchildren?"

"In the Brenta," she repeated.

"And you bring me yourself as a gift? Do I keep you?" laughed the old man discordantly.

"Would that the Almighty," she said slowly, "had drawn me deeper under the waves, and that your children stood here in my stead!" She was silent; then she burst into sudden anger. "If my presence offends you, and I am a burden to you, impute the blame to him: he drew me from the water when I was already dead, and restored me to life."

The old man now for the first time perceived the monk, his son; and collecting himself quickly, exhibited the powerful will which his bitter grief seemed to have steeled rather than lamed.

"Really — he drew you out of the Brenta? H'm! Strange. The ways of God are marvelous!"

He grasped the monk by the shoulder and arm, as if to take possession of him body and soul, and dragged him along to his great chair, into which the old man fell without relaxing his pressure on the arm of his unresisting son. Diana followed, knelt down on the other side of the chair with pendent arms and folded hands, and leaned her head upon the arm of it, so that only the coil of her blond hair was visible — like some inanimate object. Opposite the group sat Ezzelin, his right hand upon the rolled-up letter, like a commander-in-chief resting upon his staff.

"My son — my own one," whimpered the dying man, with a tenderness in which truth and cunning mingled, "my last and only consolation! Staff and stay of my old age, you will not crumble like dust under my trembling fingers. You understand," he went on, already in a colder and more practical tone, "that as things are, it is not possible for you to remain longer in the cloister. It is according to the canons, my son, is it not, that a monk whose father is sick unto death, or impoverished, should withdraw in order to nurse the author of his days, or to till his father's acres. But I need you even more pressingly: your brothers and nephews are gone, and now it is you who must keep the life

torch of our house burning. You are a little flame I have kindled, and it profits me nothing to have it glimmer and die out in a narrow cell. Know one thing" — he had read in the warm brown eyes a genuine sympathy, and the reverent bearing of the monk appeared to promise blind obedience: "I am more ill than you suppose — am I not, Issacher?" He turned towards a spare figure which, with phial and spoon in his hands, had entered a side door and stepped behind the chair of the old Vicedomini, and now bowed his pale face in affirmation. "I travel toward the river; but I tell you, Astorre, if my wish is not granted, your father will refuse to step into Charon's boat, and will sit cowering on the twilight strand."

The monk stroked the feverish hand of the old man with tenderness, but answered quietly in two words: "My vows!"

Ezzelin unfolded the letter. "Your vows," said the old man in a wheedling tone — "loosened strings; filed-away chains. Make a movement and they fall. The Holy Church, to which your obedience is due, has declared them null and void. There it stands written," and his thin finger pointed to the parchment with the Pope's seal.

The monk approached the governor, took the letter from him respectfully, and read it, observed by four eyes. Giddily he took one step backward, as if he were standing on the top of a tower, and all at once saw the rampart give way.

Ezzelin seized the reeling man by the arm with the curt question, "To whom did you make your vows, monk? To yourself, or to the Church?"

"To both, of course," shrieked the old man angrily: "these are cursed subtleties. Take care, son, or he will reduce us Vicedomini to beggary."

Without anger Ezzelin laid his right hand on his beard and swore — "If Vicedomini dies, the monk here inherits his property, and should the family become extinct with him, if he love me and his native city, he shall found a hospital of such size and grandeur that the hundred cities" — he meant the Italian — "shall envy us. Now, old friend, having cleared myself from the charge of rapacity, may I put to the monk a few questions? Have I your permission?"

The fury of the old man now rose to such a pitch as to bring on a fit of convulsions; but even then he did not release the arm of the monk, which he had seized again.

Issacher put carefully to the pale lips a spoon filled with some strong-smelling essence. The sufferer turned his head away with an effort. "Leave me in peace," he groaned; "you are the governor's physician as well," and closed his eyes again.

The Jew turned his, which were piercingly black and very astute, to the tyrant, as if to beg forgiveness for this suspicion. "Will he return to his senses?" asked Ezzelin. "I think so," replied the Jew. "He still lives and will awake, but not for long. He will not see this sun go down."

The tyrant took advantage of the moment to speak to the monk, who was occupied with his unconscious father.

"And whither do your own thoughts tend, monk?" he inquired.

"They are unchanged and persistent; yet, God forgive me, I would my father never woke again, that I should be forced to oppose him so cruelly. If he had but received extreme unction!"

He kissed passionately the cheek of the fainting man; who thereupon returned to consciousness, and heaving a deep sigh, raised his weary eyelids, from under whose gray bushy brows he directed toward the monk a supplicating look. "How is it?" he asked: "to what have you doomed me, dearest? Heaven or hell?"

"Father," prayed Astorre in a tremulous voice, "your time has come; only a short hour remains: banish all earthly cares and interests, think of your soul. See, your priests" — he meant those of the parish church — "are gathered together waiting to perform the last sacrament."

It was so. The door of the adjacent room had softly opened, in which the faint glimmer of lighted candles was perceptible, whilst a choir was intoning a prelude, and the gentle vibration of a bell became audible.

Now the old man, who already felt his knees sinking into Lethe's flood, clung to the monk, as once St. Peter to the Saviour on the Sea of Gennesaret. "You will do it for my sake?" he stammered.

"If I could; if I dared," sighed the monk. "By all that is holy, my father, think on eternity; leave the earthly. Your hour is come!"

This veiled refusal kindled the last spark of life in the old man to a blaze. "Disobedient, ungrateful one!" he cried.

Astorre beckoned to the priests.

"By all the devils, spare me your kneadings and salvings," raved the dying man. "I have nothing to lose; I am already like one of the damned, and must remain so in the midst of Paradise, if my son wantonly repudiates me and destroys my germ of life."

The horror-struck monk, shaken to the soul by this frightful blasphemy, pictured his father irrevocably doomed to eternal perdition. This was his thought, and he was as firmly convinced of the truth of it as I should have been in his place. He fell on his knees before the old man, and in utter despair, bursting into tears, said: "Father, I beseech you, have pity on yourself and on me!"

"Let the crafty one go his way," whispered the tyrant.

The monk did not hear him. Again he gave the astounded priests a sign, and the litany for the dying was about to begin.

At this the old man doubled himself up like a refractory child, and shook his head.

"Let the sly fox go where he must," admonished Ezzelin in a louder tone.

"Father, father!" sobbed the monk, his whole soul dissolved in pity.

"Illustrious signor and Christian brother," asked a priest with unsteady

voice, "are you in the frame of mind to meet your Creator and Saviour?" The old man was silent.

"Are you firm as a believer in the Holy Trinity? Answer me, signor," asked the priest a second time; and then turned pale as a sheet, for "Cursed and denied be it," cried the dying man with powerful voice. "Cursed and —"

"No more," cried the monk, springing to his feet. "Father, I resign myself to your will. Do with me what you choose, if only you will not throw yourself into the flames of hell."

The old man gasped as after some terrible exertion; then gazed about him with an air of relief, I had almost said, of pleasure. Groping, he seized the blond hair of Diana, lifted her up from her knees, took her right hand, which she did not refuse, opened the cramped hand of the monk, and laid the two together.

"Binding, in presence of the most holy sacrament!" he exclaimed triumphantly, and blessed the pair. The monk did not gainsay it; while Diana closed her eyes.

"Now quick, reverend fathers: there is need of haste, I think, and I am now in a Christian frame of mind."

The monk and his affianced bride would fain have stepped behind the train of priests. "Stay," muttered the dying man; "stay where my comforted eyes may look upon you until they close in death." Astorre and Diana were thus with clasped hands obliged to wait and watch the expiring glance of the obstinate old man.

The latter murmured a short confession, received the last sacrament, and breathed his final breath as they were anointing his feet, while the priests uttered in his already deaf ears those sublime words, "Rise, Christian Soul." The dead face bore the unmistakable expression of triumphant cunning.

The tyrant sat, whilst all around were upon their knees; and with calm attention observed the performance of the sacred office, much like a savant studying on a sarcophagus the representation of some religious rite of an ancient people. He now approached the dead man and closed his eyes.

He then turned to Diana. "Noble lady," said he, "let us go home: your parents, even if assured of your safety, will long to see you."

"Prince, I thank you, and will follow," she answered; but she did not withdraw her hand from that of the monk, whose eyes until then she had avoided. Now she looked her husband full in the face, and said in a deep but melodious voice, whilst her cheeks glowed, "My lord and master, we could not let your father's soul perish: thus have I become yours. Hold your faith to me better than to the cloister. Your brother did not love me. Forgive me for saying it: I speak the simple truth. You will have in me a good and obedient wife. But I have two peculiarities which you must treat with indulgence. I am quick to anger if any attack is made on my honor or my rights, and I am most exacting in regard to the fulfilment of a promise once made. Even as a child I was

so. I have few wishes, and desire nothing unreasonable; but when a thing has once been shown and promised me, I insist upon possessing it; otherwise I lose my faith, and take offense more than other women resent injustice. But how can I allow myself to talk in this way to you, my lord, whom I scarcely know? I have done. Farewell, my husband; grant me nine days to mourn your brother." At this she slowly released her hand from his and disappeared with the tyrant.

Meanwhile the band of priests had borne away the corpse to place it upon a bier in the palace chapel, and to bless it.

[In thus yielding to his father's importunities Astorre has weakened the mainstays of his character; and if one vow may be broken, so may another also. He loves a fair shy girl, Antiope, and marries her; but the imperious and implacable Diana insists upon her prior rights. Contemptuously she condescends to return her betrothal ring if Antiope will come to her in humble supplication. Astorre's sense of justice leads him to give his consent to this humiliation, and Antiope now prepares to obey his wishes. This brings about the final catastrophe.]

Antiope now hastily completed her toilet. Even the frivolous Sotte was frightened at the pallor of the face reflected in the glass. There was no sign of life in it, save the terror in the eyes and the glistening of the firmly set teeth. A red stripe, caused by Diana's blow, was visible upon her white brow.

When at last arrayed, Astorre's wife rose with beating pulse and throbbing temples; and leaving her safe chamber, hurried through the halls to find Diana. She was urged on by the courage of fear. She would fly back jubilantly, after she had recovered the ring, to meet her husband, whom she wished to spare the sight of her humiliation.

Soon she distinguished among the masqueraders the conspicuous goddess of the chase, recognized her enemy, and followed her, trembling and murmuring angry words, as with measured steps she passed through the main hall and retired into one of the dimly lighted small side rooms. It seemed the goddess desired not public humiliation, but humility of heart.

Quickly Antiope bowed before Diana, and forced her lips to utter, "Give me the ring!" while she touched the powerful finger.

"Humbly and penitently?" asked Diana.

"How else?" the unhappy child said feverishly. "But you trifle with me, cruel. You are doubling up your finger!"

Did Antiope imagine it? Did Diana really trifle with her? A bent finger is such a small thing. Cangrande, you have accused me of injustice. I will not decide.

Enough! the Vicedomini raised her willowy figure, and with flaming eyes fixed on the severe face of Diana, cried out, "Will you torture a wife,

maiden?" Then she bent down again, and was trying with both hands to pull the ring off her finger — when the lightning transfixed her. The avenging Diana, while surrendering to her the left hand, had with the right drawn an arrow from her quiver and slain Antiope. She sank first upon her left, then upon her right hand, whirled, and fell upon her side, the arrow in her throat.

The monk, who, after bidding farewell to his rustic guests, hastened back and eagerly sought his wife, found her lifeless. With a stifled shriek he threw himself beside her and drew the arrow from her throat: a stream of blood followed. Astorre lost consciousness.

When he recovered from his swoon, Germano was standing over him with crossed arms. "Are you the murderer?" asked the monk. "I murder no women," replied the other sadly. "It is my sister who has demanded justice."

Astorre groped for the arrow and found it. Springing up with a bound, and brandishing the long weapon with the bloody point like a sword, he fell in blind rage upon his old playfellow. The warrior shuddered slightly before the ghastly specter in black, with disheveled hair and crimson-stained arrow in his hand.

He retreated a step. Drawing the short sword which he was wearing though not in armor, and warding off the arrow with it, he said compassionately, "Go back to your cloister, Astorre, which you should never have left."

Suddenly he perceived the tyrant, who, followed by the entire company, was just entering the door opposite to them.

Ezzelin stretched out his right hand and commanded peace. Germano dutifully lowered his weapon before his chief. The infuriated monk seized the moment, and plunged the arrow into the breast of the knight, whose eyes were directed toward Ezzelin. But he also met his death, pierced by the soldier's sword, which had been raised again with the speed of lightning.

Germano collapsed without a word. The monk, supported by Ascanio, took a few tottering steps toward his wife, and laying himself by her side, mouth to mouth, expired.

The wedding guests gathered about the husband and wife. Ezzelin gazed upon this death. Then he knelt upon one knee, and closed first Antiope's and then Astorre's eyes. Into this hush came a discordant sound through an open window. Out of the darkness was heard the words, "Now slumbers the monk Astorre beside his wife Antiope," and a distant shout of laughter.

Dante arose. "I have paid for my place by the fire," he said, "and will now seek the blessing of sleep. May the God of peace be with us all!" He turned and stepped through the door, which the page had opened. All eyes followed him, as he slowly ascended the steps of the torch-lighted staircase.

Translation of Miss Sarah Holland Adams,
revised by Bayard Quincy Morgan

PAUL HEYSE

JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL HEYSE — to give him his full baptismal name — was born at Berlin in 1830, the son of a distinguished philologist of that city, both father and grandfather being scholars of importance. By blood he was half Jew. At first he studied classical philology at the Berlin University under Böckh and Lachmann; but in 1849 at Bonn took up the study of the Romance languages and literatures. His dissertation in 1852 for his doctorate, on the subject of the refrain in Troubadour poetry, shows his early literary leanings. Next came the "grand tour," so fruitful in rounding out and ripening the education of a young man of gifts. The libraries of Italy and Switzerland were ransacked for books bearing on his Romance studies. In 1854 he was called to Munich to join the circle of writers gathered there by King Max, and he decided to make that center of art and music his permanent home. By 1850, at the age of twenty, he was writing poems and plays and had begun to publish his long list of works, which in 1910 numbered over seventy volumes. Of these, twenty-four are collections of short tales and novelettes. A tale as widely known outside of Germany as any he has written is 'L'Arrabiata,' a charming Italian idyl of peasant life. His early poems — lyric, epic, and dramatic — testify to his culture, warmth of temperament, and inventive power; and he never ceased to do work of this sort, though it is minor compared with his fiction. His best known epic is perhaps 'Thekla,' published in 1858. Many of his plays have had more or less vogue on the stage: his 'Sabine Women' in 1859 won the dramatic prize then offered by King Maximilian; and 'Hans Lange,' which the eminent Danish critic Brandes called both "beautiful" and "national," is regarded as a work of high merit. In other leading plays Heyse treats historical subjects in a romantic manner, making them pleasing and impressive. In 1884 he received from the Kaiser for his dramatic compositions the Schiller prize, a much coveted honor. In 1905 his dramatic works extended to some forty volumes. He was given a title in 1910 and received the Nobel prize in 1911 — three years before his death. His last years were occupied with the publication of the reminiscences of his youth.

It is likely that Heyse has been most widely enjoyed, and appeals to the greatest numbers of readers through his short stories. It is quite true that they represent him in many of his most delightful moods. Yet for depth and power his two "purpose" novels, 'Children of the World' and 'In Paradise,' are more typical and have helped to give him international fame. These novels were early examples of a type which developed under the literary creed of realism. It forms a later phase of the intellectual and moral storm and stress which

earlier in the century, and under the influence of the romantic spirit, breathed from the lyrics of Heine and the plays of Goethe. When 'Children of the World' appeared in 1873, it made a sensation, both because of its ability and its teaching. It was warmly praised, bitterly attacked; but its spiritual significance and artistic charm were generally conceded. 'In Paradise,' which followed two years later in 1875, also recognized as having great strength and fine art, called out a storm of protest for its conception of life: it cries up the hedonism which makes personal happiness the aim and test of action. Individual freedom, liberty to grow in spite of the conventions of society or politics or religion, is the keynote in both novels. "There is but one real nobility," Heyse makes someone say: "to be true to one's best self." This is the individualistic note of Ibsen. Heyse's motto is, "Follow nature."

Heyse is what the Germans call a *Dichter*. This does not mean poet in the narrow English sense, which makes the word denote the writer of literature in verse form; but rather a writer who, whether in prose or poetry, and perhaps never penning a line of formal verse, has in his work the qualities of romance, imagination, artistic beauty. There is something of the feminine in Heyse's glowing, plastic work. A critic has said that he is to German imaginative literature what Mendelssohn is to German music — of a lyric rather than dramatic genius.

BALDER'S PHILOSOPHY

From 'Children of the World'

ONE beautiful sunny day in November, Edwin had set out on his daily walk to the university, and Franzelius was preparing to read aloud from a translation of Sophocles, when Balder, who was reclining near the window in a comfortable arm-chair sent by Frau Valentin, suddenly laid his pale slender hand on the book and said, "We won't read to-day, Franzelius: I'd rather talk about all sorts of things with you. I feel so well that it's not the least exertion to speak, and the sun is shining so brightly in the clear sky! Only to see that, is such an incomparable happiness that to enjoy it one would gladly endure all the evils of this life. Don't you think so?"

"I can't look at it without thinking that it shines equally on the just and the unjust, and beholds much more misery than happiness," replied the printer, looking almost defiantly toward the sky. "I wish it would die out once for all, and with it this whole motley lie which we call life."

"No, Franzel," said Balder quietly, "you are wrong. Even if the sun knew what it was doing in creating and sustaining life, there is no cause for shame in such work. Why do you call existence a lie, Franzel? Because its end is so abrupt? But your existence had its beginning as well, and did that beginning

ever bespeak a promise of perpetuity? On the contrary, my dear fellow, there is much honesty in human life: it promises so little and yet yields us so much. Will you censure it because it can't be all that we visionary or dissatisfied or unjust people demand? "

"There's no joy to me in living," muttered the other gloomily, covering his eyes with his broad hands. "As soon as one need is satisfied, another takes its place; and he who ventures to differ from the opinions held by mankind in general never finds repose."

"And would life be worth the living if we were sunk in repose? Is sleeping, living? Or absorption in a dull dream of existence, such as the beetle has when it climbs up the blade of grass to reach a dew-drop — is that leading a worthy life? My dear fellow, if you drive necessity out of the world, how unnecessary it would be to live! "

"You're playing upon words."

"No, I speak in sober earnest. A short time ago I read a stanza in Voltaire, which, like many things he says to the masses, is drawn from his deep hoard of knowledge and contains a pure gem of truth:

Oh! who could bear the burden of his life,
The sad remembrance of the whilom strife,
The threat'ning ills that hover round his way,
If the dear God, to ease man of his pain,
Had not so made him thoughtless, careless, vain,
That he might be less wretched in his day?

Don't growl at the poor translation; it's a hasty improvisation which I ventured upon because I know you can't bear French. The sense is faithfully rendered, and it's a sense admirably suited to the senseless. I know of but one way that leads to real unhappiness, and that's when a person is vain and frivolous. And those lines contain much wisdom; for it is just those people who lack the strength to endure sorrowful recollections of the past and anxiety concerning their futures, that are so deeply indebted to Nature for the ability of thoughtlessly and unconsciously enjoying their pitiful present. This will not bring them happiness, it will not only make them less miserable; for the real bliss of living they will never learn to know. He only can understand that who is capable of quiet reflection, or, if you will, who is able to grasp the meaning of both past and future at once. Perhaps, though you're exactly the opposite of vain and frivolous, even you won't wholly understand life for a long time as I've understood it. I have always been best able to enjoy life by retrospection: and whenever I wished to thoroughly enjoy existence, I have only needed to awake in myself a vivid remembrance of the various periods of my life; of my laughing frolicsome childhood, when I was in the glow of perfect health; then the first dawn of thought and feeling, the first sorrows of youth

when they came to me, the perception of what a full, healthful existence must be, and yet at the same time the resignation to my fate which is usually easy only to men advanced in years. Don't you believe that one who can experience whenever he wishes such a fullness of life in himself, to whom for this purpose everything lends its aid — sorrow and joy, loss and gain, each showing him a new side of his own nature — don't you believe, my dear fellow, that such a fortunate man must consider it a mistaken conclusion, even if a philosopher gave it utterance, that it would be better not to be born? To be sure, no one can deny that there are times when sorrow stifles the desire for existence, and excites an overwhelming longing for mere unconsciousness. But oftentimes the greatest sorrow brings an increase of our life experience: how could we otherwise understand the triumphant delight which martyrs have felt under torture by fire and rack? They felt that their torment only confirmed their confidence in the strength of their own souls, pervaded as they were by an illusion or a truth that their tormentors sought to tear out or kill. The worst that could be inflicted upon them served to develop the highest enjoyment of their personality. And so all the tragedy of life which a shallow philosophy pronounces to be the misery of the world is merely another, higher form of enjoying life, peculiar to lofty souls. When death steps in at last, it's like the sleep that comes after a holiday, when people have been so long in an ecstasy of delight that they are weary at last and have no strength for future enjoyments."

He was silent a moment and wore a rapt expression. Then he suddenly said,

"If the festival is over for me, Franzel, you must hold fast to Edwin."

"What nonsense you are talking!" exclaimed the other. "You've never been on a fairer way toward recovery than now. Your sickness was a crisis: Marquard said so himself."

"Yes, it was a crisis," replied the invalid, smiling. "It will decide, indeed has already decided something. Life has pronounced judgment upon this not very durable structure, and written down its defects in red ink. Do you really suppose that Marquard does not know as well as I that the drama is played out? The slightest agitation, the least imprudence —"

"Balder! what are you saying! These are mere fancies, perhaps a passing weakness —"

"You think so because I can speak of the end so quietly? You ought long ago to have credited me with as much strength as was needed for that. I know how few are willing to rise from the table just when the viands are most tempting. And indeed, Franzel, life never seemed to me so fair as now. How many kind friends I have gained during these last weeks, how much beautiful poetry and lofty and profound thoughts I have enjoyed! But all that's of no avail: man must live and let live, and there are doubtless others waiting to take their turn. If you are sad, Franzel, I must wait for another time to make my last request; though I do not know how long I may have to linger. But come,

be sensible. You know I love you dearly; indeed, next to Edwin you have the first place in my heart. But I do not need to take leave of my brother. My whole life during the last few years has been only one long farewell. We knew we should not always remain together — I at least was fully aware of it — so we have enjoyed all our happiness, as it were, on account. But when the end comes, I know how it will be: at first he'll be unable to reconcile himself. And that's why I want to beg you to keep near him. His needs are great, and there are not many who can fulfil them."

"And that is the first thing you ask?" cried the honest friend, with an emotion he vainly endeavored to repress. "But for heaven's sake, Balder, what sort of talk is this? You — you really believe — I — we —" He started up and rushed desperately around the little table in the center of the room, so that the leaves of the palms trembled.

"You scarcely understand as yet all that I mean," continued the invalid quietly. "That you'll always remain his friend is a matter of course. But to give me any real comfort, you will have to make a sacrifice."

"A sacrifice? As if I would not — do you know me so little?"

"I know you to be the most unselfish man under the sun," said Balder, smiling. "But it is just this very habit of never thinking of yourself, that for his sake and mine you must lay aside, at least so far as you can do so without being faithless to yourself. Do you know what will happen if you go on as you have been doing? In two years, in spite of your friendship, you'll not set foot in the tun."

"I? But tell me —"

"It's a very simple matter: because you'll be thinking of your friends either behind prison bars or in America. Dear Franzel, must I tell you why you're not fond of living? Because you believe that a man only truly lives when he becomes a martyr to his convictions. I have always loved you for this belief, and yet I believe it a mistaken one. Test it awhile: say to yourself that you aid many more by living than you could by your martyrdom, and you will see that a man can guard his post very bravely and self-sacrificingly, without foolishly summoning the enemy by alarm shots. It would be an inexpressible comfort to me if you would promise for two years to let alone all 'agitation' and see how affairs really are. There are currents in which it's a useless waste of strength to row, because the boat floats onward of its own accord. I know what it will cost you to do this. But it would be a great joy if this last wish —"

"Say no more," cried the other, suddenly pausing before his friend, with his tearful eyes turned toward him: "Balder, is it possible that you — that you are about to leave us? And can you believe, if that should happen, that I could continue my life as if nothing had occurred? When men can no longer behold the sun — do you suppose I could — that I would —" Words failed him; he turned abruptly away, and stood motionless beside the turning-lathe.

"I did not mean that I thought you could live on the same as before," said Balder in a lower voice. "But you need a substitute for what you resign. You must learn to be glad to live, and I think I know how you would learn to do so most quickly. You must take a wife, Franzel!"

"I? What can you be thinking about? How came such an idea into your head? Just at this time, too —"

"Because it will soon be too late for me to earn a *Kuppelpelz* [reward for match-making] from you. True, I shall scarcely need it. I shall not feel cold where I lie. But I should like to know of your being warmly sheltered. And I know from experience — I've been 'married' to Edwin — that the world looks much brighter seen with four eyes than with two."

"You see," he continued, as his friend still stood motionless, boring a hole in the bench with the point of a file, "Edwin will find a wife in time who will make him happy: then you would be left again with nothing but mankind to clasp to your heart; and beautiful and sublime as the idea is, it's not all you need — and that's why you get overexcited, and the thought of martyrdom overcomes your judgment. So I think a little wife who would know how to love and value you, would by her mere presence instruct you every day in the doctrine that Edwin has so often represented to you in vain, that you should husband your energies for the future, and not prematurely sacrifice your life without cause. There is no danger of your becoming faithless to your convictions from mere selfish pleasure in your home. And then, how can a socialist who knows nothing except from hearsay of family life, upon which basis the whole structure of society rests, who knows nothing of where the shoe pinches the father of a family, talk to married men about what they owe to themselves and others?"

As he uttered these words a bewitchingly cunning expression sparkled in the sick boy's beautiful eyes. He almost feared that Franzelius would turn, and looking in his face penetrate the secret design, the purpose of attacking him on his weakest side; so, rising, he limped to the stove and put in a few sticks of wood. While thus employed, he continued in a tone of apparent indifference —

"You mustn't suppose I'm saying all this at random. No, my dear fellow, I've a very suitable match in view for you: a young girl who's as well adapted to your needs as if I'd invented or ordered her expressly for you. Young, very pretty, with a heart as true as gold, fond of work and fond of life too, as she ought to be, if she is to wed with one who doesn't care to live; not a princess, but a child of working people. Haven't you guessed her name yet? Then I must help you: she writes it *Reginchen*."

"Balder! You're dreaming! No, no, I beseech you, say no more about that: you've too long —"

"I am astonished," continued the youth, rising as he spoke and moving toward the bed, "that you didn't understand me readily and meet me half-way."

Where have your eyes been, that you've not seen that you have stood high in the dear girl's favor for years? Even I have noticed it! I tell you, Franzel, the little girl is a treasure. I have known her all these years, and love her as dearly as a sister, and the man to whom I don't begrudge her I must love like a brother. Therefore, blind dreamer, I wanted to open your eyes, that I may close mine in peace. To be sure, I'm by no means certain that you've not already bestowed your heart elsewhere, and my brotherly hint may be too late. At any rate, whatever you do you should do quickly, for the young girl's sake. She seems to have taken your long absence to heart: her mother says she is by no means well yet, and eats and sleeps very little. I should like to see my little sister well and happy again before I — ”

He could not finish the sentence. He had been seated on the bed while speaking; and now he laid his head on the pillow and closed his eyes, as if wearied with the unusual exertion of conversing. Suddenly he felt his hands seized; Franzelius had meant to embrace him, but instead he threw himself down beside the bed, and with his head resting on Balder's knees, he gave way to such violent and uncontrollable emotion that the youth was obliged to make every exertion to soothe him into composure.

At last he rose. He tried to speak, but his voice failed. “ You — you're — oh! Heaven forgive me, forgive me! I'm not worthy! ” was all he could stammer. Then he started up and rushed out of the room.

Balder had sunk back on the bed and closed his eyes again. His pale face was almost transfigured; he looked like a hero resting after a victory, and for the moment did not even feel the pain in his chest. The room was perfectly still; the sunlight played amid the palm leaves; the mask of the youthful prisoner, suffused with a rosy light which came from the open door of the stove, seemed to breathe and whisper to its image on the narrow couch: “ Die! — your death shall be painless! ” But a sudden thought roused Balder from this anticipation of eternal repose. He rose and dragged himself to the turning-lathe, where with a trembling hand he unlocked the drawer. “ It's fortunate that I thought of it! ” he murmured. “ What if they had found it! ”

He drew out the portfolio in which he kept his collection of verses. On how many pages was the image of the child whom he secretly loved, described with all the exaggerated charms his solitary yearning had invested her with; to how much imaginary happiness these simple sheets bore witness! And yet he could now let them slide through his fingers without bitterness. Had not his feelings been sacred and consoling to him at the time? What had happened which could strip the bloom and fragrance of this spring from his heart? There would be no summer, but did that make less beautiful the season of blossoming? He read a verse here and there in an undertone, now and then altering a word that no longer satisfied him, and smiling at himself for polishing verses which no human eye had seen or ever would see. Many he had quite forgotten, and now found them beautiful and touching. When he had turned the last

page, he took the pencil and wrote on a loose scrap of paper that he laid in the drawer in place of the volume of poems, the following lines, which he wrote without effort and without revision: —

Good night, thou lovely world, good night:
 Have I not had a glorious day?
 Unmurmuring, though thou leav'st my sight,
 I to my couch will go away.

Whate'er of loveliness thou hast,
 Is it not mine to revel in?
 Though many a keen desire does waste
 My heart, it ne'er alone has been.

Delusion's veil of error blind
 Fell quite away from soul and eye;
 Clearer my path did upward wind
 To where life's sunny hill-tops lie.

No idol false is there adored;
 Humanity's eternal powers,
 O'er which the light of Heaven is poured,
 Stand self-contained in passion's hours.

High standing on the breeze-swept peak,
 Below may I with rapture see
 The land whereof no man may speak
 Save him who fares there wearily.

This is the rich inheritance
 The children of the world shall own,
 When crossed the wearisome expanse,
 And fate's supreme decrees are known.

O brother, who art seeking still
 For love and joy where I have sought,
 I would your path with blessings fill
 When to its end my life is brought.

Ah! brother, could we two aspire
 Together to the glorious height —
 Hence, tears! some part of my desire
 Is thine. Thou lovely world, good night!

ERNST HAECKEL

ERNST HAECKEL, the most famous naturalist Germany has yet produced, is a more striking figure among Germans than he ever has been or can hope to be among the English-speaking peoples. This is due to the fact that, whereas England and America have been the birthplaces of many able scientists who have also turned out to be gifted writers and strenuous propagandists, Germany has given birth to very few men combining these powers of research, expression, and intense conviction.

In Haeckel we encounter that immense thoroughness and passion for dry detail that are so typical of the German investigator; but, blended with these, we also find a certain literary charm, a flexibility of phrase, and a magnificent Platonic vision which we associate more readily with an English name and nature. Haeckel is, indeed, Germany's Herbert Spencer; only he has much more than Spencer in that he couples with this philosopher's vision the true natural scientist's capacity for interminable observation and the recording of *minutiæ*. Strictly speaking, Haeckel has no precise counterpart. Darwin, whose passionate disciple he was, possessed that same gift for prying into Nature's crannies which Haeckel enjoyed; but he lacked altogether Haeckel's knack of welding an infinity of small facts into a solid philosophy of existence. Spencer, on the other hand, was a master metaphysician even as Haeckel; but Spencer's incapacity for research, in the scientific sense of this term, is notorious. Huxley is still further removed from Haeckel's all-roundness; for, although Huxley did make substantial contributions to natural science, neither his researches nor his systematizing of knowledge can endure comparison with Haeckel's 'General Morphology,' which virtually established a new science.

Born at Potsdam, Germany, in 1834, Haeckel studied medicine and science at Würzburg, Berlin, and Vienna. At the urging of his parents, he took up the practice of medicine; but his passionate interest in natural science interfered with his patients to such a degree that his waiting-room did not fill, and soon the young man took down his shingle and followed his true love, Nature. He became a *Privatdocent* at the University of Jena, where he spent the rest of his life — or perhaps we should say, the rest of his official life; for, although he was engaged, according to the University announcements, in lecturing on zoölogy, he really was traveling up and down the world, studying deep-sea animals.

He learned this profound curiosity in marine life from his teacher, Johannes Mueller, and it grew on him with the years. It carried him over all the seven seas. He dived into the deeps around Portugal, Madeira, Norway, Egypt,

Corsica, Sardinia, and Ceylon; and always he brought back to Jena material for several new books. His literary output became enormous, and — contrary to the rule in such cases — quite as important as it was voluminous. At the time of the celebration of his sixtieth birthday, he had written forty-two books, of no less than 13,000 pages, as well as a multitude of weighty pamphlets. He died at Jena in 1919.

The year 1863 marked the great epoch in Haeckel's career. It was then that he became convinced of the profundity of Darwin's theory of natural selection and the origin of species. The conviction became a fine frenzy. He visited the great man at Down and left, not a mere convert, but a missionary bound for the dark places of the earth. He was going back to Germany, to carry the gospel thither.

The gospel was the gospel of English science, but the missionary was a German of the Germans. Darwinism, as interpreted and proclaimed by Haeckel, is a spectacle which may be compared in certain striking respects with that of Christianity as interpreted and proclaimed by St. Paul. Not that St. Paul and Haeckel are alike; but each man seized a great idea and, in putting it through the filter of his own personality, changed the idea subtly, in form if not in substance. The alteration that Haeckel worked upon Darwinism was the one we might expect from any man brought up under the intellectual traditions of Germany. These traditions sum themselves up in two words, metaphysics and thoroughness. Every German is trained to respect big theories and small facts. He must acquire a *Weltanschauung* [world-view] along with his *Fach* [specialty]. And the goal of his intellectual life is to found the theories of his own special field of research upon a comprehensive metaphysical hypothesis. This is what Haeckel did with Darwin's doctrines. This is what he did with his own studies of deep-sea life. The result is Darwinism after a fashion — but of such a fashion that Darwin himself could not approve of it. For Haeckel leaped far beyond anything that Darwin would have ventured; he leaped to an all-inclusive, all-explaining theory of Nature which can be compared fairly, not to Darwin, but to those glittering speculations of Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer which dispose of the entire universe in three volumes.

He presented this world-theory in 1899, under the title of 'Die Welträtsel,' or 'The Riddle of the Universe' (English translation, 1901). It will repay any student of philosophy and any student of science to read this noteworthy volume with scrupulous care; for it is perhaps the most thoroughgoing defense of naturalistic monism to be found in all the annals of literature. This hypothesis, as Haeckel delineates it, construes the entire world of living things, vegetable and animal alike, as evolving out of what men have called "dead matter." This "dead matter," says Haeckel, is extraordinarily alive. In carbon and its albuminoid compounds there lurks the spark of all life; a feeble spark, to be sure, but one which grows in heat and light as these albuminoid compounds become more and more complex. In this world of crude matter we see

a primordial "survival of the fittest." The fittest is carbon, for it shows astounding plasticity and sensitiveness. Out of it there arises, by spontaneous generation, the first protoplasm; and from the protoplasm the many varieties of one-cell creatures of the sea; and from these creatures the many-celled creatures, rising by slow advance through the toilsome æons up to man. All Nature is one. The highest faculties of the human brain are nothing more than intricate complications of the faint, foggy soul-life of the protozoa, which in turn has developed out of the sensitivities of carbon, as a flame grows from a spark.

Had Haeckel flung this hypothesis naked and unsupported by scientific facts, the world would have classed 'The Riddle of the Universe' as another outburst of Teutonic metaphysics. But long before Haeckel published this work, he had compiled a mass of naturalistic researches tending to prove that all animals are intimately related in their bodily structures and functions. As early as 1866 he published his monumental 'General Morphology,' which, by common consent, was largely instrumental in converting scientific Germany to Darwinism; and it was this same book, later popularized under the title of 'The Natural History of Creation,' that established Haeckel's hypothesis on a firm and broad base of evidence. It was not until 1894, however, that the final and, in Haeckel's opinion, most convincing proof of his theory came to light, in the island of Java, where Dr. Eugene Dubois dug up, out of an upper Pliocene stratum, the fossil bones of a creature which was plainly neither ape nor man but a Thing Between. The bones showed the skull of almost human size and contour, and true hands and man-like teeth.

Haeckel instantly heralded these remains as the Missing Link between man and the lower animals; and he presented this view with great vigor, first in 'The Riddle of the Universe' and afterward in numerous addresses and pamphlets. The fight this provoked is now a matter of history. Haeckel faced the immense forces of intellectual conservatism in Germany, exactly as Huxley had in England. This opposition was led by the great pathologist, Rudolf Virchow. Virchow went from congress to congress, from university to university, scoffing at the Missing Link, pronouncing all species to be unchangeable, and all variations from the normal type of each species to be the result of some disease. Joining in this attack came all the clerical forces, to whom Haeckel was anathema because, by deriving all life from carbon by natural laws, he repudiated altogether the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will, and the existence of a God.

For many years the controversy raged in Germany. No scholar felt himself worthy of his Ph.D. degree until he had written a pamphlet *pro* Haeckel or *contra* Haeckel. The bookstores of Berlin were cluttered with screeds. Professors gave courses on the Riddle of the Universe. Students' clubs debated the Riddle until the beer gave out. All in all, the whole German nation underwent a tremendous intellectual ferment which, one may safely say, spread more

widely and struck more deeply than did the parallel discussions about Darwin in England. Haeckel did more to break down intellectual and religious traditions in his land than Darwin did in his, at least in so far as one may measure effects within the lifetimes of the two men.

Furthermore, Haeckel is largely responsible for the later vogue of Nietzsche. For Nietzsche's whole philosophy presupposes a thoroughgoing acceptance of evolution through the survival of the fit, and of a naturalistic interpretation of morals. Nietzsche's Superman would have been a meaningless fantasy, had Haeckel not educated the German world to look upon man as one and only one step in the infinite progression of life out of the carbons. But, after Haeckel, the Superman appears altogether obvious; he is the creature who, some day, will dig up the fossil bones of man out of the Prussian plains and comment upon his fossil morals and fossil faith, even as Haeckel did upon the *Pithecanthropus erectus* of Java.

W. B. PITKIN

AT PERADENIA

From 'A Visit to Ceylon'

THE first two-hours' ride from Colombo to Peradenia lies across a level country, most of it covered with marshy jungle, varied by rice-fields and water-meadows. In these, herds of black buffaloes lie half in the water, while graceful white herons pick the insects off their backs; farther on, the line gradually approaches the hills, and after Rambukana station begins to work upwards. For an hour the road winds with many zigzags up the steep northern face of a vast basin or *cirque*. At first the eye is fascinated by the changing aspect of the immediate foreground: immense blocks of gneiss stand up amid the luxuriant masses of dense forest which fill the ravines on each side; creepers of the loveliest species fling themselves from one tree-top to the next, as they tower above the undergrowth; enchanting little cascades tumble down the cliffs, and close by the railroad we often come upon the old high-road from Colombo to Kandy, formerly so busy a scene, which was constructed by the English government to enable them to keep possession of the ancient capital.

Farther on we command wider views, now of the vast park-like valley which grows below us as we mount higher, and now of the lofty blue mountain range which stands up calm and proud beyond its southern wall. Although the forms of the higher hills are monotonous and not particularly picturesque — for the most part low, undulating shoulders of granite and gneiss — still a few more prominent peaks rise conspicuous; as for instance, the curious table rock known as the "Bible Rock." "Sensation Rock," as it is called, is one of the

most striking and impressive features of the scenery. The railway, after passing through several tunnels, here runs under overhanging rocks along the very edge of a cliff, with a fall of from twelve to fourteen hundred feet almost perpendicular, into the verdurous abyss below. Dashing waterfalls come foaming down from the mountain wall on the left, rush under the bridges over which the line is carried, and, throwing themselves with a mighty leap into mid-air, are lost in mist before they reach the bottom of the gorge, making floating rainbows where the sun falls upon them.

The green depths below and the valley at our feet are covered partly with jungle and partly with cultivation; scattered huts, gardens, and terraced rice-fields can be discerned. The lofty head of the talipot palm, the proud queen of the tribe in Ceylon, towers above the scrub on every side. Its trunk is perfectly straight and white, like a slender marble column, and often more than a hundred feet high. Each of the fans that compose its crown of leaves covers a semicircle of from twelve to sixteen feet radius, a surface of one hundred and fifty to two hundred square feet; and they, like every part of the plant, have their uses, particularly for thatching roofs: but they are more famous because they were formerly used exclusively instead of paper by the Cinghalese, and even now often serve this purpose. The ancient Puskola manuscripts in the Buddhist monasteries are all written with an iron stylus on this *ola* paper, made of narrow strips of talipot leaves boiled and then dried. The proud talipot palm flowers but once in its life, usually between its fiftieth and eightieth year. The tall pyramidal spike of bloom rises immediately above the sheaf of leaves to a height of thirty or forty feet, and is composed of myriads of small yellowish-white blossoms; as soon as the nuts are ripe the tree dies. By a happy accident, an unusual number of talipot palms were in flower at the time of my visit; I counted sixty between Rambukana and Kaduganawa, and above a hundred in my whole journey. Excursions are frequently made to this point from Colombo, to see the strange and magnificent scene.

The railroad, like the old high-road, is at its highest level above the sea at the Kaduganawa pass, and a lighthouse-shaped column stands here in memory of the engineer of the carriage road, Captain Dawson. We here are on the dividing ridge of two water-sheds. All the hundred little streams which we have hitherto passed, threading their silver way through the velvet verdure of the valley, flow either to the Kelany Ganga or to the Maha-Oya, both reaching the sea on the western coast. The brooks which tumble from the eastern shoulder of Kaduganawa all join the Mahavelli Ganga, which flows southward not far below. This is the largest river in the island, being about one hundred and thirty-four miles long, and it enters the sea on the east coast near Trincomalee. The railway runs along its banks, which are crowded with plantations of sugar-cane, and in a quarter of an hour from the pass we reach Paradenia, the last station before Kandy. . . .

The entrance to the garden is through a fine avenue of old india-rubber

trees. This is the same as the Indian species, of which the milky juice when inspissated becomes caoutchouc, and of which young plants are frequently grown in sitting-rooms in our cold northern climate, for the sake of the bright polished green of its oval leathery leaves. But while with us these india-rubber plants are greatly admired when their inch-thick stems reach the ceiling, and their rare branches bear fifty leaves, more or less, in the hot moisture of their native land they attain the size of a noble forest tree, worthy to compare with our oaks. An enormous crown of thousands of leaves growing on horizontal boughs, spreading forty to fifty feet on every side, covers a surface as wide as a good-sized mansion, and the base of the trunk throws out a circle of roots often from one hundred to two hundred feet in diameter, more than the whole height of the tree. These very remarkable roots generally consist of twenty or thirty main roots, thrown out from strongly marked ribs in the lower part of the trunk, and spreading like huge creeping snakes over the surface of the soil. The india-rubber tree is indeed called the "snake-tree" by the natives, and has been compared by poets to Laocoön entwined by serpents. Very often, however, the roots grow up from the ground like strong upright poles, and so form stout props, enabling the parent tree to defy all storms unmoved. The spaces between these props form perfect little rooms or sentry boxes, in which a man can stand upright and be hidden. These pillar-roots are developed here in many other gigantic trees of very different families.

I had scarcely exhausted my surprise at this avenue of snake-trees, when exactly in the middle, beyond the entrance of the gate, my eye was caught by another wonderful sight. An immense bouquet there greets the visitor—a clump of all the palms indigenous to the island, together with many foreign members of this noblest growth of the tropics; all wreathed with flowering creepers, and their trunks covered with graceful parasitical ferns. Another but even larger and finer group of palms stood further on at the end of the entrance avenue, and was moreover surrounded by a splendid parterre of flowering plants. The path here divided, that to the left leading to the director's bungalow, situated on a slight rise. This inviting home is like most of the villa residences in Ceylon, a low one-storied building surrounded by an airy veranda, with a projecting roof supported on light white columns. Both pillars and roof are covered with garlands of the loveliest climbers; large-flowered orchids, fragrant vanilla, splendid fuchsias, and other brilliant blossoms, and a choice collection of flowering plants and ferns, decorate the beds which lie near the house. Above it wave the shadowy boughs of the finest Indian trees, and numbers of butterflies and chafers, lizards and birds, animate the beautiful spot. I was especially delighted with the small barred squirrels, which looked particularly pretty here, though they are common and very tame in all the gardens of Ceylon.

As the bungalow stands on the highest point of the gardens, and a broad velvet lawn slopes down from it, the open hall of the veranda commands a

view of a large portion of the garden, with a few of the finest groups, as well as the belt of tall trees which inclose the planted land. Beyond this park-like ground rise the wooded heads of the mountains which guard the basin of Peradenia. The beautiful Mahavelli River flows round the garden in a wide reach, and divides it from the hill country. Thus it lies in a horseshoe-shaped peninsula; on the landward side, where it opens into the valley of Kandy, it is effectually protected by a high and impenetrable thicket of bamboo, mixed with a chevaux-de-frise of thorny rattan palms and other creepers. The climate too is extraordinarily favorable to vegetation; at a height of fifteen hundred feet above the sea, the tropical heat of the mountain basin, combined with the heavy rainfall on the neighboring mountains, makes of Peradenia an admirable natural forcing-house, and it can easily be conceived how lavishly the tropical flora here displays its wonderful productive powers.

My first walk through the garden in the company of the accomplished director convinced me that this was in fact the case; and although I had heard and read much of the charms of the prodigal vegetation of the tropics, and longingly dreamed of seeing them, still the actual enjoyment of the fabulous reality far exceeded my highest expectations, even after I had already made acquaintance with the more conspicuous forms of this southern flora at and near Colombo and Bombay. During the four days I was so happy as to spend at Peradenia, I made greater strides in my purview of life and nature in the vegetable world than I could have made at home by the most diligent study in so many months. Indeed, when two months later I visited Peradenia for the second, and alas! for the last time, and spent three more happy days in that Paradise, it enchanted me to the full as much when I quitted it as it had at the first glance; only I saw it with wider understanding and increased knowledge. I cannot sufficiently thank my excellent friend Dr. Trimen for his kind hospitality and valuable instruction; the seven days I spent in his delightful bungalow were indeed to me seven days of creation.

Translated by Clara Bell

COLOR AND FORM IN THE CEYLON CORAL BANKS

From 'A Visit to Ceylon'

NINE years since, in 1873, when I made an excursion among the coral reefs of the Sinai coast, and for the first time had a glimpse of the wonderful forms of life in their submarine gardens of marvels, they had excited my utmost interest; and in a popular series of lectures on Arabian corals (published with five colored plates) I had endeavored to sketch these wonderful creatures and their communities, with various other animals. The

corals of Ceylon, which I first became acquainted with here at Galle, and subsequently studied more closely at Belligam, reminded me vividly of that delightful experience, and at the same time afforded me a multitude of new ones. For though the marine fauna of the Indian seas is on the whole nearly allied to the Arabian fauna of the Red Sea — many genera and species being common to both — yet the number and variety of forms of life is considerably greater in the vast basin of the Indian Ocean with its diversified coast, than in the pent-up waters of the Arabian Gulf with its uniform conditions of existence. Thus I found the general physiognomy of the coral reefs in the two situations different, in spite of many features in common. While the reefs at Tur are for the most part conspicuous for warm coloring — yellow, orange, red, and brown — in the coral gardens of Ceylon green predominates in a great variety of shades and tones: yellow-green *Alcyonia* growing with sea-green *Heteropora*, and malachite-like *Anthophylla* side by side with olive-green *Millepora*; *Madrepora*, and *Astræa* of emerald hue, with brown-green *Montipora* and *Mæandrina*.

Ransonnet had already pointed out how singularly and universally green prevails in the coloring of Ceylon. Not only is the greater portion of this evergreen isle clothed with an unfading tapestry of rich verdure, but the animals of the most widely dissimilar classes which live in its woods are conspicuous for their green coloring. This is seen in all the commonest birds and lizards, butterflies, and beetles, which are of every shade of brilliant green. In the same way the innumerable inhabitants of the sea, of all classes, are colored green, such as many fishes and crustacea, worms, and sea-anemones: indeed, creatures which elsewhere seldom or never appear in green livery wear it here; for instance, several star-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers; also some enormous bivalves, and *Brachiopoda*, and others. An explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in Darwin's principles, particularly in the law of adaptation by selection of similar coloring or sympathetic affinity of color, as I have elucidated it in my 'History of Creation.' The less the predominant coloring of any creature varies from that of its surroundings, the less will it be seen by its foes, the more easily can it steal upon its prey, and the more it is protected and fitted for the struggle for existence. Natural selection will at the same time constantly confirm the similarity between the prevailing color of the animal and of its surroundings, because it is beneficial to the animal. The green coral banks of Ceylon, with their preponderance of green inhabitants, are as instructive in their bearing on this theory as are the green land animals which people the evergreen forests and thickets of the island; but in purity and splendor of coloring the sea creatures are even more remarkable than the fauna of the forests.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that this prevailing green hue produces a monotonous uniformity of coloring. On the contrary, it is impossible to weary of admiring it; for on the one hand, the most wonderful gradations and modifications may be traced through it, and on the other,

numbers of vividly and gaudily colored forms are scattered among them. And just as the gorgeous red, yellow, violet, or blue colors of many birds and insects look doubly splendid in the dark-green forest of Ceylon, so do the no less brilliant hues of some marine creatures on the coral banks. Many small fishes and crustaceans are particularly distinguished by such gaudy coloring, with very elegant and extremely singular markings, as they seek their food among the ramifications of the coral-trees. Some few large corals are also conspicuously and strikingly colored; thus, for instance, many *Pocilloporæ* are rose-colored, many of the *Astræidæ* are red and yellow, and many of the *Heteroporæ* and *Madreporæ* are violet and brown, etc. But unfortunately, these gorgeous colors are for the most part very evanescent, and disappear as soon as the coral is taken out of the water; often at a mere touch. The sensitive creatures which have displayed their open cups of tentacles in the greatest beauty then suddenly close, and become inconspicuous, dull, and colorless.

But if the eye is enchanted merely by the lovely hues of the coral reef and its crowded population, it is still more delighted by the beauty and variety of form displayed by these creatures. Just as the radiated structure of one individual coral polyp resembles a true flower, so the whole structure of the branched coral stock resembles the growth of plants, trees, and shrubs. It was for this reason that corals were universally supposed to be really plants, and it was long before their true nature as animals was generally believed in.

These coral gardens display indeed a lovely and truly fairy-like scene, as we row over them in a boat at low tide and on a calm sea. Close under the Fort of Galle the sea is so shallow that the keel of the boat grates on the points of the stony structure; and from the wall of the fort above, the separate coral growths can be distinguished through the crystal water. A great variety of most beautiful and singular species here grow close together, on so narrow a space that in a very few days I had made a splendid collection.

Mr. Scott's garden, in which my kind host allowed me to place them to dry, looked strange indeed during these days. The splendid tropical plants seemed to vie with the strange marine creatures who had intruded on their domain for the prize for beauty and splendor; and the enchanted naturalist, whose gladdened eye wandered from one to the other, could not decide whether the fauna or the flora best deserved to take it. The coral animals imitated the forms of the loveliest flowers in astonishing variety, and the orchids on the other hand mimicked the forms of insects. The two great kingdoms of the organized world seemed here to have exchanged aspects.

Most of the corals which I collected in Galle and Belligam I procured by the help of divers. These I found here to be quite as clever and capable of endurance as the Arabs of Tur nine years before. Armed with a strong crow-bar, they uprooted the limestone structure of even very large coral stocks from their attachment to the rocky base, and raised them most skilfully up to the boat. These masses often weighed from fifty to eighty pounds, and it

cost no small toil and care to lift them uninjured into the boat. Some kinds of coral are so fragile that in taking them out of the water they break by their own weight; and so, unfortunately, it is impossible to convey many of the most delicate kinds uninjured to land. This is the case, for instance, with certain frail *Turbinariæ*, whose foliaceous stock grows in the shape of an inverted spiral cone; and of the many-branched *Heteropora*, which resembles an enormous stag's antler with hundreds of twigs.

It is not from above, however, that a coral reef displays its full beauty, even when we row close over it, and when the ebb-tide has left the water so shallow that its projections grind against the boat. On the contrary, it is essential to take a plunge into the sea. In the absence of a diving-bell I tried to dive to the bottom and keep my eyes open under water, and after a little practice I found this easy. Nothing could be more wonderful than the mysterious green sheen which pervades this submarine world. The enchanted eye is startled by the wonderful effects of light, which are so different from those of the upper world with its warm and rosy coloring; and they lend a double interest and strangeness to the forms and movements of the myriads of creatures that swarm among the corals. The diver is in all reality in a new world. There is in fact a whole multitude of singular fishes, crustacea, mollusca, radiata, worms, etc., whose food consists solely of the coral polyps among which they live; and these coral-eaters, which may be regarded as parasites in the true sense of the word, have acquired by adaptation to their peculiar mode of life the most extraordinary forms; more especially are they provided with weapons of offense and defense of the most remarkable character.

But just as it is well known that "no man may walk unpunished under the palms," so the naturalist cannot swim with impunity among the coral banks. The *Oceanides*, under whose protection these coral fairy bowers of the sea flourish, threaten the intruding mortal with a thousand perils. The *Millepora*, as well as the *Medusæ* which float among them, burn him wherever they touch like the most venomous nettles; the sting of the fish known as *Synanceia* is as painful and dangerous as that of the scorpion; numbers of crabs nip his tender flesh with their powerful claws; black sea-urchins thrust their foot-long spines, covered with fine prickles set the wrong way, into the sole of his foot, where they break off and remain, causing very serious wounds. But worst of all is the injury to the skin in trying to secure the coral itself. The numberless points and angles with which their limestone skeleton is armed, inflict a thousand little wounds at every attempt to detach and remove a portion. Never in my life have I been so gashed and mangled as after a few days of diving and coral-fishing at Galle, and I suffered from the consequences for several weeks after. But what are these transient sufferings to a naturalist, when set in the scale against the fairy-like scenes of delight with which a plunge among these marvelous coral groves enriches his memory for life!

Translated by Clara Bell

THE LAST LINK

From an address to the Fourth International Congress at Cambridge, England, delivered on August 26, 1898, 'On Our Present Knowledge of the Descent of Man'

THE direct descent of man from some extinct ape-like form is now beyond doubt, and admits of being traced much more clearly than the origin of many another mammalian order. The pedigrees of the Elephants, the Sirenia, the Cetacea, and, above all, of the Edentata, for example, are much more obscure and difficult to explain. In many parts of their organization—for example, in the number and structure of his five digits and toes—man and monkeys have remained much more primitive than most of the Ungulata.

The immense significance of this positive knowledge of the origin of man from some Primate does not require to be enforced. Its bearing upon the highest questions of philosophy cannot be exaggerated. Among modern philosophers no one has perceived this more deeply than Herbert Spencer. He is one of those older thinkers who before Darwin were convinced that the theory of development is the only way to solve the "enigma of the world." Spencer is also the champion of those evolutionists who lay the greatest weight upon *progressive heredity*, or the much combated *heredity of acquired characters*. From the first he has severely attacked and criticized the theories of Weismann, who denies this most important factor of phylogeny, and would explain the whole of transformism by the "all-sufficiency of selection." In England the theories of Weismann were received with enthusiastic acclamation, much more so than on the Continent, and they were called "Neo-Darwinism," in opposition to the older conception of Evolution, or "Neo-Lamarckism." Neither of those expressions is correct. Darwin himself was convinced of the fundamental importance of progressive heredity quite as much as his great predecessor Lamarck; as were also Huxley and Spencer.

Three times I had the good fortune to visit Darwin at Down, and on each occasion we discussed this fundamental question in complete harmony. I agree with Spencer in the conviction that progressive heredity is an indispensable factor in every true monistic theory of Evolution, and that it is one of its most important elements. If one denies with Weismann the heredity of acquired characters, then it becomes necessary to have recourse to purely mystical qualities of germ-plasm. I am of the opinion of Spencer, that in that case it would be better to accept a mysterious creation of all the various species as described in the Mosaic account.

If we look at the results of modern anthropogeny from the highest point of view, and compare all its empirical arguments, we are justified in affirming

that *the descent of man from an extinct Tertiary series of Primates is not a vague hypothesis, but an historical fact.*

Of course, this fact cannot be proved *exactly*. We cannot explain all the innumerable physical and chemical processes, all the physiological mutations, which have led during untold millions of years from the simplest Monera and from the unicellular Protista upwards to the chimpanzee and to man. But the same consideration applies to all historical facts. We all believe that Aristotle, Cæsar, and King Alfred did live; but it is impossible to give a proof within the meaning of modern exact science. We believe firmly in the former existence of these and other great heroes of thought, because we know well the works they have left behind them, and we see their effects in the history of human culture. These indirect arguments do not furnish stronger evidence than those of our history as vertebrates. We know of many Jurassic mammals only a single bone, the under jaw. We all believe that these mammals possessed also an upper jaw, a skull, and other bones. But the so-called "exact school," which regards the transformation of species as a hypothesis not proven, must suppose that the mandibula was the only bone in the body of these curious animals.

Looking forward to the twentieth century, I am convinced that it will universally accept our theory of descent, and that future science will regard it as the greatest advance made in our time. I have no doubt that the influence of the study of anthropogeny upon all other branches of science will be fruitful and auspicious. The work done in the present century by Lamarck and Darwin will in all future times be considered one of the greatest conquests made by thinking man.

LUDWIG ANZENGRUBER

A CITY-DWELLER who was never so much at home as when depicting the peasant life that he had never seen; a voracious reader in whose works one can find hardly a trace of literary "influence," hardly a reminiscence; a Roman Catholic who views Catholicism dispassionately and with a keen sense of the many problems it raises; a man handicapped by life as few great writers have been, yet whose outlook upon it is marked by an unshakable optimism—these are some of the paradoxes in the life of Anzengruber.

Ludwig Anzengruber was born November 29, 1839, the son of a petty official, who died when the boy was still very young, leaving only a meager pension but bequeathing to his son a stack of manuscripts and a poetic and fantastic temperament. Ludwig's mother, on the other hand, a capable and energetic woman of stanch character and notable common sense, managed both the meager patrimony and her difficult son with conspicuous success, thus affording the poet a sunny childhood under the least favorable auspices.

His life might be called almost humdrum. A brief experience as actor with a traveling troupe gave him first-hand knowledge of the mechanics of the stage, but offered no future, for he was small of stature, endowed with an immense hook-nose, and incapable of the proper use of his voice. A period as assistant in a book-shop had given him access to countless books, which he had devoured with astounding rapidity, but indicated no future for him in the business world. At length he obtained a small position in the police department which afforded him a living while allowing him sufficient leisure for literary production. If we add an unhappy marriage and the editorship of *Heimat* and *Figaro*, the latter a humorous periodical, we have the complete frame of his outward life. He died December 10, 1889, just fifty years old.

Anzengruber's first public appearance as author came through the performance of his 'Priest of Kirchfeld' in 1870; it was a notable success, partly because it accorded with the temper of the time, engrossed with the so-called "Kulturkampf," partly because of its own charm and power. The priest who refuses to put church above country and is for that reason driven from his parish reveals at the same time, under desperately trying circumstances, such lovable, such noble traits as to cast into shadow the political aspects of the plot. The wide-spread hope that a new genius had appeared was further strengthened with the completion, in the following year, of 'The Farmer Forsworn,' one of the strongest dramas Anzengruber ever wrote. The

peasant Ferner, who perjures himself to secure an inheritance and tries to make a priest of his son in order to square himself with Heaven, who does not even shrink from trying to murder his son in order to keep his secret from being revealed, and whose superstitious soul is stricken as with apoplexy by the conviction that he has been prospered not by God but by the devil — is a psychological study of incomparable power and veracity. Equally powerful in another direction is his one successful venture into the city which he loved in life but had to flee in art: 'The Fourth Commandment' (1878). Eloquently he preached in it the lesson that he puts into the mouth of Martin, the degenerate son of degenerate parents: "Some folks' worst misfortune is to be raised by their parents. When you learn children in school, 'Honor father and mother,' then tell the parents from the pulpit that they've got to live according."

In addition to these serious plays, Anzengruber enriched the German stage with some of its most delightful comedies, plays whose range is somewhat limited by their dialect (an artificial product of his pen) and by their pronouncedly local appeal (peasant life and Catholicism form inescapable presuppositions), but which otherwise have a character truly Shakespearean: 'The Worm of Conscience' (1874), 'The Signers' (1872), 'Double Suicide' (1876). These plays, in addition to their wholly spontaneous humor, are further spiced with the musical features — songs, dances, orchestral accompaniments, often most artfully interwoven with the action on the stage — which were a heritage from the Viennese "folk-play" of earlier days.

Finally we must mention Anzengruber's noteworthy achievements in fiction: a considerable number of remarkable short stories, and two outstanding novels: 'The Blot of Shame' (1876-1884) and 'Meteor Farm' (1883-1884). The "blot" is the fruit of a transitory liaison between a farmer's wife and a vagabond; the farmer rears the child as his own and reaps in his old age a harvest of gratitude from this adopted daughter, whereas his own children treat him with indifference and neglect. The second novel is the character study of a beautiful but ruthless girl who treads over the dead body of her husband to become the mistress of 'Meteor Farm,' the richest and finest in all the countryside. The story is told without bias and without palliation, as an example of "how things happen in the world"; and in the end, the reader cannot deny the heroine something of the admiration with which her own people regard her.

A purely intuitive poet, Anzengruber was capable of going as wide of the mark as the veriest tyro. But his successful shots have the assured accuracy of true genius. His best works remain a permanent and priceless possession of German literature.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

FROM 'THE BLOT OF SHAME'

[Florian, the miller's son, is the half-brother of Magdalena, the "blot," but the two have become lovers before they discover their relationship. Magdalena flees from home and finds a new life, but Florian becomes a desperate brawler and ruffian. Hearing of a notorious bully in a remote village, he determines to seek him out.]

IN the cheerful light of day, seen for the first time, any place looks home-like. How neat such a little village looks, as it lies in the bright sunlight! The light reaches the houses, falls through the window-panes, and strikes through each opening door in a broad path, and outside it plays about the grave-stones and crosses. Of course it is different when the sky is unfriendly, when a heavy country rain pours down in dreary monotony: in spite of its services to land and fields, people look glum, because they are confined in their musty rooms; the houses themselves look quite shapeless and dirty, and you think you can see the fumes of putrefaction rising from the ditches. But there are cheerful rains too, which fall hastily and fruitfully, after which the sun bursts forth again right away, and whose wetness one shakes off with a laugh.

Amid such a fresh shower Florian walked toward the village: it was Zirbendorf, and the flying clouds that were sending down upon him this moist greeting were already reddened by the evening sun. He resolved to seek out the taverns first; for here, as at home, probably the industrious goes after his work, and the scamp after his drink, and he thought to find his man too behind a full glass. The village tavern was the most aristocratic, and he decided to begin with that: but he found nobody there, and also nobody seemed to be coming; so he paid for his glass of wine and left, in order to look about in a more suspicious saloon.

At the other end of the place he found one that looked so disreputable that it won his confidence. He entered. The interior was all that the exterior promised. Dirt stared at you on the walls, and made tables and benches unapproachable to any decent man; an old woman that went about in filthy rags served the guests; and the people who found pleasure here looked as if they could. Men and lads in greasy coats sprawled over the tables, and either looked straight ahead with empty faces, or else shouted at their neighbors with wild glances and faces convulsively distorted. But here the hostess also chimed in with her invective; and one could gather from her words that she cherished the conviction that her guests were "vagabonds, arch-thieves, and mud-larks," who wanted to cheat a poor woman by guzzling more than they would admit when they paid the bill.

"He surely won't demean himself among these," thought Florian; and was about to turn away, when he noticed through the dense tobacco smoke a man who was sitting alone at a table in the corner, and might well be the one he sought. So he stepped forward without further ado and seated himself opposite him.

This regular guest evidently did not notice him; but when he saw that Florian was surveying him with unfavorable glance, this soon became mutual. This survey strengthened Florian's conviction that he had Urban Leutenberger before him. The man opposite him was of extremely powerful build, and that he was strong one could see even in his face: when he moved a muscle it was as if something were crawling along under his skin, and red spots came out, as if from pressure. He had his shirt-sleeves rolled back, and his uncannily powerful arms could well do without covering, for they were covered with a thick, hairy hide. His forehead was low, and watery gray eyes, a straight lumpy nose, and protruding lips appeared on his broad face, which had a brutal expression and no other.

He cleared his throat and spat across the table, close by his vis-à-vis, into the middle of the room.

The miller's son had had wine brought him, and his half-filled glass stood before him. He now turned away, and as if in heedlessness overturned it, so that the contents ran over the table.

"Again," cried the other threateningly.

"Maybe; if I want to tip my wine over, it's no business of anybody's, and if you're anxious about your pants, then get up and sit down somewhere else."

"Boy, you don't know who you're dealing with."

"Well, I guess you haven't eaten anybody yet."

"Know who I am?"

"And if you're Urban Leutenberger himself, you don't come next to the devil."

"Do you know me, since you speak my name?"

"Heard of you; I'm looking forward to a closer acquaintance."

"And who are you?"

"Son of the miller on the water-ditch in Langendorf."

"Oh yes, we hear you talked about too. Well, you're not making a bad start. I think you could manage it with a little less roughness, if you want to measure yourself with me."

"I can challenge you any way I like. You can be satisfied that I did you the honor just now of washing you with wine; that hasn't happened to you for quite a while, anyhow—I mean washing."

Leutenberger looked sullen. "You'd like to hear 'em laugh at your jokes, so I'd get hotter; but you needn't take the trouble, for not one will laugh at you. See the sneaky way they all sit around here, and I tell you, any of 'em would rather eat up his tumbler than let out a laugh at my expense."

Most of the guests were drinking brandy and had it standing before them in little tumblers.

"I don't know," continued Leutenberger, "whether you're in such a hurry as to want to go me on the spot; but I can see this, that you're young and might get talked into it in haste and heat. That's no good; tomorrow's another day, and we'll have a try at each other then."

"If you're afraid to try it today, that suits me all right."

"Be sensible. I can't get angry at you, for I've been thinking all the brave ones were dead: you're the first one that's come to have a try at me in a long time, and that makes me glad. I tell you, it's simply disgusting when you're at rest all the time, and when you do the attacking and only feel something wiggling in your fists, and don't even know whether it's going to hit back or not. Look here, you're going to be nicely laid out, you are, and you can depend on it, but I'm glad just the same." He caught at Florian's arm and tested it with a couple of clutches. — "Well, you can make a man some trouble, and if we had a serious quarrel on, we mightn't both come out of it with whole skins, but we won't give the lookers-on that satisfaction; it isn't necessary: strong is strong and stronger is stronger, and that always shows when you come to the test."

With that he stood up. "So enough for today. I've got another place to go," he said with half-shut eyes.

"To little Eva," giggled the hostess.

Leutenberger shot a surprised glance at her, as if to say, How do you dare speak when two like us are talking? but further than that he did not take the remark amiss, and went on, turning to the miller's son, "Tomorrow we'll try each other, and you'll find me here from early in the morning, unless" — he winked again — "you've got so little time that you'd have to get home again in a hurry tonight!"

He accompanied these words with a friendly hand-shake, that hurt all the way up the arm; but Florian returned it with just as honest intention, and had the satisfaction of having Leutenberger look at his hand in some surprise. Then he puckered up his face to laugh, and said, "You'll come all right. Good night all!"

He had scarcely gone, when Florian was called to from several tables, "You'll have a hard time."

The lad raised himself erect. "What is it to any one, what kind of a time I shall have? Who of you has a right to say a word here, anyway? Are you pitying me so as to make me afraid? You never dared to laugh at Urban when it was time to laugh, and you needn't think you can take any liberties with me now; quit that, or I'll show you one of my tricks right now; if I just get the notion that you're not sitting there prettily enough for me, I'll clear you all out, to the last one!"

He waited a little time, but as none of those present moved, perhaps in

fear of sitting down in a less comfortable state, he paid his bill and went out.

"He, he!" giggled the hostess, "both of 'em 'll have a hard time tomorrow."

"I don't grudge either of 'em all the blows there's room for on their backs," said a humpbacked, crippled day-laborer.

As Florian stepped out of the tavern, he saw Leutenberger going along the road that led out of the village. He resolved to follow him by way of pasture, and now he kept along behind him at some distance.

"That was foolish," he said, as after some time he looked about and saw the village lying far behind him. "He probably knows where he's going to stay, but I'll have to spend the night in the open field now." But as it also seemed bootless to turn around now, he continued on his way, keeping his eye on the man before him.

It was new moon, but it was a starry night; a few single clouds floated along and covered the burning lights in the sky in considerable patches here and there, but on the earth the brightness was constant. A high hill lay before the nocturnal wanderers, the forest upon which was indistinct; only single trees at the edges of the cuts and elevations stood out, the rest being an indistinguishable whole, so that it looked as if the rock were overgrown with gigantic fields of moss. On the other hand the bare, steep spots stood out almost as if they shone. Halfway up stood a little hut, probably not long since provided with fresh plaster, for it shone in the night as white as chalk.

Urban Leutenberger began to climb the mountain. Soon he must vanish in the shadow of the trees; Florian hastened to come nearer to him, and they were within shouting distance of each other, when the former stood still near the little house and drew breath. He had looked around a couple of times, and even stopped suddenly in his tracks, so that any one following might betray himself by his footsteps, but the latter was too much on his guard.

Now they stood there before the little house. A low fence in front of it enclosed a small garden, a little ploughed land, and a few forest trees; and was probably not intended to protect the scanty property, but merely bound it, so that the owners could overlook their possessions with a single glance, whether to comfort themselves with what was theirs, or to keep before their eyes how poor they were. Immediately behind the little firs that were fenced in with the house appeared a clearing.

In the little garden there was an arbor, thickly overgrown with beans and other climbers inextricably interwoven. This stood close up to the side wall of the house, without touching it; and one window of the single living room was under its leafy roof. Leutenberger had climbed over the fence and entered the arbor, and that gave Florian courage to climb over at another place and creep up quite near.

Urban knocked on the panes with rude fist.

"Jesus, Mary!" cried a woman within. "Who is it?"

"It's I, Urban. Didn't I say I'd come today? Here I am, let Eva come to the window."

"Eva isn't at home — we've sent her away — we've sent her to Bergdorf to see relatives."

"If that was true, then I'd go there and get my little sweetheart, and nobody'd want to stop me. You don't know Urban Leutenberger yet, when he gets anything into his head. But I know she's at home, the shepherd boy had to watch for me: she hasn't left the hut since she went in with her school-bag."

"She's sick."

"What is it? Open the window! I can't understand a word you say through the window. Hurry up, or I'll pull out window-frame and all for you."

The window was opened.

Within a masculine voice groaned heavily, "O holy Lord God in heaven above, is it just that I must lie on my back and listen to that!"

"I should think you could still feel how much good your standing up would do you," remarked the one outside roughly.

"Anton, I beg you to be quiet, just be quiet," said the woman in the room, and then she showed herself at the window. She was an old granny, that caught anxiously at the hand of the man at the window. "Urban's only going to frighten us, isn't that all?"

"I don't want anything of you, old woman, get out. Eva, come here." The coarse fellow called that with a soft voice, almost tenderly, but as he was not obeyed immediately, he said violently, "I advise you to come here, Eva!"

"Don't go," cried the voice within excitedly, "don't go, come, what will. There surely is some right to be found in the world still; surely a master will be found for that man too. We want to stay in peace. Grandmother, you shall go to the office of the mounted police tomorrow!"

"Let her go. You can have me locked up all right, but it won't be forever, and as soon as I get out my first journey will be here, and then I'll ravage here so no man will ever recognize what once stood on the spot."

"I'm not going," said old granny soothingly, "You know I'm not going there. I know you have a right to your respect, and that nobody has a right to interfere. You're strong, so awfully strong that lots of times you don't know what to do. Yes, yes, we don't know anybody who'd want to deny you anything, but why have you got a grudge against just us? We've never given you cause for it. See here, Leutenberger, there are others who've always wished you ill; go and do them harm, you must have more interest in that yourself."

"Shut your mouth," said Leutenberger. "I understand you all right, but I don't listen to flattery or sicking: for the last time, Eva, come here and I won't hurt you."

Something white showed at the window, and a delicate voice said defiantly, "What do you want? What can you want of me?"

But Leutenberger put out both arms and lifted the white thing, light as a feather, out of the window, and seated it beside him on the bench.

Florian saw with astonishment a child, a mere child, a girl of about thirteen years, with tear-stained eyes, barefoot, in shirt and underskirt. It was to be sure a pretty one, with full blond braids about her milk-white little face, out of which, strangely enough, deep black eyes shone.

"God help me, miserable woman that I am, not to lose faith in Him!" cried the old woman with quivering mouth. "You've pounded one grand-child until the blood came: now are you going to ruin the other one for me? Oh, you miserable flayer of men and destroyer of children, would that you might never see the sun rise again!"

"Scold your fill, old woman," laughed Urban, "then we can talk easier." He turned to the child. "What do I want of you, you say? What should I want? To hug you, because you are my little sweetheart."

"I don't want to be your sweetheart."

"Oho, why not just you? There are other little girls sitting beside you on the bench in school, in the last class, that have been kind to me: just ask them, they're proud that I've paid any attention to them, for you know, Eva, I'm the strongest in the land."

The little one laughed out spitefully. "To beat my brother Toni, not five years older than me, is that all the strongest in the land can do? Oh, if the boy was only full-grown!"

"If he hadn't interfered between us, he wouldn't have had any trouble; but that I know how to settle others too, you can see tomorrow: somebody came to the village today who wants to try me."

"Today?" asked the girl. "Then he's here now, he's here now!" She hugged herself for joy.

"Who? Do you know him?" asked Leutenberger astonished.

"Ever since you've been bothering me," said the child with a sharp voice, "I've prayed to God every day that he would send down a strong angel from heaven, that would beat you to pieces," the little fists clenched, "into little pieces. And now he's here."

"Well, it isn't exactly an angel," laughed Urban, "it's only a miller's son from Langendorf; and as for beating to pieces, I think I'll do that myself."

"Oh no!" cried the girl passionately.

"Oh yes. I'm going to lay him out for you so you'll enjoy looking at it yourself."

"You lay him out?" shrieked the little one beside herself. "Look, he'll do that and that to you!" and she swiftly struck Leutenberger a couple of times in the face with her clenched fists.

"Ho," he cried, "that's the way I like you, come along." He wrapped the girl's skirt about her feet, pressed her arms to his body, and carried her away like a babe in swaddling clothes.

The child cried out and wailed.

Suddenly Leutenberger felt himself seized by the arm, Florian stood before him and said, "Set the child down! Is that the kind of a criminal cur you are? Set the child down, I say!"

Leutenberger meant not to do that; but under the steadily increasing pressure he had to bend involuntarily, the child stood upon the ground, and Florian tore her free. Stammering with rage, he said, "Your unlucky star drove you along behind me."

"Oh, scare babies!" said Florian, and walked out to the little spot of meadow-land before the clearing in the fir-grove, keeping his eye on him.

Leutenberger followed him with rapid strides. "You'll get something to remember all your life for this," he said, and threw himself upon him.

The girl cowered against the house-wall, bare on this side, and looked at the two men with fearful eyes and folded hands.

The fight had been started without any agreement, and was conducted without any rules. In the first embitterment the two opponents were a perfect match for each other, but just that brought Leutenberger to his senses, and he warded off and waited; suddenly he saw his advantage, threw his opponent to the ground, sprang forward with lightning rapidity, like a wild beast, kicked him, threw himself upon him and struck him, and was just as quickly on his feet again, to kick him anew and strike all over him.

The little girl had run forward and ran about the maltreated lad on the ground, weeping and shrieking, and at a loss what to do.

Florian cried out with shame, rage, and bitter pain, and would have collapsed in a faint, had not one thought kept him conscious and endowed him with superhuman strength—the thought of avenging himself, cost what it would.—Yonder behind the clearing there must be precipitous ground: roll down there over gravel and sharp rocks with your arms around him, and at the other end he'll probably lie quietly beside you and give up boasting and brawling for a while.

He clasped his opponent, and with one rush they rolled to the last fir.

But Leutenberger had suddenly let go of him, and was clutching at the air with both hands. "Not there," he bellowed, "not there! The ground stops there!" He lay white as a ghost under Florian, and was holding a thin smooth root of the fir-tree, clasping it convulsively with both fists.

He spoke but too truly: not three spans separated them from an abyss. One incautious move and they would go down.

"Is that so?" said Florian, and although he was clenching his teeth with pain, yet a peculiar smile distorted his face. "Then it does go a little bit deeper than I thought. All the same to me. You kicked me shamefully just now, Leutenberger, as I never kicked a cat. Did you think I'd crawl around the world like a sick beast, and let you point your finger at me? No, you miserable hound, that you'll never see, nor the next sunrise either! Come along!"

One jerk, a wild cry of terror, the little root suddenly slid out of the clasp-
ing fists and sprang up — and out over the edge of the abyss shot two bodies.

The child uttered a piercing shriek and clapped her hands to her face,
and so she stood in shuddering, breathless expectation. Often when a stone
crumbled off the edge, she had been able to count slowly: one — two —
three —

A heavy thud resounded from the depths.

The child staggered and groped about her; she felt herself seized and
held: the grandmother was standing beside her speechless and trembling. She
had seen everything.

In silence they went to the hut.

Two great tears shone in little Eva's eyes. . . .

It was a short human life, broken off abruptly, a destroyed, corrupted ex-
istence, which lay there buried in the cool earth, mourned and lamented by
those who had witnessed its degeneration and passage; but now the earth was
covering it, and would soon cover up its memory too.

But out beyond the grave, in the freshness of youth as when he perished,
the handsomest, the strongest in the land — yes, he no doubt the strongest
in all the land — in misfortune still lord and master even in spite of death,
the noblest: so he lives on in the memory of little Eva. The children of the
young wife, the grandchildren of the old granny — they will have stories to
tell of the miller's son of Langendorf.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE was born at Röchen in the Prussian province of Saxony on October 15, 1844. He became insane in January 1889, and from then to the day of his death, August 25, 1900, he remained a hopeless mental invalid. His father and both of his grandfathers were clergymen.

Nietzsche received his early education in the schools of Naumburg. At fourteen he was given a scholarship in the famous Landesschule, Pforta, where he remained for six years. After studying philology and theology at the University of Bonn for six months, he went to Leipzig, where he studied philology for two years. He left the University for a brief period of voluntary military service which was terminated by a fall from his horse and a severe illness. In 1868 he was honored by an appointment to the Professorship of Classical Philology at the University of Basel, and Leipzig, in recognition of this distinction, conferred upon him the doctor's degree without further examination. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he obtained leave of absence to serve with the Prussian army as a hospital attendant. He contracted dysentery and his health became permanently undermined. In 1879 he was forced by his poor health to resign his professorship. The University gave him a pension which added to a small private income enabled him to live comfortably during the ten years preceding his final illness. Much of this last period of his active life was spent in Italy.

Despite Nietzsche's high position in academic circles, his books were not favorably received and he was obliged to publish many of them at his own expense. It was not until 1888 that Taine in Paris and Brandes in Copenhagen proclaimed to the learned world their belief in the greatness of his philosophy.

There was in Nietzsche's life much of loneliness and disappointment as well as ill-health. He was devoted to his sister Elizabeth, who nursed him during his last years and who has given us his biography, but her marriage displeased him and brought about an estrangement. His warm friendship with Wagner ended in a permanent quarrel.

His philosophy was for a long time received either with indifference, misunderstanding, or actual hostility. These causes combined with his invalidism to increase the harshness and bitterness of his attitude towards the accepted standards of society. It would, however, be a pious and foolish mistake to seek for the key of his teaching in the unhappy circumstances of his life and temperament or to view his doctrines as in any way a precursor of the in-

sanity with which his life ended, for the philosophy of Nietzsche, like all philosophy that is truly great, possesses an intrinsic significance which far transcends the biographical and social conditions under which it originated.

Nietzsche's principal works are as follows: 'The Birth of Tragedy' (1872); 'Thoughts Out of Season' (1873-6); 'Human, All-too-Human' (1878); 'Dawn of Day' (1881); 'The Joyful Wisdom' (1882); 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' (1883-4); 'Beyond Good and Evil' (1886); 'The Genealogy of Morals' (1887); 'The Twilight of the Idols' (1889); 'The Will to Power' (published posthumously in 1901).

There is an edition of Nietzsche's complete works in English by Oscar Levy. The standard biography is by his sister Frau Elizabeth Förster Nietzsche. It has been translated into English and is entitled 'The Lonely Nietzsche.'

An enormous number of books and articles have been written on Nietzsche and his philosophy. A brief but very illuminating exposition of his teaching is entitled 'Nietzsche, his Life and Works,' by Anthony M. Ludovici.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NIETZSCHE

Nietzsche's philosophy is, in the main, an elaborate, sustained, and passionate attack upon the two great ideals of the present day — the moral ideal of Christianity and the social ideal of democracy. This attempt to overthrow all accepted standards, or, in Nietzsche's own phrase, to "transvaluate all values," is, however, based more or less directly upon a general metaphysical theory of the nature of evolution and of the origin of human morality. Hence before treating of Nietzsche's more specific criticism of modern ethical ideals we must consider the broad foundation of his philosophical system.

I. THE WILL TO POWER AS THE MAINSPRING OF NATURE AND THE GROUND OF ALL VALUES

Our philosopher agrees on the whole with his great predecessor Schopenhauer, in holding that the driving force of all nature is identical with what in our own life we call "will." According to Schopenhauer, however, the world-will aimed at life and aimed also at contentment and peace. As life is essentially active and restless, it is incompatible with the ideal of peace, and therefore we must recognize the truth of "pessimism" which is the belief that life is evil and that a denial of life and of the will to live is the only way to attain the good.

Nietzsche starting from the same premises as Schopenhauer arrives at an opposite conclusion. The world-will is not merely a *will to live*, it is a *will to power*; and it is in power that it finds its good, and not at all in peace and contentment. Thus the same spectacle that makes of Schopenhauer a pessimist makes Nietzsche an optimist. The spectacle of life as a perpetual war fills

Schopenhauer with despair, because he loves peace. The same spectacle fills Nietzsche with courage and happiness, because he loves power rather than peace.

The Nietzschean theory of evolution as a progressive realization of the will to power, brings him into a certain conflict with the Darwinian conception of evolution as a struggle for existence. If life is a struggle for existence it will find its essence and goal in what Herbert Spencer described as the "adjustment of internal to external relations"; and the fitness, value, or success of a living organism will be measured by the extent to which it is adapted to its environment. But for Nietzsche the basic instinct of life is not self-preservation but self-aggrandizement, and the measure of value is not the extent to which life adapts itself to the environment, but the extent to which it conquers the environment and adapts it to its own needs. Had Nietzsche possessed a greater knowledge of natural science or had his main interest been directed to biological problems, he might have developed his theory that life is an aggressive rather than a defensive tendency into a vitalistic theory of evolution very similar to that set forth by the great French philosopher, Henri Bergson. As it was he used it only as a general basis for his theory of the nature and origin of moral values.

The genealogy of morals is explained by Nietzsche in terms of the will to power somewhat as follows: Power being the primary end of every life, whatever serves as a means to that end will possess value. "Good" is a eulogistic name by which any class of individuals denominates the instrumentalities and rules of conduct which favor its own interests. If a class were to appeal to all individuals to follow those rules which it frankly declared to be in its own interest, no one outside the class would feel any impulse to accede to the appeal. It is then of the highest importance that the selfish motive of class-interest which underlies all moral codes should be disguised. And the usual way of accomplishing the disguise is to use words like "goodness," "righteousness," "justice," which have a deceptive flavor of objective validity and universal obligation. In an analogous way and for analogous reasons it has proved expedient for any class seeking to achieve or to preserve power to use such words as "evil," "criminal," "unjust," "immoral" to denominate actions or ideas which are opposed to its own interest. When once we recognize the truth of the foregoing account of the genealogy of morals, we are forced to adopt a standpoint that is "beyond good and evil"; for inasmuch as the interests of different groups conflict with one another, there can be no such thing as an objective and universal good obligatory upon everyone to pursue. One man's meat is another man's poison and what is "morally good" from the standpoint of one class may be "morally evil" from the standpoint of another. There is no morality; there are only moralities.

Having discredited to his own satisfaction all moral codes and all uses of the terms "good" and "evil" as merely relative, and expressive only of the self-

interest of some individual or group of individuals, and thus brought himself to the lofty standpoint of "beyond good and evil," we find him suddenly indulging in such terms as "noble" and "base," "heroic" and "contemptible," "beautiful" and "ugly." And he uses these words to characterize rules of conduct and types of character which he regards as intrinsically worthy and unworthy respectively. He is a man of deeply moral nature and his moral preferences are far too profound and too passionate to permit him from mere self-consistency to retain an attitude of cynical indifference to the struggle of ideals. But he is naïve enough to suppose that by substituting esthetic names like "noble" and "beautiful" for the conventional ethical names "good" and "virtuous," he has got beyond the moral standpoint altogether. What he grandiosely describes as the "transvaluation of all values" is nothing more nor less than a defense of certain values which appear to Nietzsche as supremely and objectively righteous. But though our philosopher reveals himself as after all only a moralist, he is none the less a very original and important moralist. The main significance of his moral code can best be studied by contrasting it as he himself does with the current ideals of Christianity and democracy; but before entering upon that undertaking, there are two principles that serve Nietzsche as the metaphysical foundation of his ethics and which consequently should be mentioned in this introductory section of our exposition.

The first of these metaphysical principles is one that we have already spoken of in connection with the conception of ethical relativism. It expresses Nietzsche's conviction that Nature's Will to Power, which is the ground of all existence, as well as of all value, is a *pluralistic* will that manifests itself in conflicting tendencies, the realization of some of which would be incompatible with the realization of others. The life-need of the lion cannot be fulfilled save at the expense of the lamb. The needs of the higher men are often in outright opposition to those of the lower. Hence the greatest good cannot be a universal good. The attainment of the best must entail the frustration, or partial frustration, of certain aims which would otherwise be desirable and justifiable. This principle which generates Nietzsche's ethical relativism remains with him throughout and is largely responsible for some of the harsher features of his constructive teaching. Its measure of truth depends upon the meaning which is given to the ideal of "power," towards which all life must strive. If "power" is taken in the narrow or material sense of forcible dominance by one group over another group—then Nietzsche is right, and the attainment of life's ideal by a would be impossible. If, however, "power" is interpreted more broadly (and Nietzsche himself sometimes so interprets it) as the fulfilment of all one's capacities, an Aristotelian self-realization, there would be no necessary or permanent obstacle to its universal attainment.

The second basic principle of Nietzschean morality concerns the goal of the will to power, when conceived as a process of biological evolution. From

every past species has evolved a higher species. Man must realize this trend of the life-force and put himself in harmony with it. He should ever treat himself as a bridge or a transition between man and a being higher than man, a "beyond-man" or "superman" into which man may evolve. It is this superman which in Nietzsche's system takes the place of God as the supreme object of devotion. Our dealings with our fellow-men and our own self-fulfilment are to be ruled in the light of this "being that is yet to be." Most of the traditional religious values are associated with an attitude of looking backward in time and upward. In the Nietzschean substitute for religion they appear in a reversed perspective. The superman, whom we are to reverence, is our creature to whom we are to give being, not our creator, from whom we derive being. We are to look forward into the future for our inspiration, rather than backward into the past. In place of the semi-religious emotion of patriotism which is loyalty to our "fatherland" we must cultivate a new emotion for which there is as yet no name — a loyalty to our "children's-land." Marriage should possess a new significance; it should be treated as a eugenic sacrament, not to be entered into from motives of passion or friendship, but in the conviction that it may be the means of producing lives that are higher than ours, and that will then contribute to the evolution of the superman.

As Nietzsche's attack upon all morality developed into a new form of morals, so his attack upon religion develops into a new form of religious piety. He is fond of telling us that "God is dead," but descended as he is from long lines of parsons, he cannot be satisfied with any ordinary atheism. God's death leaves in his deeply religious nature an emotional void which must be filled by the futuristic apotheosis of our superhuman posterity. Nietzsche's 'Zarathustra' is the prophet of the superman, and underneath the gay and blustering aphorisms of the new prophet it is easy to detect the grim earnestness of old-time religion.

The very originality of this doctrine baffles the attempt to evaluate it. Always, in the past, theology has been preceded by religion. Religious ceremonies and their attendant emotions have attained to a considerable development before there has been felt any need for their attempted rationalization as theology. We are now asked to reverse the process. A new kind of theology, that of the superman, is presented to us and we are expected to develop an emotional reaction. We can hardly achieve it. Our religious pieties have been so steeped in retrospection that we cannot easily make them prospective and face the future with a worshipful attitude. The Nietzschean demand that we substitute the strange thought of a Divine Posterity for the familiar thought of a Divine Father appeals to us as empty and bizarre. No new technique of religious feeling for dealing with it has as yet been developed, though it may come in time. And as to the truth or falsity of the superman theory, science affords no more determinate answer. There is no evidence that human nature has undergone any intrinsic evolution during the period of recorded

history. Our progress has been cultural, not biological. We see more than our ancestors only because we can stand upon their shoulders and profit by their mistakes, not because we are ourselves higher or greater than they were. We may indulge a well-founded hope that this cultural progress will continue, and there is a possibility that it may be supplemented by a mutation of a more intrinsic or biological character. But that the degree of such future progress will be comparable to our past progress from the simian to the human, and so justify the expectation of a new race of supermen, has hardly anything to support it except the blind religious faith of Friedrich Nietzsche.

II. THE ANTI-CHRISTIANITY OF NIETZSCHE

The men of the present day, so far as their moral ideals are concerned, are divided by Nietzsche into three classes: (1) There are the orthodox Christians who believe both in the theology of the Church and in her ethical teachings. These are the simpler folk, numerous but unimportant. They have not even heard that God is dead, and hence their doctrine of life is consistent, though entirely false. They do not greatly matter. (2) There are the majority of educated people who have lost all the supernatural beliefs taught by the Church, but who inconsistently retain the whole system of Christian ideals. They flatter themselves with being "emancipated," "anti-clerical," "secularized," "humanitarian," but they are black Christians at heart for all their boasting and differ from the first class only in their possession of superficial culture. (3) There are those few who are really emancipated and disillusioned, who have discarded the morals as well as the theology of the Church, but who have found nothing positive to take the place of what they have lost. They alternate between a despairing attitude of universal denial, which is nihilism or pessimism, and the feverish pursuit of frivolous and more or less degenerate doctrinal fads.

As a cure for all this mental and moral sickness, Nietzsche proffers his new gospel of Zarathustra as Anti-Christ. He begins by laying bare the origin of those Christian ideals which, whether they are reluctantly retained or reluctantly abandoned, are in either case the main source of the confusion and distress of the modern age.

The multitude of moral codes, each one of which has arisen as a disguised expression of the self-interest of some individual or group of individuals, can in the main be reduced to two generically opposed types: master-morality and slave-morality. Master-morality expresses the interests and ideals of great and successful men, the leaders of the race. It is summed up in two principles: (1) It is a life-affirming doctrine. All that makes for the fulfilment of impulse, appetite, ambition, power, is good. (2) The power of the great man is incompatible with the power of lesser men, hence hardness, pride, sternness, pitilessness are also good.

Slave-morality, of which Christianity is the most perfect example, is in both respects the opposite of master-morality. It is (1) a life-denying doctrine. All that makes for the fulfilment of impulse, appetite, ambition, power, is evil. The obedient, the humble, the poor in spirit, the long-suffering, those who turn the other cheek when unjustly smitten and who fight only against their own appetites of hunger and sex, and their own desires for fame and wealth, are blessed. (2) The denial of one's self is associated with the services of others, hence love, gentleness, pity, devotion to all our fellows, and particularly to the weak and suffering, are also blessed. Christianity, in short, is life-denying and altruistic, while master-morality is life-affirming and egoistic.

To Nietzsche, the set of values embodied in the slave-morality of the Christians is the absolute inversion of the true or natural values embodied in master-morality, and the reason why these negative ideals have come to be generally accepted can only be understood by discovering the manner in which they originated, which is briefly as follows: The weak and unsuccessful man will make a virtue of necessity and imitate the fox in the fable of the sour grapes by eulogizing the irremediable conditions of his failure. What can't be cured can be praised as a good, and what men call good they will end by believing to be good. Moreover, slaves that enjoy their servitude and regard obedience and non-resistance as virtues will be pleasing in the eyes of their masters. For a slave to cringe is good, but to praise and enjoy cringing is still better. In Nietzsche's view, it is the Christian who says, "Evil be thou my good," and in the saying he pleases his Master, assures his own safety, and even gains an illusion of self-respect that is a very real though unearthly consolation. It was for this reason that the Christian inversion of moral values made such a tremendous appeal to the weak and down-trodden masses to whom it was preached. Every slave, however, has in him something of the master's nature, hence the inversion of values would, if taken all by itself, be a little too much of a *tour de force*. To meet this residual longing for real values, the Christian supplements his praise of earthly failure with a belief in another world, a paradise or heaven in which he will enjoy the kind of satisfaction that the unregenerate masters enjoy in this world. Thus the meek are blessed because of the intrinsic beauty of their meekness, and also because they will some day inherit the earth. It is small wonder that with this double appeal the Christian religion has carried all before it.

As for the second principle of Christianity, its ideal of service or love, it is explained by Nietzsche as a natural development of weakness. Weak individuals can only defend themselves by banding together into a herd, as do cattle when attacked by a lion. The sympathy and loyalty which Christians enjoin are the necessary manifestations of that spirit of co-operation which is essential to the success of any herd. Slave-morality is thus also herd-

morality. Great and strong natures are capable of standing alone and have neither the need nor the obligation of sympathy and co-operation.

Now, if this were the whole story, all would be well. Christianity is a fit and wholesome doctrine for the lower classes, for it keeps them contented and orderly. Unfortunately, however, the diseases of slaves are sometimes caught by their owners; and Christianity has proved diabolically contagious in that it has spread through all ranks of society, so that many of the masters and natural leaders of men have been poisoned by its sophistry, and become self-enslaved. This weakening of the masters combined with the undue increase in the numbers and cohesiveness of the herd threatens humanity with ruin. Great men and their positive ideals are in danger of being absorbed by the crowd of small men and negative ideals. It is to avert this danger to humanity and to the superhumanity that is to come that Nietzsche sends Zarathustra to preach the gospel of Anti-Christ. And Zarathustra is to preach not to all men (for that would be both dangerous and futile), but to the few great men, who are exhorted to rouse themselves from their slumbrous subserviency to the morals and conventions of the herd, and to cast aside Christian law and humanitarian sentiment whenever those ideals operate to restrain the affirmation and development of their will to power. The positive morality of a life-affirming egoism is thus to replace among the masters the negative or Christian morality of a life-denying altruism, which is fit only for the slave-like herd who constitute the majority of mankind.

We can but indicate the line of thought by which Nietzsche's grave and bitter arraignment of Christian ethics might be met. Of the two essentially Christian ideals, life-denial and altruism, the former deserves most of the condemnation which our philosopher pours out upon it. "Other-worldly" asceticism should have no place in the modern Occidental world, in which evolutionary progress here on earth is both an established fact and a living faith. The notion that self-abasement, poverty, and bodily misery are either good in themselves or good as preparation for a remote future life, while it has doubtless brought consolation to many downtrodden individuals, has, nevertheless, proved itself a reactionary force of the worst sort and a persistent obstacle to all forms of social progress. It has prevented the oppressed from protesting and has given moral sanction to the cruel indifference and complacency of the oppressors. The inverted ideal of repression and denial should be replaced by Zarathustra's call to a life of affirmation and fulfilment. Whatever makes for the furtherance of life and the attainment of desire is in so far good. The only excuse for denying any of the impulses of nature is that their fulfilment would result in the thwarting of stronger or more numerous impulses on the part of ourselves or others. Moral evil is only the preference of a lesser to a greater good.

With the second of the Christian principles, namely, the ideal of altruism or love, the case is the reverse. If life-fulfilment is good, it is irrational and

absurd to limit it to any one person or group, even if the person be one's self and the group be one's own class. The greatest, as well as the most accessible, form of self-realization consists in co-operating with others and helping wherever help is needed. To follow Nietzsche and banish Christian charity by limiting one's ideal of power or life-enhancement to a harsh and narrow dominance over others would not only be irrational, it would deprive the one thus acting of that broadest and most enduring form of happiness, which consists in sympathy with all and more especially with the weak whose need is most urgent. *The problem of modern ethics is to purge Christian altruism of its taint of asceticism, and to purge the life-affirming ideals of Nietzsche of their taint of cruelty and selfishness, and then combine the two ideals into a single system.*

III. THE ANTI-DEMOCRACY OF NIETZSCHE

Democracy is applied Christianity, and for that reason Nietzsche hates it. The Christians would exalt the humble and humiliate the powerful. The democrats would exalt the commonplace Demos and reduce to the dead level of mediocrity all men of superior strength and ability. Democracy may call itself anti-clerical and humanitarian and boast of its emancipation from theological superstition, but it retains, nevertheless, the essential error of the religion from which it sprang. Political democracy is the enthronement of herd-morality and herd-mentality in the realm of government. It is bad enough, but the economic democracy or socialism which is the goal of democratic evolution is far worse. For in socialism we have herd-morality supreme not only in government, but in property and industry, and hence in all domains of human affairs.

The strength of the Nietzschean criticism of democracy can be illustrated as follows: Imagine all the individuals of a community to be arranged in a series according to their abilities. Assume that the series runs from zero per cent at its lowest to 100 per cent at its highest. If such a community is democratically operated, each member will possess an equal share in directing its affairs and receiving its benefits, with the result that the efficiency of management will be exactly 50 per cent, or just one-half what it would be under the aristocratic plan in which the best members or those ranking 100 per cent in ability are the rulers. Why should we tolerate government by the average when we might have government by the best? In organizing any private enterprise we should, as a matter of course, secure our directors from the expert minority of ability. Why should we make a wasteful exception to the rule of reason in the great enterprise of political and economic government?

Nietzsche's theory of aristocracy differs in two respects from the traditional conception. (1) He does not identify his ideal aristocracy with any of the actually established aristocracies, not even that of his own country. He is not

a nationalist, and he would not base the claim to aristocratic privilege on the inheritance of wealth or title. Not the Junkers of Prussia but the best men of Europe should have the power to rule; and they would constitute an aristocracy *de jure* and not merely *de facto*. (2) The second point in which Nietzsche differs from the ordinary Tory is in the thoroughgoingness of his advocacy of aristocracy. The democratic slogan is "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people"; the traditional aristocrat replies: "Government of the people for the benefit of all, but conducted by the few." Nietzsche, however, would have government of the people, conducted by the few and for the benefit of the few. In other words, he has no patience with the Tory pretense of *noblesse oblige*, or the claim that an aristocracy is really in the interests of the majority. The herd will, to be sure, get certain incidental benefits from the rule of great men, just as cattle benefit from the shade of a great tree. But the tree exists for its own sake and not for the sake of the cattle, and analogously your true aristocrats will use and should use the power which they seize for their own welfare, rather than for the welfare of the people. For, to Nietzsche, true goodness or power is intensive rather than extensive and the real value of any group or race is measured by the greatness of its greatest members and not by the uniformly distributed greatness of its average. A community of groveling slaves which contained a single Napoleon or Shakespeare would be preferable to a community composed entirely of prosperous and fairly intelligent Philistines.

To what extent and in what manner can we answer Nietzsche's attack upon the ideals of democracy? I believe that we can answer it to the same extent and in the same manner that we answered his attack upon the ideals of Christianity. For Nietzsche is right in maintaining that democracy despite all of its secular formulations is nothing but Christianity applied to the field of government. In each case it is an affair of the dominance of herd-morality over master-morality. It will be remembered that we found the Christian ethics to be summed up in two ideals: (1) asceticism or a denial of one's own will to life; (2) altruism or love of other lives. While Nietzsche's anti-Christianity was similarly reducible to the two principles opposed to the above, namely, (1) the will to power, or the right and duty of affirming one's own life-impulses; (2) egoism or the disregard of other lives. We suggested that the conflict could be solved by a doctrine of life-affirming altruism, which would combine the second of the Christian principles with the first of those of Nietzsche. Now the democratic philosophy of government like Christianity itself can be shown to embody two main principles, one of which is false and subject to the objection brought against it by Nietzsche, while the other is true and capable of being harmonized with what is best in the Nietzschean ideals of aristocracy. These principles are as follows: (1) All men are equal in the sense that they have equal and uniform abilities. Whatever varies from the average should be crushed by the herd and made to conform. (2) All

men are equal in the sense that they merit equal opportunities to develop their various and unequal abilities. Freedom to vary from the average is a universal right and the chief source of progress; it should be encouraged by the herd rather than suppressed.

Against the first of these doctrines, Nietzsche's argument is unanswerable, but when we come to the second principle of democracy, in which the equality of all men is interpreted as equality of opportunity, the situation is reversed. The same moral sense which approves your own right to develop your capacities carries with it a recognition of the equal right of your neighbor to develop his capacities. The ground for giving the great man a chance to make himself great is also a ground for giving the little man a chance to make himself as great as he can. The right of each is the right of all; and as long as we are possessed of reason and a social sense we cannot regard the right to a fair start in the race for life as other than universal. Moreover, social expediency and efficiency reinforces individual justice. For the only way to discover the fastest runners is to allow all to run. So far from being opposed to aristocracy, democracy in the true sense is the least fallible method of finding the genuine aristocrats, and conferring power upon them. Only by an artificially imposed equality of opportunity can we disclose natural inequalities of merit.

If we were to follow Nietzsche in opposing this second principle of democracy, and deny the right to equality of opportunity, we should secure not the superior members of his *de jure* aristocracy but only such artificially and accidentally privileged persons as constitute the *de facto* aristocracies of the present day. And, finally, the same considerations that would dictate the choice of aristocrats by a democracy of equal rights would operate to prevent the aristocrats when once chosen from ruling exclusively in their own interest, as Nietzsche would have them, rather than in the interest of all. For the only way to retain either their power or their right to power would be to preserve the fair play for the many on which the discovery of the truly great must depend. In short, Nietzsche was wrong in believing that there is any necessary incompatibility between the intensive excellence and efficiency embodied in great leaders and the extensive excellence or justice embodied in the welfare and prosperity of the entire community. Those who ruled by force over an oppressed people could never be as great as those who owed their rise to victory in honorable competition. In general the fairest race produces as its winners the fastest runners.

Our analysis of Nietzsche's anti-democracy has led us to conclude that the half of his theory of aristocracy in which he emphasizes the importance of providing for the inequalities of men and for the freedom of the great from the tyranny of the majority is true, and that the form of democracy opposed to it is false; while the second half of his theory, in which he proclaims the

right of the few to tyrannize in their own interest over the many, we find to be false, and the opposing principle of democracy as equality of opportunity we find to be not only true in itself but actually implied as a corollary of what is justifiable in his own theory of aristocracy. In short, Nietzsche's aristocratic philosophy of politics can supplement our traditional theory of democracy in the same way and to the same extent that his life-affirming philosophy of morals can supplement our traditional theory of Christianity.

Nietzsche's work will endure, for its appeal is to the deepest instincts of human nature, both those of good and those of evil.

W. P. MONTAGUE

ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE

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WHEN Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed—and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spake thus unto it:

Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave: thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent.

But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow, and blessed thee for it.

Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches.

Therefore must I descend into the deep: as thou doest in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea, and givest light also to the nether-world, thou exuberant star!

Like thee must I *go down*, as men say, to whom I shall descend.

Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy!

Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss!

Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man.

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going. . . .

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which adjoineth the forest, he found many people assembled in the market-place; for it had been announced that a rope-dancer would give a performance. And Zarathustra spake thus unto the people:

I teach you the Superman. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?

What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman: a laughing-stock, a thing of shame.

Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

Even the wisest among you is only a disharmony and hybrid of plant and phantom. But do I bid you become phantoms or plants?

Lo, I teach you the Superman!

The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: The Superman *shall be* the meaning of the earth!

WAR AND WARRIORS

YE shall love peace as a means to new wars — and the short peace more than the long.

You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a fight, let your peace be a victory!

One can only be silent and sit peacefully when one hath arrow and bow; otherwise one prateth and quarreleth. Let your peace be a victory!

Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth even war? I say unto you: it is the good war which halloweth every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your sympathy, but your bravery hath hitherto saved the victims.

"What is good?" ye ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girls say: "To be good is what is pretty, and at the same time touching."

They call you heartless: but your heart is true, and I love the bashfulness of your goodwill. Ye are ashamed of your flow, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

Ye are ugly? Well, then, my brethren, take the sublime about you, the mantle of the ugly!

And when your soul becometh great, then doth it become haughty, and in your sublimity there is wickedness. I know you.

In wickedness the haughty man and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand one another. I know you.

Ye shall only have enemies to be hated, but not enemies to be despised. Ye must be proud of your enemies; then, the successes of your enemies are also your successes.

Resistance—that is the distinction of the slave. Let your distinction be obedience. Let your commanding itself be obeying!

To the good warrior soundeth “thou shalt” pleasanter than “I will.” And all that is dear unto you, ye shall first have it commanded unto you.

Let your love to life be love to your highest hope; and your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

Your highest thought, however, ye shall have it commanded unto you by me—and it is this: man is something that is to be surpassed.

So live your life of obedience and of war! What matter about long life! What warrior wisheth to be spared!

I spare you not, I love you from my very heart, my brethren in war! —

OLD AND YOUNG WOMEN

EVERYTHING in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman hath one solution—it is called child-bearing.

Man is for woman a means: the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man?

Two different things wanteth the true man: danger and diversion. Therefore wanteth he woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly.

Too sweet fruits—these the warrior liketh not. Therefore liketh he woman;—bitter is even the sweetest woman.

Better than man doth woman understand children, but man is more childish than woman.

In the true man there is a child hidden: it wanteth to play. Up then, ye women, and discover the child in man!

A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come.

Let the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope say: “May I bear the Superman!”

In your love let there be valor! With your love shall ye assail him who inspireth you with fear!

In your love be your honor! Little doth woman understand otherwise about honor. But let this be your honor: always to love more than ye are loved, and never be the second.

Let man fear woman when she loveth: then maketh she every sacrifice, and everything else she regardeth as worthless.

Let man fear woman when she hateth: for man in his innermost soul is merely evil; woman, however, is mean.

WILL TO POWER

ONLY where there is life, is there also will: not, however, Will to Life, but—so teach I thee—Will to Power!

Much is reckoned higher than life itself by the living one; but out of the very reckoning speaketh—the Will to Power!

Thus did Life once teach me: and thereby, ye wisest ones, do I solve you the riddle of your hearts.

Verily, I say unto you: good and evil which would be everlasting—it doth not exist! Of its own accord must it ever surpass itself anew.

With your values and formulæ of good and evil, ye exercise power, ye valuing ones: and that is your secret love, and the sparkling, trembling, and overflowing of your souls.

But a stronger power groweth out of your values, and a new surpassing: by it breaketh egg and egg-shell.

And he who hath to be a creator in good and evil—verily, he hath first to be a destroyer, and break values in pieces.

Thus doth the greatest evil pertain to the greatest good: that, however, is the creating good.—

Let us *speak* thereof, ye wisest ones, even though it be bad. To be silent is worse; all suppressed truths become poisonous.

And let everything break up which can break up by our truths! Many a house is still to be built!—

Thus spake Zarathustra. . . .

Whether they be servile before Gods and divine spurnings, or before men and stupid human opinions: at *all* kinds of slaves doth it spit, this blessed selfishness!

Bad: thus doth it call all that is spirit-broken, and sordidly-servile—constrained, blinking eyes, depressed hearts, and the false submissive style, which kisseth with broad cowardly lips.

And spurious wisdom: so doth it call all the wit that slaves, and hoary-

headed and weary ones affect; and especially all the cunning, spurious-witted, curious-witted foolishness of priests!

The spurious wise, however, all the priests, the world-weary, and those whose souls are of feminine and servile nature — oh, how hath their game all along abused selfishness!

And precisely *that* was to be virtue and was to be called virtue — to abuse selfishness! And “selfless” — so did they wish themselves with good reason all those world-weary cowards and cross-spiders!

But to all those cometh now the day, the change, the sword of judgment, *the great noontide*: then shall many things be revealed!

And he who proclaimeth the *ego* wholesome and holy, and selfishness blessed, verily, he, the prognosticator, speaketh also what he knoweth: “*Behold, it cometh, it is night, the great noontide!*” . . .

O my brethren! With whom lieth the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just? —

— As those who say and feel in their hearts: “We already know what is good and just, we possess it also; woe to those who still seek thereafter!”

And whatever harm the wicked may do, the harm of the good is the harmfulest harm!

And whatever harm the world-maligners may do, the harm of the good is the harmfulest harm!

O my brethren, into the hearts of the good and just looked some one once on a time, who said: “They are the Pharisees.” But people did not understand him.

The good and just themselves were not free to understand him; their spirit was imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably wise.

It is the truth, however, that the good *must* be Pharisees — they have no choice!

The good *must* crucify him who deviseth his own virtue! That *is* the truth!

The second one, however, who discovered their country — the country, heart and soil of the good and just — it was he who asked: “Whom do they hate most?”

The *creator* hate they most, him who breaketh the tables and old values, the breaker — him they call the law-breaker.

For the good — they *cannot* create; they are always the beginning of the end: —

— They crucify him who writeth new values on new tables, they sacrifice *unto themselves* the future — they crucify the whole human future!

The good — they have always been the beginning of the end. —

THE HIGHER MAN

WHEN I came unto men for the first time, then did I commit the anchorite folly, the great folly: I appeared on the market-place. And when I spake unto all, I spake unto none. In the evening, however, rope-dancers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself almost a corpse.

With the new morning, however, there came unto me a new truth: then did I learn to say: "Of what account to me are market-place and populace and populace-noise and long populace-cars!"

Ye higher men, learn *this* from me: On the market-place no one believeth in higher men. But if ye will speak there, very well! The populace, however, blinketh: "We are all equal."

"Ye higher men" — so blinketh the populace — "there are no higher men, we are all equal; man is man, before God — we are all equal!"

Before God! — Now, however, this God hath died. Before the populace, however, we will not be equal. Ye higher men, away from the market-place!

Before God! — Now however this God hath died! Ye higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he lay in the grave have ye again arisen. Now only cometh the great noontide, now only doth the higher man become — master!

Have ye understood this word, O my brethren? Ye are frightened: do your hearts turn giddy? Doth the abyss here yawn for you? Doth the hell-hound here yelp at you?

Well! Take heart! ye higher men! Now only travaileth the mountain of the human future. God hath died: now do *we* desire — the Superman to live.

The most careful ask today: "How is man to be maintained?" Zarathustra however asketh, as the first and only one: "How is man to be *surpassed*?"

The Superman, I have at heart; *that* is the first and only thing to me — and *not* man: not the neighbor, not the poorest, not the sorriest, not the best. —

O my brethren, what I can love in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going. And also in you there is much that maketh me love and hope.

In that ye have despised, ye higher men, that maketh me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

In that ye have despaired there is much to honor. For ye have not learned to submit yourselves, ye have not learned petty policy.

For today have the petty people become master: they all preach submission and humility and policy and diligence and consideration and the long *et cetera* of petty virtues.

Whatever is of the effeminate type, whatever originateth from the servile type, and especially the populace-mishmash: — *that* wisheth now to be master of all human destiny — O disgust! Disgust! Disgust!

That asketh and asketh and never tireth. "How is man to maintain himself best, longest, most pleasantly?" Thereby — are they the masters of today.

These masters of today — surpass them, O my brethren — these petty people: *they* are the Superman's greatest danger!

Surpass, ye higher men, the petty virtues, the petty policy, the sand-grain considerateness, the ant-hill trumpery, the pitiable comfortableness, the "happiness of the greatest number"! —

And rather despair than submit yourselves. And verily, I love you, because ye know not today how to live, ye higher men! For thus do ye live — best!

Do like unto the wind when it rusheth forth from its mountain-caves: unto its own piping will it dance; the seas tremble and leap under its footsteps.

That which giveth wings to asses, that which milketh the lionesses: — praised be that good, unruly spirit, which cometh like a hurricane unto all the present and unto all the populace —

— Which is hostile to thistle-heads and puzzle-heads, and to all withered leaves and weeds: — praised be this wild, good, free spirit of the storm, which danceth upon fens and afflictions, as upon meadows!

Which hateth the consumptive populace-dogs, and all the ill-constituted, sullen brood: — praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, which bloweth dust into the eyes of all the melanopic and melancholic!

Ye higher men, the worst thing in you is that ye have none of you learned to dance as ye ought to dance — to dance beyond yourselves! What doth it matter that ye have failed!

How many things are still possible! So *learn* to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, ye good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget the good laughter!

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: to you my brethren do I cast this crown! Laughing have I consecrated; ye higher men, *learn*, I pray you — to laugh!

HERMANN SUDERMANN

IN the last decade of the nineteenth century, Hermann Sudermann and Gerhart Hauptmann were the two leading figures in German literature, equally celebrated both in and out of Germany, and almost invariably named together as the future hope of German letters. Today no influential European critic would think of naming Sudermann and Hauptmann in the same breath; and indeed it may be that the very force of reaction, of disappointment at Sudermann's unfulfilled promise, has robbed him of the recognition which his merits unquestionably deserve.

Sudermann was born at Matzicken in East Prussia, in the great Baltic plain near the boundaries of Russia, on September 30, 1857; and the wide sweep of this level country is the scene which serves much of his best and most successful work as a background. His parents were poor, but he was enabled to study at Tilsit, Königsberg, and Berlin, and devoted some years to the further broadening of his knowledge and interests. He was only twenty-nine when the publication of 'Frau Sorge' [Dame Care] placed him in the front rank of German novelists. Carefully constructed and partly autobiographical, this somber study of a joyless life probably remains Sudermann's supreme accomplishment in fiction. (See below for sketch of the plot.) More powerful in theme, more pronouncedly dramatic in its climaxes, but already somewhat tainted with the sultry eroticism that marks much of his later work, 'Der Katzensteg' [The Cat Bridge], published in 1889, showed the power and fertility of his mind. Here the plot centers about a superbly drawn peasant girl, Regine, whose life is comprised in and consumed by one dog-like loyalty and love. Still more successful was the novel 'Es war' [It Was], which ran through fifteen editions in twelve months.

But Sudermann's talent was essentially dramaturgic, and he conquered the stage with startling and dramatic suddenness. His first play 'Ehre' [Honor] came out in 1890 and made him famous in a single season. It embodies the scheme which he used again and again in his social dramas: the leading figure comes back to the old home, and the dramatic conflict arises out of the incompatibility between the home-world and the world without. The utilization of this fruitful theme, the dramatic possibilities of which are almost infinite, was carried in 'Heimat' [Home] to its logical extreme, and in a form which rendered the specific *milieu* totally indifferent. Brilliantly managed in its stage-craft, with a leading rôle, Magda, that seems as if it had been written for a "star" actress, the play achieved an enormous international success: the most celebrated actresses played it in English, French, Italian, Russian.

The printed edition has sold by the thousands. The rights of the individual as against the confining traditions of Philistinism and conventional morality were set forth here in a form that any child could understand, and the bulk of the people applauded to the echo this heroine who put into words the secret rebellion of their hearts.

A wholly different group of plays succeeded the social dramas. Three one-act plays issued in one volume (1896) under the title 'Morituri' [In Face of Death] represented Sudermann in another mood: even in 'Ehre' he had preached the rights of truth as against convention; now he called to his aid the greatest foe of all empty sham, Death. Two of these plays rise to really tragic power: 'Teja' and 'Fritzchen' — the latter Sudermann's ripest and most flawless work — in each of which the hero sees, in face of death, the shallowness of "the worldly hope men set their hearts upon." Another and almost successful venture (1898) was 'Johannes' [John the Baptist], in which Sudermann bravely essayed the type of tragedy which Hebbel had handled with such notable skill and power. Failure though it was, it showed courage and energy, and once more contained a promise that was not to be fulfilled.

Unfulfilled promise — that is the phrase that constantly recurs to mind as one studies Sudermann's career. And with it goes another one: the Germans call it 'Effekthascherei' [effect-snatching]. Sudermann's fertility is inexhaustible, his sense of stage effect is almost infallible, and these two characteristics have ruined him as an artist. For ultimately he ceased to distinguish between an artistic effect and a banal one, and he has permitted so many cheap and trivial effects to clutter up his plays that hardly a single one of them all is destined to survive.

Nevertheless, he belongs to the picture of late nineteenth-century literature on more than one count. Not since Kotzebue (alas, he too destined to sink into deserved literary oblivion) had a German dramatist conquered the English-speaking world as Sudermann has done; and with all his faults, certain high merits may not be denied him. "Thus," writes Ludwig Lewisohn, "though a great deal has been made of the hollow artifice of 'Long Life to Life' (1902) and the touch of spiritual corruption — a very different thing from the most pitiless plain speaking — in 'The Flower Boat' (1905) and 'Fair Fame' (1912), very little attention has been paid to the elements of poetry and true passion in 'The Fires of St. John' (1900) — technically one of his most perfect plays — the kindly, human observation in 'Companions of the Storm' (1903), and the not ignoble imagination displayed in 'Children of the Strand' (1910)." Something good may also be said for his 'Song of Songs' (1909), a novel with which, after many years of abandonment of fiction, he once more achieved a sensational success. Mr. Lewisohn writes: "What Lilly seeks, what she strives for, is, after all, love and harmony and beauty. That her own ignorance deceives her, that she constantly accepts pinchbeck for

gold, is assuredly more the world's fault than her own. And the admirable and characteristically German ending is almost the best thing that Sudermann has ever done. Lilly throws the score of her father's beautiful composition into the river in token of the fact that the world has conquered and that she will strive and aspire no more. She marries her heavy Robert Dehnicke and sinks permanently to the level of her environment. She becomes respectable and loses her soul. That is her tragedy, and that conception of the supreme tragedy of a woman's soul may one day do not a little to rehabilitate the sincerity of Sudermann's mind and art."

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

FROM 'MAGDA' ['HEIMAT']

[Magdalene Schwartz refuses to marry the man her father approves, and is ordered out of his house. Twelve years later, a celebrated singer, she is invited to participate in a musical festival in her native town. The old "home" calls to her, but she has outgrown it, and her sinful past and her illegitimate child stand in the way of her return.]

ACT III

KELLER. First allow me to express to you my warmest and — most heartfelt congratulations. A more joyful surprise could not have been anticipated. — And as a token of my interest, allow me, my dearest friend, to present you with these modest flowers.

Magda. Ah, how thoughtful! [*Takes the flowers with a laugh, and throws them on the table.*]

Keller [*taken aback*]. Ah — I see with regret that you quite misunderstand this advance on my part. — Have I perhaps not been sufficiently delicate? And besides, in these narrow circles a meeting could not possibly have been avoided. It seems to me it is better, my dearest friend, to talk this matter out, to present to the world at large a — a —

Magda [*rising*]. You are right, my friend. — I was not at the height of my own nature just now. . . . If that mood had persisted in me, I might even have played the seduced and deserted Marguerite for you. . . . The morals of the home, it seems, crock a little. . . . But I have myself in hand again. Let us be good and shake hands. . . . Have no fear, I won't do anything to you. So — good and hard — so!

Keller. You make me happy.

Magda. I have pictured this meeting to myself in a thousand ways, and have been prepared for it for years. And I think I had a premonition when I

started homeward. . . . To be sure, that I should have the pleasure just here — tell me, how does it happen that after what has taken place between us you have crossed the threshold of this house? — — — That seems to me a little —

Keller. Oh, I tried to avoid it until recently. But since we belong to the same circles, and moreover since I am in sympathy with the views of this family — [*deprecatingly*] at least in principle —

Magda. Hm! I understand. Let's have a look at you,¹ my poor friend. So this is what you've come to!

Keller [*with an embarrassed smile*]. It seems I enjoy the advantage of cutting something like a comic figure in your eyes.

Magda. No, no. — Oh no. — Circumstances work out that way. Your resolve to maintain your official dignity in a situation so opposed to it — and then your being somewhat hampered by a bad conscience. I suppose you look down very exaltedly from the height of your purified conduct upon your sinful youth, for they call you a beacon, my friend.

Keller [*looking toward the door*]. Pardon me, I cannot yet accustom myself to the familiar "du" again. — And if we were heard — wouldn't it be better —

Magda [*with pain*]. Then they'll hear us.

Keller [*towards the door*]. For goodness sake! — O dear! [*Sitting down again.*] Oh, as I was going to say: If you had any idea with what veritable longing I look back from this pitiful hole and think of my youth and its days of genius.

Magda [*half aside*]. Much genius — yes — much genius.

Keller. I too felt myself called to higher things, I too had — I believed . . . Well, I will not belittle my position. . . . After all, I am Government Councilor, and at a rather early age. The average vanity might well sun itself in that thought. . . . But here you sit and sit — and this one is called into the ministry — and that one is called into the ministry. And this existence here! Conventionality and narrow-mindedness — everything gray upon gray. Yes, and the ladies here — for one who likes a little elegance . . . No, I assure you: what a shout went up in me when I read in this morning's paper that you were the famous singer, you, with whom such precious memories of mine are connected, and —

Magda. And so you wondered whether, with the aid of these precious memories, one could not venture to bring a little color again into one's gray existence?

Keller [*smiling*]. Ah — but I beseech you.

Madga. What of it — among old friends?

Keller. Honestly, now — are we really that?

Magda. Really! *Sans rancune*. — Why, if I were going to take the other

¹ From now on Magda addresses him with the familiar 'du,' whereas Keller retains the more formal 'Sie.'

standpoint, then I'd have to sing through the entire litany: liar, coward, betrayer! — But as I see things, I owe you nothing but thanks, my friend.

Keller [*pleased and dumfounded*]. That is a conception which —

Magda. Which is very convenient for you. But why shouldn't I make it convenient for you? In view of the way in which we met there, you had no obligations to me at all. I had broken with my home — was an innocent young thing, hot-blooded and unchaperoned, and lived as I saw the others live. I gave myself to you because I loved you. I might perhaps have loved any other man who crossed my path. . . . Apparently that is an unavoidable experience. And we were so happy, too — weren't we?

Keller. Ah, when I think of it! It does my heart good.

Magda. Aye, aye, in that old room — five flights up — we three girls lived there so gayly in our poor little poverty. Two borrowed pianos, and at night bread and dripping. . . . Emmy would heat it with her own hands on her oil-stove. —

Keller. And Katie with her vaudeville songs — good Lord! — What has become of them both?

Magda. *Chi lo sa?* [Who knows?] Perhaps they're giving singing lessons, perhaps they're on the stage. Aye, aye, we were a fine lot! And when the fun had lasted half a year, one day my lover vanished.

Keller. An unfortunate coincidence — I can swear to that. My father had taken sick. I had to leave. Why, I wrote you all that.

Magda. Hm! I'm not reproaching you. . . . And now I'll tell you why I owe you thanks. — I was a silly, unsuspecting young thing, and enjoyed my freedom like an escaped monkey. . . . But through you I became a woman. What I have attained to in my art, whatever my personality can achieve, all this I owe to you. . . . My soul was like . . . well, down here in the cellar there used to be an old Æolian harp which was allowed to rot away because my father could not endure it. Like an Æolian harp in the cellar, that was my soul. . . . And through you it became exposed to the gale. — And the gale played on it until it was ready to burst. . . . The entire range of sensations without which we women cannot become full human beings. — Love and hate and thirst for revenge and ambition [*springing up*] and want, want, want — want thrice over — and the highest, the fieriest, the holiest of all — mother-love — I owe to you.

Keller. Wha — what do you say?

Magda. Yes, my friend, you asked after Emmy and Katie, but not after your child.

Keller [*rising and looking fearfully about*]. My child?

Magda. Your child? Who said that? Yours! Ha ha ha! Only dare to lay claim to it. I would murder you with my own hands. Who are you? You are a strange gentleman who took his desires out for a walk and then passed on with a smile. . . . But I have my child, my sunshine, my God, my all — for

which I lived and starved and wandered the streets, for which I sang and danced in cabarets — for my child was crying for bread. [*She bursts into convulsive laughter which turns into weeping, and throws herself upon a seat at the right.*]

Keller [*after a silence*]. You see me deeply moved. . . . If I could have dreamed. Yes, if I could have dreamed. Why, I will do anything, I shrink from no kind of satisfaction. But now I beseech you: calm yourself . . . it is known that I am here . . . if we were to be seen, I should be [*correcting himself*] — you would be lost.

Magda. Have no fear — I shall not compromise you.

Keller. Oh, it is no question of me. Not at all. But just consider if it should get out — what would the town and your father —

Magda. The poor old man! Come what may, his peace is destroyed.

Keller. Consider: the more brilliant your present state, the more completely you will ruin yourself.

Magda [*impulsively*]. And if I will to ruin myself? If I —

Keller. For God's sake — do listen! Somebody's coming.

Magda [*springing up*]. Let them come! Let them *all* come! I don't care. I don't care at all! I'll tell them to their faces what I think of you and your society and your whole civilian morality. . . . Why should I be worse than all of you, so that I can only prolong my existence among you by a lie? Why should this gold tinsel on my body and the glamour that surrounds my name intensify my disgrace? Have I not worked for them early and late these ten years past? [*Pulling at her waist.*] Have I not woven this dress with the sleep of my nights? Have I not built up my existence tone by tone, as a thousand others of my stamp build it with so many thrusts of the needle? Why should I blush before any one? I am I — and through myself I have become what I am.

Keller. All right! Stand there so proudly, if you will, but then at least have some consideration —

Magda. For whom? [*Keller is silent.*] For whom? . . . the beacon? Ha ha ha, the beacon is afraid of getting put out. Be at rest, my boy, I cherish no thought of vengeance. But when I look at you in all your cowardly glory — incapable of taking upon yourself even the tiniest consequence of your actions, and then at myself, turned into a Pariah through your love and cast out of every decent community — Ugh! I'm ashamed of you! — Faugh!

Keller. There! — For God's sake! Your father! If he sees you in this state!

Magda [*tormented with pain*]. My father! [*Escapes through the door of the dining-room, putting her handkerchief to her face.*]

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

FROM 'DAME CARE'

[Paul Meyhofer, the youngest son of a good-for-nothing father and a noble but meek-spirited mother, assumes from childhood the task of keeping the family from dissolution. The burden on him is so great that he can have neither joy nor love, only care and toil. Love is ready for him in the heart of his boyhood playmate, Elsbeth Douglas, but he has no time to accept it. To save his father from committing a crime, he sets fire to his property and is charged with arson. The following scene from the trial gives his own summary of his life.]

THE TRIAL

THE lawyer for the defense had ended. A murmur went through the wide court of the assizes, the galleries of which were crammed with spectators.

If the accused did not spoil the effect of the brilliant speech by an imprudent word, he was saved.

The rebuttal of the state's attorney died away unheeded.

And now the eye-glasses and opera-glasses began to click. All eyes turned to the pale, simply clad man who was sitting in the same dock where, eight years ago, the malignant servant had sat.

The president asked whether the accused had anything more to add, to strengthen the proof of his innocence.

"Silence! silence!" was murmured through the court.

But Paul rose and spoke — first low and hesitatingly, then with growing assurance from moment to moment:

"I am heartily sorry that the trouble my defender has taken to save me should have been useless; but I am not as innocent of the deed as he represents."

The judges looked at each other. "What is this? — He is going to speak against himself!"

"He said fear had made me nearly unconscious, and I had acted in a kind of madness which at that moment rendered me irresponsible. — But that is not the case."

"He is cutting his own throat!" said the listeners.

"I have all my life been shy and oppressed, and have felt as if I could look nobody in the face, though I had nothing to conceal; but if this time I behave in a cowardly manner, I believe I should be less able to do so than ever — and this time I should have good reason enough for it. — My defender has also represented my former life as a pattern of all virtues. — But this was not so, either. — I lacked dignity and self-possession, — I relinquished too much as

regards both other people and myself. — And that has always rankled in my mind, though I was never clear about it. — Too much has weighed upon me to enable me ever to breathe freely as a man must, if he is not to grow dull and stunted.

"This deed has made me free, and has given me that which I lacked so long; — it has been a great happiness to me: and should I be so ungrateful as to deny it today? No; I will not do that. You may imprison me as long as you like. I shall bide my time and begin a new life. And so I must say: I set fire to my belongings in full consciousness; I was never more in my senses than at the moment when I poured the petroleum over my sheaves; and if today I were to be in the same situation, God knows I should do the same again. — Why should I not? What I destroyed was the work of my own hands; I had created it in long years of hard toil, and could do with it what I liked. I know well that the law is of a different opinion, and I shall calmly do my time for it. But who else suffered injury except myself? My brothers and sisters were well provided for, and my father" — he stopped a moment, and his voice shook as he continued — "well, would it not have been better if my old father had passed the last years of his life in peace and quiet with one of his daughters than where I am now going?

"Fate would not have it so. A stroke killed him; and my brothers say that I was his murderer. — But my brothers have no right whatever to judge of that: they know neither me nor my father. All their lives they have been concerned with themselves only, and let *me* alone care for father and mother and sisters and house and farm; and I was only good enough when they wanted something. — They turn away from me today; but they can never be more estranged from me in the future than they have already become.

"My sisters" — he turned towards the witness-box, where Greta and Kate sat crying with covered faces, and his voice grew softer as if from suppressed tears — "my sisters won't have anything to do with me any more, but I gladly forgive them: they are women, and molded of more delicate clay; also, there are two men standing behind them who find it very easy to be indignant at my monstrous deed. They have all abandoned me now — no, not all" — a bright look crossed his face — "but that is not pertinent here. But one thing I will say, even though I be considered a murderer: I do not regret that my father died through my deed; I loved him more when I killed him than if I had let him live. He was old and weak, and what awaited him was shame and dishonor; he lived such a quiet life, and would have sickened and died so miserably. Surely it was better death should come to him like lightning, that kills people in the middle of their happiness. That is my opinion. I have settled it with my conscience, and have no need to render account to any one but to God and to myself. Now you may condemn me."

"Bravo!" cried a thundering voice from the witness-box.

It was Douglas.

His gigantic figure stood erect, his eyes sparkled beneath his bushy brows; and when the president called him to order, he sat down defiantly and said to his neighbor, "I can be proud of him — eh?"

FREED FROM DAME CARE

From 'Dame Care.' Copyright 1891, by Harper & Brothers

TWO years later, on a bright morning in June, the red-painted gate of the prison opened and let out a prisoner, who with a laugh on his face was blinking his eyes in the bright sun, as if trying to learn to bear the light again. — He swung in a circle the bundle which he carried, and looked carelessly to the right and the left, like one who is not decided which direction to follow, but for whom, on the whole, it is unimportant whither he strays. —

As his gaze passed the front of the prison building, he saw a carriage standing there which must have been known to him; for he started and seemed to be reflecting. Then he turned to the coachman, who in his tasseled fur cap nodded haughtily from the box.

"Is anybody from Helenenthal here?" he asked.

"Yes: master and the young lady. They have come to fetch Mr. Meyhofer."

And directly after a voice cried from the steps: —

"Hey, holloa! there he is already — look Elsbeth, there he is!"

Paul jumped up the steps, and the two men embraced each other.

Then the heavy folding-doors were opened softly and timidly, and let out a slender female figure clad in black, who, with a melancholy smile, leaned against the wall and quietly waited until the men should release each other.

"There you have him, Elsbeth!" shouted the old man.

Hand in hand they stood facing each other, and looked in one another's eyes; then she leaned her head on his breast and whispered, "Thank God that I am with you again!"

"And in order that you may have each other all to yourself, children," said the old man, "you two shall drive home; and I will meanwhile drink a bottle of claret to the health of my successor. I am in luck, for I retire from business this day."

"Mr. Douglas!" exclaimed Paul, terrified.

"*Father* is my name — understand? Send for me towards evening. You are now master at home. So long."

With that he stamped down the steps. . . .

"Come," said Paul gently, with downcast eyes. Elsbeth followed him with

a shy smile; for now that they were alone, neither dared to approach the other.

And then they drove silently out on to the sunny, flowery heath. — Wild pinks, bluebells, and ground-ivy wove themselves into a many-colored carpet; and the white meadow-sweet lifted its waving blossoms, as if snow-flakes had been strewn on the flowers. The leaves of the weeping willow rustled softly, and like a net of sparkling ribbons the little streams flowed along beneath their branches. — The warm air trembled, and yellow butterflies fluttered up and down in couples.

Paul leaned back in the cushions, and gazed with half-shut eyes at this profusion of charming sights.

"Are you happy?" asked Elsbeth, leaning towards him.

"I don't know," he answered: "I feel weighed down."

She smiled: she understood him.

"See, there is our home!" she said, pointing to the "white house," which rose gleaming in the distance. — He pressed her hand, but his voice failed him.

At the edge of the wood the carriage had to stop. — Both got out and proceeded on foot. Then he saw that she carried under her arm a little white parcel which he had not seen before.

"What is that?" he asked.

"You will soon see," she answered, while a serious smile crossed her face.

"A surprise?"

"A remembrance."

.

When they approached the opposite edge of the wood, he said, pointing to two trees which stood twenty steps away from the road:

"Here is the place where I found you lying in your hammock."

"Yes," she said: "it was there also that I found out for the first time that I should never be able to do without you."

"And there is the juniper-tree," he continued, when they stepped out into the fields, "where we —" and then he suddenly cried aloud, and stretched out both his hands into space.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed anxiously, looking up at him. He had turned deathly pale, and his lips quivered.

"What?"

"It is gone," he stammered. "The — the — my — my own."

Where once the buildings of the Haidehof rose, there now stretched a level plain; only a few trees spread out their feeble branches.

He could not accustom himself to this sight, and covered his face with his hands, while he shivered feverishly.

"Do not be sad," she pleaded. "Papa would not have it rebuilt before you could make your own arrangements."

"Let us go there," he said.

"Please, please not," she replied: "there is nothing to be seen except a few heaps of ruins — at another time when you are not so excited."

"But where shall I sleep?"

"In the same room in which you were born — I have had it arranged for you, and your mother's furniture put in. Can you still say now that you have lost your home?"

He pressed her hand gratefully; but she pointed to the juniper-bush, which had struck him before.

"Let us go there," she said; "lay your head on the mole-hill and whistle something. Do you remember?"

"I should think so!"

"How long ago is it?"

"Seventeen years."

"O heavens, and I have loved you all that time, and in the mean time have become an old maid! — And I waited for you from year to year! But you would not see it. 'He must come at last,' I thought; but you did not come. — And then I got discouraged, and thought, 'You cannot force yourself upon him; for all you know he does not want you at all. You must get clear about it.' . . . And to put an end to all my longings, I accepted my cousin, who for the last ten years had been dangling after me. He had made me laugh so often, and I thought he would — but enough of this —" and she shuddered. "Come, lie down — whistle."

He shook his head, and pointed with his hand silently across the heath, where, on the horizon, three lonely fir-trees stretched their rough arms towards the sky.

"Thither," he said. "I cannot rest ere I have been there."

"You are right," she replied; and hand in hand they walked through the blooming heather, over which the wild bees were swarming, sleepily humming.

When they entered the cemetery the clock at the "white house" was striking noon. Twelve times it sounded in short, sharp strokes; a soft echo quivered in the air, and then all was quiet again: only the humming and singing continued. —

His mother's grave was overgrown with ivy and wild myrtle, and at its head rose the radiant blossom of a goldenrod. — Between the leaves rust-colored ants were creeping, and a lizard rustled down into the green depths.

Silently they both stood there, and Paul trembled. Neither dared to interrupt the solemn stillness.

"Where have they buried my father?" Paul asked at last.

"Your sisters took the body over to Lotkeim," answered Elsbeth.

"That is as well," he replied. "She was lonely all her life: let her be so in death too. But tomorrow we will also go over to him."

"Will you go and see your sisters?"

He shook his head sadly. — Then they relapsed into silence. He leaned his head on his hands and cried.

"Do not cry," she said: "each one of you has a home now." And then she took the little parcel that she held under her arm, unfastened the white paper of the cover, and there appeared an old manuscript book with torn cover and faded leaves.

"See," she cried, "she sends you this — her greeting."

"Where did you get it from?" he asked surprised, for he had recognized his mother's handwriting.

"It lay in an old chest of drawers which was saved from the fire, squeezed between the drawers and the back. It seems to have been lying there ever since her death."

Then they sat down together on the grave, laid the book between them on their knees, and began to study it. Now he remembered that Katie, at the time when he surprised her with her lover, had spoken of a song-book which had belonged to their mother; but he had never had the heart to ask about it, because he did not want to bring to life again the painful remembrance of that hour.

All sorts of old songs were in it, copied out in a flowing hand; others were half scratched out and corrected. The latter she seemed to have reproduced from memory, or perhaps composed herself. . . .

And directly after stood written, in big letters, this title —

THE FAIRY TALE OF DAME CARE

There was once a mother to whom the good God had given a son; but she was so poor and so lonely that she had nobody who could stand godmother to him. And she sighed, and said, "Where shall I get a godmother from?"

Then one evening at dusk there came a woman to her house who was dressed in gray and had a gray shawl over her head. She said, "I will be your son's godmother, and I will see to it that he grows up a good man, and does not let you starve; but you must give me his soul."

Then his mother trembled, and said, "Who are you?"

"I am Dame Care," answered the gray woman; and the mother wept; but as she suffered much from hunger, she gave the woman her son's soul, and she was his godmother.

And her son grew up and worked hard to procure her bread. But as he had no soul, he had no joy and no youth; and often he looked at his mother with reproachful eyes, as if he would ask:

"Mother, where is my soul?"

Then the mother grew sad, and went out to find him a soul.

She asked the stars in the sky, "Will you give me a soul?" But they said, "He is too lowly for that."

And she asked the flowers on the heath: they said, "He is too ugly."

And she asked the birds in the trees: they said, "He is too sad."

And she asked the high trees: they said, "He is too humble."

And she asked the clever serpents; but they said, "He is too stupid."

Then she went away weeping. And in the wood she met a young and beautiful princess surrounded by a great court.

And because she saw the mother weeping, she descended from her horse, and took her to the castle, which was all built of gold and precious stones.

There she asked, "Tell me why you weep." And the mother told the princess of her grief, that she could not procure her son a soul, nor joy and youth.

Then said the princess, "I cannot see anybody weep: I will tell you something — I will give him my soul."

Then the mother fell down before her and kissed her hands.

"But," said the princess, "I will not do it for nothing: he must ask me for it." Then the mother went with her to her son; but Dame Care had wrapped her gray veil about his head, so that he was blind and could not see the princess.

And the mother pleaded, "Dear Dame Care, set him free."

But Care smiled — and whoever saw her smile could not but weep — and she said, "He must free himself."

"How can he do that?" asked the mother.

"He must sacrifice to me all that he loves," said Dame Care. —

Then the mother grieved very much, and laid her down and died. — But the princess waits for her suitor to this very day. . . .

"Mother, mother!" he cried; and sank down on the grave.

"Come," said Elsbeth, struggling with her tears, as she laid her hand on his shoulder; "let mother be — she is at peace. And as for us, she shall not harm us any more — your wicked Dame Care!"

Translation of Bertha Overbeck, revised by Bayard Quincy Morgan

GERHART HAUPTMANN

HAUPTMANN was born in the Silesian village of Obersalzbrunn in 1862. His father was an inn-keeper in modest circumstances, his grandfather had been a waiter and earlier a weaver. Through his mother's family he is connected with the pietistic country-folk of his native province. Thus, and the point is of importance, Hauptmann springs directly from the common people whom he understands and whom he has so constantly portrayed. His scholastic career was brief and irregular, his attempts at the plastic arts with which he began were half-hearted. After some travel in the south of Europe, where his vision was more alive to the miseries of social man than to the memorable things of nature or of art, he settled in Berlin. His life there for some years was tentative and vague. He read Zola, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, seeking some form in which to express the dominant impulse of his nature: his compassion for the life of the disinherited of the social order. That form, the drama of consistent naturalism, came to him in the later eighties, and he immediately became fully and magnificently articulate. He has since often written in forms and moods that are apparently nearer the traditional. But only apparently, for his plays in verse, no less than his most sternly realistic plays in prose, proceed from a radically new method of envisioning life in dramatic form.

Any understanding of Hauptmann must begin with an understanding of this method. He has been called undramatic, ignoble, dull. He is none of these things. He has simply, from his own observation and under the influence of the indisputable facts of individual and social psychology, broken with the secular tradition that the drama ought to represent the struggle of opposing wills, and that, on the assumption of an inherent freedom of choice, an evil or mistaken or inadequate volition must be brought to punishment. Both his knowledge and his compassionate insight have taught him, on the contrary, that the tragedy of human fate lies, in the majority of cases, in the throttling of the will, in the inability of any pure volition to get itself translated into action, in the intolerable weight upon the individual will of evil inheritance, of tribal inhibitions, of social pressure and social injustice. Thus Hauptmann becomes the tragic proclaimer not of the evil will but of the frustrated will, not of man sinning deliberately, but of man aspiring vainly. As fervently as Nietzsche, though in a very different spirit, Hauptmann would first of all wish men to be such men as *can* will. That they cannot is their tragedy, which is, then, a tragedy caused not by "tragic guilt" but by "tragic fatality."

A moment's reflection will show that this new way of grasping the eternal

human problem which is the stuff of the drama involves a new dramatic technique. For the traditional technique of the drama was based upon the requirement that there must be increasing conflict, that will must come to grapple with will, or duty and inclination within the same will. In the drama of Hauptmann one must at once substitute for the term conflict the other and in reality far more pregnant term, crisis. His plays are all crises toward the culmination of which went not only, nor indeed primarily, the volitions of men, but all those strange and obscure and complex forces which do, as a matter of fact, rule our lives. The center of the tremendous problem of life is shifted. Not what men do is all-important, but the things that make them what they are. Thus the tragedy of 'The Weavers' lies in the fact that social injustice has made these men incapable of liberating themselves; and in 'Michael Kramer' that that great soul's gifted son cannot conquer the weakness and the division of his own nature; and in 'The Sunken Bell' that Heinrich has not the power and hardihood to harmonize the ideal and the real in his own life. His tragedy is not that he does not: it is that he cannot. These plays are made to grow with the unobtrusive but pitiless progression of life itself: all artifice, all undue heightening, all pointing of the conflict is austere avoided. There is action, of course, for men express themselves through action as well as through speech. But Hauptmann would hold it to be a literally vulgar error that the action must be "interesting" or, in the traditional, pseudo-idealistic sense, noble. For all action, the humbler as truly as the more resounding, illustrates the far deeper and far more vital problem of being.

The twenty-four plays which Hauptmann wrote between 1889 and 1914 may quite obviously be divided into two major groups: the naturalistic and the neo-romantic. Or, more exactly, those in which he has faithfully and closely illustrated the life of contemporary society and those in which he has sought to interpret legendary or historical material which is the ancient and common possession of the Western mind. Among the first group the indisputable masterpieces are: 'The Weavers' (1892), 'The Beaver Coat' (1893), 'Drayman Henschel' (1898), 'Michael Kramer' (1900), and 'Rose Bernd' (1903); among the second group 'Schluck and Jau' (1899), 'Henry of Auë' (1902), 'Charlemagne's Hostage' (1908), and 'The Bow of Odysseus' (1914). Apart from both groups stands 'The Sunken Bell' (1896), the most intimate, the most famous, and perhaps the most deeply poetical of his works, into which he poured the aspirations and perplexities of his own soul both as a man and as an artist.

Each of these two groups of plays possesses its high and characteristic merit. That of the first is the creation of character; that of the second is the interpretation of character. The naturalistic method of dramaturgy in the first group, the sensitively exact rendition of human speech, the vision of man unclouded and undistorted by any anterior moral prejudice enabled Hauptmann to create characters of extraordinary vividness and truth. The projection of these

characters is complete: they are not, as is so often the case, exaggerated aspects of a single creative mind, but independent, free, original, human. To say that these characters are Shakespearean in their vitality is, in a sense, to do them less than justice. For Shakespeare has given even to his very clowns a portion of his own divine energy of speech and of his passion and humor. Hauptmann has let his men and women speak wholly for themselves. The great outburst of Luise in 'The Weavers,' the terrible eloquence of Rose Bernd's repentance — these are no golden tirades which the poet lends souls essentially dumb. They are the authentic speech of these humble but impassioned women wrung from them at the great crises of their lives. You hear the very words, the vibrant quiver of the very voices. It is not literature: it is life — it is Wordsworth's theory of the nature of the art of letters completely realized in another age and land and tongue. Thus might Henry Fielding have written and thus have made men speak had he lived in a more sensitive, more complex, and more tragic age.

In the second group of Hauptmann's plays the interpretation of character passes insensibly into the interpretation or, at least, the definite facing of certain universal problems. Thus in 'Schluck and Jau' he writes a new and exquisite version of the old subject of life a dream; in 'And Pippa Dances' (1906), he deals with ideal beauty so passionately pursued by many men in many ways; in 'Henry of Auë' and in 'Charlemagne's Hostage' he addresses himself to the basic problem of evil in its two aspects of natural and moral evil. The princely leper in the first of the two plays despairs of the world and of God in blind and bitter rebellion. His healing comes to him when he is reunited in love and trust to the universe. Hauptmann's treatment of the problem of moral evil is embodied in the girl Gersuind in the second of the two plays with less breadth and power but with far more subtlety. The old Emperor Karl through passion and anger and renunciation comes to see that the judgment of man must fall silent before the sin which is also beauty and whose strange question can be answered only in the courts of God.

She stands today before her heavenly Judge!
 What will he say, oh, what oppose unto
 The proud and searching silence of her lips? . . .
 Was she a flake of the infernal fire?
 Then think, my lords, of seas of equal fire!
 No wonder then that with a singèd heart
 The happy spirits to destruction crowd!

Noble and notable as these dramas are, there is no doubt, on the other hand, that Hauptmann now and for some time to come will make his deepest appeal through those plays in which, with an unexampled veracity and objectivity, he has treated the two crucial concerns of his own age — social justice and the

relation of the sexes. And the peculiar virtue of Hauptmann's dealing with these matters lies in the fact that he is never polemic, like Shaw, and that he never, like Hervieu and Galsworthy, builds his action in an acutely expository, almost in a didactic form. He gives us the concrete facts: he knows that the concrete is the eternally significant and he lets that suffice.

But Hauptmann's overshadowing position among the dramatists of his time is due, after all, to the fact that he possesses both types of imaginative power: the one either constructs an ideal world upon the basis of the real or interprets the real by the great symbols of poetry and legend. The other type of imaginative power achieves a vision of the totality of life and character from such meager hints as even the widest and most penetrating observation can afford. By his possession of the idealistic imagination Hauptmann is akin to the Shelley of 'The Cenci,' to Kleist and Grillparzer and Hebbel. By his possession of the realistic imagination he stands almost alone among dramatists and must seek his equals among the masters of the objective in another medium. For his men and women have a breathing fullness of life which Ibsen's people never attain and which we shall find only in Fielding and Flaubert at their best.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE — One late success of Hauptmann's should be registered. In earlier days he had essayed the novel, without conspicuous success; it remained for him to achieve distinction in the *Novelle*, that typically German genre. The *Novelle* is not a long short story nor a short novel, but a distinct species, which in length and make-up bears some resemblance to the drama in which Hauptmann had always been at home. Hauptmann's 'Phantom' (1923), to which we do scant justice if we call it the autobiography of a criminal, and 'The Heretic of Soana' (1924) — a prose-poem in honor of Eros — are both brilliant examples of the *Novelle*, the latter being regarded by many critics as the most flawless creation of his pen.

THE WEAVERS' REVOLT

From 'The Weavers.' Translated by Mary Morison in Professor Lewisohn's edition of Hauptmann. Copyright by B. W. Huebsch.

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SURGEON SCHMIDT [*a jerky little ball of a man, with a red, knowing face, comes into the entry-room*]. Good morning, all! These are fine goings on! Take care! take care! [*Threatening with his finger.*] You're a sly lot. [*At Hilse's door without coming in.*] Morning, father Hilse.

[*To a woman in the outer room.*] And how are the pains, mother? Better, eh? Well, well. And how's all with you, father Hilse? [*Enters.*] What the deuce is the matter with mother?

Luise. It's the eye veins, doctor — they've dried up, so as she can't see at all now.

Surgeon Schmidt. That's from the dust and weaving by candle-light. Now, tell me, can you make head or tail of this? All Peterswaldau's on the way here. I set off on my rounds this morning as usual, thinking no harm; not for a minute. But I hear the strangest things. What in the devil's name has taken possession of them, Hilse? They're like a pack of raging wolves. Riot — why, it's revolution! They're getting refractory — plundering and laying waste . . . Mielchen! where's Mielchen? [*Mielchen, her face red with crying, is pushed in by her mother.*] Here, Mielchen, put your hand into my coat pocket. [*Mielchen does so.*] The ginger-bread nuts are for you. Here, here, not all at once. You baggage! And a song first! Naughty fox, a . . . come, now . . . Naughty fox, a . . . goose . . . Mind, I've heard what you did: You called the sparrows on the churchyard hedge a nasty name, and they've gone and told the pastor. Did any one ever hear the like? Fifteen hundred of them agog — men, women, and children. [*Distant bells are heard.*] Listen: That's at Reichenbach — alarm-bells! Fifteen hundred people! Like the world coming to an end! Uncanny!

Old Hilse. An' is it true that they're on their way to Bielau?

Surgeon Schmidt. Of course. I drove through 'em. Through the middle of the whole crowd. I'd have liked to get down and give each of them a pill there and then. They were following on each other's heels like misery itself, and their singing was enough to turn a man's stomach. Frederick was shaking on the box like an old woman. We had to take a stiff glass of bitters right afterwards. I wouldn't be a manufacturer, not if I could drive on rubber wheels. [*Distant singing.*] Listen to that! It's for all the world as if they were beating at some broken old boiler. We'll have them here in five minutes, friends. Good-by! Don't you be foolish. The troops will be upon them in no time. Keep your wits about you. The Peterswaldau people have lost theirs. [*Bells ring close at hand.*] Good gracious! There are our bells ringing too! Everyone's going mad. [*He goes upstairs.*]

Gottlieb [*comes back. In the entry-room, out of breath.*]. I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em! [*To a woman.*] They're here, auntie, they're here! [*At the door.*] They're here, father, they're here! They've got bean-poles, an' ox-goads, an' axes. They're standing outside the upper Dittrich's kickin' up an awful row, I think he's payin' 'em money. O Lord! whatever's goin' to happen? I won't look. What a crowd! Oh, you never saw such a crowd! Dash it all — if once they make a rush, our manufacturers'll be hard put to it.

Old Hilse. What have you been runnin' like that for? You'll go racin' till

you bring on your old trouble, and then we'll have you on your back again, strugglin' for breath.

Gottlieb [almost joyously excited]. I had to run, or they would ha' caught me an' kept me. They was all roarin' to me to join 'em. Godfather Baumert was there too, and says he to me: You come an' get your sixpence with the rest — you're a poor starvin' weaver too. An' I was to tell you, father, from him, that you was to come an' help to pay out the manufacturers for their grindin' of us down. [*Passionately.*] Other times is comin', he says. There's goin' to be a change of days for us weavers. An' we're all to come an' help to bring it about. We're to have our half-pound o' meat on Sundays, and now and again on a holiday sausage with our cabbage. Yes, things is to be quite different, by what he tells me.

Old Hilse [with repressed indignation]. An' that man calls hisself your godfather! and he bids you take part in such works o' wickedness? Have nothing to do with them, Gottlieb. They've let themselves be tempted by Satan, an' it's his works they're doin'.

Luise [no longer able to restrain her passionate excitement, vehemently]. Yes, Gottlieb, get into the chimney corner, an' take a spoon in your hand, an' a dish o' skim milk on your knee, an' put on a petticoat an' say your prayers, and then father'll be pleased with you. And *he* sets up to be a man! [*Laughter from people in the entry-room.*]

Old Hilse [quivering with suppressed rage]. An' you set up to be a good wife, eh? now I'll tell you what for. You call yourself a mother, an' let your evil tongue run away with you like that? You think yourself fit to teach your girl, you that would egg on your husband to crime an' wickedness?

Luise [has lost all control of herself]. You an' your piety an' religion — they never fed a one of my children. In rags an' dirt they lay, all the four — it didn't as much as keep 'em dry. Yes! I set up to be a mother, that's what I do — an' if you'd like to know it, that's why I'd send all the manufacturers to hell — because I'm a mother! — could we keep a baby alive? It was cryin' more than breathin' with me from the time each poor little thing came into the world till death took pity on it. The devil a bit you cared! You sat there prayin' and singin', and I ran about till my feet bled, tryin' to get one little drop o' skim milk. How many hundred nights has I racked my head to think what I could do to cheat the churchyard of my little one? What harm has a baby like that done that it must come to such a miserable end — eh? An' over there at Dittrich's they're bathed in wine an' washed in milk. No! you may talk as you like, but if they begins here, ten horses won't hold me back. An' what's more — if there's a rush on Dittrich's, you'll see me in the forefront of it — an' pity the man as tries to prevent me — I've stood it long enough, so now you know it.

Old Hilse. You're a lost soul — there's no help for you.

Luise [frenzied]. It's you that there's no help for! Tatter-breeched scare-

crows — that's what you are — an' not men at all. Whey-faced gutter-scrapers that take to your heels at the sound of a child's rattle. Fellows that says "Thank you" to the man as gives you a hidin'. They've not left that much blood in you as that you can turn red in the face. You should have the whip taken to you, an' a little pluck flogged into your rotten bones.

[*She goes out quickly. Embarrassed pause.*]

Mother Hilse. What's the matter with Liesl, father?

Old Hilse. Nothin', mother! What should be the matter with her?

Mother Hilse. Father, is it only me that's thinkin' it, or is the bells ringin'?

Old Hilse. It'll be a funeral, mother.

Mother Hilse. An' I've got to sit waitin' here yet. Why must I be so long a-dyin', father?

[*Pause.*]

Old Hilse [*leaves his work, holds himself up straight; solemnly*]. Gottlieb! — you heard all your wife said to us. Look here, Gottlieb! [*He bares his breast.*] Here there was a thing as big as a thimble. And the King knows where I lost my arm. It wasn't the mice as ate it off. [*He walks up and down.*] Before that wife of yours was ever thought of, I had spilled my blood by the quart for King an' country. So let her rant all she likes, suits me. I don't care a rap. — Frightened? Me frightened? What would I be frightened of, will you tell me that? Of the few soldiers, maybe, that'll be comin' after the rioters? Good gracious me! That would be a lot to be frightened at! No, no, lad; I may be a bit weak in the back, but there's some strength left in the old bones; I've got the stuff in me yet to make a stand against a few rubbishin' bay'nets. — An' if it came to the worst! Willin', willin' would I be to say good-by to this weary world. Death'd be welcome — welcomer to me today than tomorrow. For what is it we leave behind? That old bundle of aches an' pains we call our body, the care an' the oppression we call by the name o' life. We may be glad to get away from it. — But there's something to come after, Gottlieb! — an' if we've done ourselves out o' that too — why, then it's *all* over with us!

Gottlieb. Who knows what's to come after? Nobody's seen it.

Old Hilse. Gottlieb! don't you be throwin' doubts on the one comfort us poor people have. Why has I sat here an' worked my treadle like a slave this forty year an' more? — sat still an' looked on at him over yonder livin' in pride an' wastefulness and makin' money out o' my hunger and distress — why? Because I have a hope, something as supports me in all my troubles. [*Points out at the window.*] You have your good things in this world — I'll have mine in the next. That's been my thought. An' I'm that certain of it — I'd let myself be torn to pieces. Have we not His promise? There's a Day of Judgment

comin'; but it's not us as are the judges — no: Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

[*A cry of "Weavers, come out!" is heard outside the window.*]

Old Hilse. Do what you will, for all o' me. [*He seats himself at his loom.*] You'll have to leave me in here.

Gottlieb [*after a short struggle*]. I'm going to work too — come what may. [*Goes out.*]

[*The Weavers' Song is heard, sung by hundreds of voices quite close at hand; it sounds like a dull, monotonous wail.*]

THE DEATH AND AWAKENING OF HANNELE

From 'Hannele'

[Little Hannele Mattern, the starved and ill-used stepdaughter of a brutal workman, has been so cruelly treated by her father that the child has tried to drown herself. Rescued by the young village schoolmaster, her only friend among the villagers (a kind of allegorical type of Christ), she is brought to the squalid almshouse to die. The child lies in a darkened room, watched by a Sister of Mercy. Terrible visions of her past suffering occur, and the early part of the drama largely represents what is passing in her tired and confused brain. Presently an angel enters the death chamber and soothes the child, giving her a "flower from heaven" — a flower which none save herself can see — and other kind spirits cheer her. After they have gone the little sufferer is left in happy surprise and expectancy.]

[*Everything is as it was before the appearance of the Angels. The Sister of Mercy is seated beside the bed in which Hannele is lying. She relights the candle, and Hannele opens her eyes. Her inward vision seems still to be present to her. Her features still wear an expression of heavenly rapture. As soon as she recognizes the Sister she begins to speak with joyful eagerness.*]

HANNELE. Sister! angels! — Sister Martha! angels! Do you know who was here?

Sister. H'm! are you awake again already?

Hannele. Just guess! do! [*Unable to contain herself.*] Angels! angels! real angels! angels from heaven, Sister Martha! Angels, you know, with long wings.

Sister. Well then, if you've had such beautiful dreams —

Hannele. There now! She says I dreamt it! But look at what I've got here;

just look at it! [*She makes a motion, as though she held a flower in her hand and were showing it to the Sister.*]

Sister. What is it?

Hannele. Just look at it.

Sister. H'm!

Hannele. Here it is; look at it!

Sister. Aha!

Hannele. Just smell it.

Sister [*pretending to smell a flower*]. H'm — lovely!

Hannele. Not so close to it! You'll break the stalk.

Sister. Oh, I'm very sorry. What sort of flower is it?

Hannele. Why, don't you know? The key-of-heaven.

Sister. Is it really?

Hannele. Why, surely you're — do bring the light — quick, quick!

Sister [*holding up the candle*]. Ah yes, now I see it.

Hannele. Isn't it lovely?

Sister. But you're talking a great deal too much. We must keep quiet now, or the doctor will scold us. And here he has sent you your medicine. We must take it, as he bids us.

Hannele. O Sister, you're far too much troubled about me! You don't know what has happened. Do you? do you? — do tell me, if you know. Who gave me this? Well — the little golden key? Who? say! What is the little golden key meant to open? Well?

Sister. You'll tell me all about it tomorrow morning. Then, after a good night's rest, you'll be strong and well. . . .

Hannele. But I am well. [*She sits up and puts her feet to the ground.*] You see, Sister, I'm quite, quite well!

Sister. Why, Hannele! No, don't do that, you really mustn't.

Hannele [*rising and pushing the Sister away, takes a few steps forward.*] You must let me. You must — let me. I must — go. [*She starts in terror and gazes fixedly at a certain point.*] O heavenly Saviour!

[*A black-robed and black-winged Angel becomes visible. He is tall, strong, and beautiful, and bears a long serpentine sword, the hilt of which is draped in black gauze. Grave and silent, he sits beside the stove and gazes at Hannele calmly and immovably. A white dream-like light fills the room.*]

Hannele. Who are you? [*No answer.*] Are you an angel? [*No answer.*] Is it to me you come? [*No answer.*] I am Hannele Mattern. Is it to me you come? [*No answer.*]

[*Sister Martha has stood by, with folded hands, devoutly and humbly. Now she moves slowly out of the room.*]

Hannele. Has God taken the gift of speech from your tongue? [*No answer.*] Are you from God? [*No answer.*] Are you a friend to me? Do you come as an enemy? [*No answer.*] Have you a sword in the folds of your dress? [*No answer.*] B-r-r-r! I am cold. Piercing frost spreads from your wings; cold breathes around you. [*No answer.*] Who are you? [*No answer.*] *A sudden horror overcomes her. She turns with a scream as though some one stood behind her.*] Mother! little mother!

[*A Figure in the dress of the Sister of Mercy, but younger and more beautiful, with long white pinions, comes in.*]

Hannele [*shrinking close up to the Figure and seizing her hand*]. Mother! little mother! there is some one here.

Sister. Where?

Hannele. There, there!

Sister. Why are you trembling so?

Hannele. I'm frightened!

Sister. Fear nothing; I am with you.

Hannele. My teeth are chattering with terror. I can't help it. He makes me shudder!

Sister. Do not be frightened; he is your friend.

Hannele. Who is he, mother?

Sister. Do you not know him?

Hannele. Who is he?

Sister. Death.

Hannele. Death! [*She looks for a while at the black Angel in awe-stricken silence.*] Must it be, then?

Sister. It is the entrance, *Hannele*.

Hannele. Must every one pass through the entrance?

Sister. Every one.

Hannele. Will you grasp me hard, Death? — He is silent. He makes no answer, mother, to anything I say.

Sister. The words of God are loud within you.

Hannele. I have often longed for you from the depths of my heart; but now I am afraid.

Sister. Make yourself ready.

Hannele. To die?

Sister. Yes.

Hannele [*after a pause, timidly*]. Must I lie in the coffin in these rags and tatters?

Sister. God will clothe you.

[*She produces a small silver bell and rings it. Immediately there appears, moving noiselessly — as do all the succeeding apparitions — a little hump-*

backed Village Tailor, carrying over his arm a bridal gown, veil, and wreath, and in his hands a pair of crystal slippers. He has a comical, rocking gait. He bows in silence to the Angel, then to the Sister, and last and lowest to Hannele.]

The Tailor [with a profusion of bows]. Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern [*he clears his throat*], his Serene Highness your most gracious Father has condescended to order your bridal dress of me.

Sister [takes the gown from the Tailor and begins to dress Hannele]. Come, I will put it on for you.

Hannele [in joyful excitement]. Oh, how it rustles!

Sister. White silk, Hannele.

Hannele [looking down in rapture at the gown]. Won't people be astonished to see me so beautifully dressed in my coffin?

Tailor. Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern [*clears his throat*], the whole village is talking of nothing but [*clears his throat*] what good fortune death is bringing you, Mistress Hanna [*clears his throat*]. His Serene Highness [*clears his throat*] your most gracious Father [*clears his throat*] has been to the Overseer.

Sister [placing the wreath of Hannele's head]. Now bend thy head, thou bride of heaven.

Hannele [quivering with childish joy]. Do you know, Sister Martha, I'm looking forward so to death. [*All of a sudden she looks dubiously at the Sister.*] It is you, isn't it?

Sister. Yes.

Hannele. You are really Sister Martha? Oh, no! you are my mother!

Sister. Yes.

Hannele. Are you both?

Sister. The children of heaven are as one in God.

Tailor. If I might be permitted, Princess Hannele! [*Kneeling before her with the slippers.*] These are the tiniest little slippers in the land. They have all too large feet — Hedwig, and Agnes, and Lisa, and Martha, and Minna, and Anna, and Kate, and Greta. [*He has put the slippers on her feet.*] They fit, they fit! The bride is found; Mistress Hannele has the smallest feet. — If you have any further orders — Your servant, your servant! [*Goes off, bowing profusely.*]

Hannele. I can scarcely bear to wait, little mother.

Sister. Now you need not take any more medicine.

Hannele. No.

Sister. Now you'll soon be as fresh and sound as a mountain trout, Hannele! Come now, and lay you down on your death-bed.

[She takes Hannele's hand and leads her gently to the bed, on which Hannele lies down.]

Hannele. At last I shall know what it is to die.

Sister. Yes, you will, Hannele.

Hannele [*lying on her back with her hands as if they were holding a flower*]. I have a pledge.

Sister. Press it close to your breast.

Hannele [*with a renewal of dread, looking shrinkingly towards the Angel*]. Must it be, then?

Sister. It must.

[*From the far distance are heard the strains of a funeral march.*]

Hannele [*listening*]. Now they're playing for the burial — Master Seyfried and the musicians. [*The Angel rises.*] Now he stands up. [*The storm without has increased. The Angel moves slowly and solemnly towards Hannele.*] Now he is coming to me. O Sister! mother! I can't see you! Where are you? [*To the Angel, imploringly.*] Quick, quick, you dumb black spirit! [*As though groaning under an insupportable weight.*] It is crushing me — crushing me — like a — like a stone. [*The Angel slowly raises his great sword.*] He's going to — going to — destroy me utterly. [*In an agony of terror.*] Help! help, Sister!

Sister [*interposing with dignity between the Angel and Hannele, and laying both her hands in an attitude of protection upon Hannele's heart, speaking loftily, solemnly, and with authority*]. He dare not! I lay my consecrated hands upon thy heart!

[*The Black Angel disappears. Silence. The Sister folds her hands and looks down upon Hannele with a gentle smile: then she becomes absorbed in thought, and moves her lips in silent prayer. The strains of the funeral march have in the meantime continued without interruption. A sound as of many cautiously pattering feet is heard. Presently the figure of the schoolmaster Gottwald appears in the middle doorway. The funeral march ceases. Gottwald is dressed in black as though for a funeral, and carries in his hand a bunch of beautiful lilies of the valley. He has reverently taken off his hat, and while still on the threshold turns to those who follow him, with a gesture commanding silence. Behind him appear his School-children — boys and girls in their best clothes. In obedience to his gesture they stop their whispering and remain quite silent. They do not venture to cross the threshold. With solemn mien Gottwald now approaches the Sister, who is still praying.*]

Gottwald [*in a low voice*]. Good day, Sister Martha!

Sister. Mr. Gottwald, God's greeting to you!

Gottwald [*looking at Hannele, shakes his head sadly and pityingly*]. Poor little thing!

Sister. Why are you so sad, Mr. Gottwald?

Gottwald. Because she is dead.

Sister. We will not grieve for that; she has found peace, and for her sake I am glad.

Gottwald [*sighing*]. Yes, it is well with her. Now she is free from all trouble and sorrow.

Sister [*sunk in contemplation*]. How beautiful she looks.

Gottwald. Yes, beautiful. Now that you are dead, you bloom forth in all your loveliness!

Sister. God has made her so beautiful because she had faith in him.

Gottwald. Yes, she had faith and she was good. [*He heaves a deep sigh, opens his hymn-book and looks sadly into it.*]

Sister [*also looking into the hymn-book*]. We must not mourn. We must be still and patient.

Gottwald. Ah, my heart is heavy.

Sister. Because she is set free?

Gottwald. Because my two flowers are withered.

Sister. What flowers?

Gottwald. Two violets here in my book. They are the dead eyes of my dear Hannele.

Sister. In God's heaven they will bloom again far more sweetly!

Gottwald. O God! how much longer will our pilgrimage last through this vale of darkness and of tears? [*With a sudden change, briskly and busily, producing sheets of music.*] What do you think? I thought we might begin, here in the house, by singing the hymn 'Jesus, oh, I trust in thee.'

Sister. Yes, that is a beautiful hymn; and Hannele Mattern's heart was full of faith.

Gottwald. And then out in the churchyard we will sing 'Set me free.' [*He turns, goes to the school-children, and says:*] Number 62, 'Set me free.' [*He intones softly, beating time:*]

"Set me free, oh, set me free,
That I may Jesus see."

[*The children have joined in softly.*] Children, are you all warmly dressed? It will be very cold out in the churchyard. Come in for a moment. Look at poor little Hannele once more. [*The children crowd in and range themselves solemnly round the bed.*] Just see how beautiful Death has made the dear little girl! She was huddled in rags; now she wears silken raiment. She ran about barefoot; now she has crystal slippers on her feet. Soon she will dwell in a golden palace and eat roast meat every day. — Here she lived on cold potatoes, and often she had not enough of them. Here you always called her the beggar princess; now she will soon be a real princess. So if any of you have any-

thing that you want to beg her pardon for, do it now, or she will tell the dear God all about it, and then it will go ill with you.

A Little Boy [stepping forward]. Dear Princess Hannele, don't be angry with me, and don't tell the dear God that I always called you the beggar princess.

All the Children [in a confused murmur]. We are all so very, very sorry!

Gottwald. There! Now poor Hannele will surely forgive you. Now go into the other room and wait for me there.

Sister. Come, I'll take you into the back room, and there I'll tell you what you must do if you want to become beautiful angels, as beautiful as Hannele will soon be. [*She leads the way; the children follow her; the door is closed.*]

Gottwald [now alone with Hannele. He lays the flowers at her feet, with emotion]. Hannele dear, here I've brought you another bunch of beautiful lilies of the valley. [*Kneeling by her bed with trembling voice.*] Don't quite, quite forget me in your glory! [*He sobs, with his face buried in the folds of her dress.*] It breaks my heart to part from you.

[*Voices are heard; Gottwald rises and covers Hannele with a sheet. Two old women, dressed for a funeral, with handkerchiefs and gilt-edged hymn-books in their hands, enter softly.*]

First Woman [looking around]. I suppose we're the first.

Second Woman. No, the schoolmaster is here already. Good day, Mr. Gottwald.

Gottwald. Good day.

First Woman. Ah, this'll be a sore trouble to you, Mr. Gottwald! She was such a good pupil to you; always industrious, always busy.

Second Woman. Is it true what people are saying? Surely it can't be true: they say she took her own life.

A Third Woman [who has entered]. That would be a sin against the Holy Spirit.

Second Woman. A sin against the Holy Ghost.

Third Woman. And the pastor says such a sin can never be forgiven.

Gottwald. Have you forgotten what the Saviour said? — "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

A Fourth Woman [who has entered]. O good people, good people, what weather! It's enough to freeze the feet off you! I only hope the pastor won't be too long about it. The snow is lying a yard deep in the churchyard.

A Fifth Woman [entering]. The pastor is not going to bury her, good people! He's going to refuse her consecrated ground.

Pleschke [also appearing]. Have you heard? have you heard? A grand gentleman has been to see the pastor — has been to see the pastor — and has told him — yes, told him that Hannla Mattern is a blessed saint.

Hanke [*entering hastily*]. Do you know what they are bringing? a crystal coffin!

Several Voices. A crystal coffin! — A crystal coffin!

Hanke. O Lord! It must have cost a pretty penny!

Several Voices. A crystal coffin! — A crystal coffin!

Seidel [*who has appeared*]. We're going to see fine things, that we are! An angel has passed right through the village, as tall as a poplar-tree, if you'll believe me. And two others are sitting by the smithy pond; but they're small, like little children. The girl was more like a beggar-girl.

Several Voices. The girl is more like a beggar-girl. — They're bringing a crystal coffin. — An angel has passed through the village.

[*Four white-robed Youths carry in a crystal coffin, which they set down near Hannele's bed. The mourners whisper, full of curiosity and astonishment.*]

Gottwald [*raising the sheet a little from Hannele's face*]. Look at the dead child too.

First Woman [*peering curiously under the sheet*]. Why, her hair is like gold.

Gottwald [*drawing the cloth right away from Hannele, who is illumined with a pale light*]. And she has silken garments and crystal slippers. [*All shrink back as though dazzled, with exclamations of the utmost surprise.*]

Several Voices. Ah, how beautiful she is! — Who can it be? — Little Hannla Mattern? — Hannla Mattern? — I don't believe it!

Pleschke. The girl — the girl — is a — a saint.

[*The four youths with tender care lay Hannele in the crystal coffin.*]

Hanke. They say she isn't to be buried at all.

First Woman. Her coffin is to be set up in the church.

Second Woman. I believe the girl isn't really dead. She looks as alive as ever she can be.

Pleschke. Just give me — just give me — a down feather. We'll try — we'll try — holding a down feather to her mouth — yes, and we'll see — and we'll see if she's still — if she's still breathing — we will. [*They give him a down feather and he holds it to Hannele's mouth.*] It doesn't stir. The girl is dead! She hasn't a breath of life in her!

Third Woman. I'll give her my bunch of rosemary. [*She lays it in the coffin.*]

Fourth Woman. She can take my bit of lavender with her too.

Fifth Woman. But where is Mattern?

First Woman. Yes, where is Mattern?

Second Woman. Oh, he! he's sitting over there in the ale-house.

First Woman. Most like he doesn't know a word of what has happened.

Second Woman. So long as he has his dram. He knows nothing about it.

Pleschke. Haven't you—haven't you told him then—told him—that there's death—in his house?

Third Woman. He might know that without any telling.

Fourth Woman. I don't say anything, Heaven forbid! But every one knows who has killed the girl.

Seidel. You're right there! The whole village, as you might say, knows that. There's a lump on her as big as my fist.

Fifth Woman. No grass grows where that fellow sets his feet.

Seidel. We changed her clothes, and I saw it as plain as I see you. She has a lump on her as big as my fist. And that's what killed her.

First Woman. It's Mattern has her on his conscience, and no one else.

All [speaking all at once and vehemently, but in a whisper]. No one else, no one else.

Second Woman. He's a murderer, he is.

All [full of fury, but in a low tone]. A murderer, a murderer!

[The harsh voice of the tipsy Mattern is heard:]

"A con—science from all trou—ble free,
What so—ofter pil—low can there be?"

[He appears in the doorway and shouts:]

Hannele! Hannele! You brat! where are you hiding? *[He staggers in, leaning against the door-jamb.]* I'll count up to five, and I'll wait not a moment longer. One, two—Three and one are—I tell you, my girl, you'd better not make me wild. If I have to search for you and find you, you hussy, I'll pound you to a jelly, I will! *[Starts, notices the others who are present, and who remain as still as death.]* What do you want here? *[No answer.]* How do you come here?—The Devil sent you, eh—Just clear out of this, now!—Well, are you going to stop all night? *[He laughs to himself.]* Wait a minute—I know what it is. It's nothing but that. I have a little too much in my noddle—That's what brings 'em. *[He sings:]*

"A con—science from all trou—ouble free,
What so—ofter pil—low can there be?"

[Starts in fear.] Are you still there? *[In a sudden outburst of fury, looking around for something to attack them with.]* I'll take the first thing that comes handy—

[A Man has entered, wearing a threadbare gray cloak. He is about thirty, has long black hair, and a pale face with the features of the schoolmaster

Gottwald. He has a slouch hat in his left hand and sandals on his feet. He appears weary and travel-stained. He touches Mattern lightly on the arm, interrupting his speech. Mattern turns sharply round. The stranger looks him straight in the face, gravely and quietly, and says humbly:]

Stranger. Mattern, God's greeting to you!

Mattern. How did you get here? What do you want?

Stranger [in a tone of humble entreaty]. I have walked till my feet are bleeding; give me water to wash them. The hot sun has parched me; give me wine to drink, and to refresh me. I have not broken bread since I set forth in the morning; I am hungry.

Mattern. What's that to me? Who told you to go tramping the roads? Go and work. I have to work too.

Stranger. I am a workman.

Mattern. You're a tramp. A workman doesn't need to go begging.

Stranger. I am a workman without wages.

Mattern. You're a tramp, you are.

Stranger [diffidently, submissively, but at the same time impressively]. I am a physician. May be you need me.

Mattern. I'm not sick; I don't need any doctor.

Stranger [his voice trembling with inward emotion]. Mattern, bethink you! You need give me no water, and yet I will heal you. You may give me no bread to eat, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole.

Mattern. You get out of this! Go about your business. I have sound bones in my body; I don't need any doctor: understand?

Stranger. Mattern, bethink you! — I will wash your feet for you; I will give you wine to drink; you shall eat white bread; tread me under foot, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole and sound.

Mattern. Now, will you go or won't you? If you won't get out of this, I tell you I'll —

Stranger [in a tone of earnest admonition]. Mattern, do you know what you have in your house?

Mattern. All that belongs there; all that belongs there; you don't belong there. Just get out, now!

Stranger [simply]. Your daughter is sick.

Mattern. Her sickness doesn't need any doctor. Her sickness is nothing but laziness. I can knock that out of her myself.

Stranger [solemnly]. Mattern, I come as a messenger to you.

Mattern. As a messenger, eh? Who from?

Stranger. I come from the Father, and I go to the Father. What have you done with his child?

Mattern. How should I know what's become of her? What have I to do with his children? He's never troubled about her before, not he.

Stranger [firmly]. You have a corpse in your house.

Mattern [notices Hannele lying there; goes in speechless astonishment up to the coffin, and looks into it; then murmurs:] Where did you get the beautiful clothes? Who bought you the crystal coffin?

[The mourners whisper to each other vehemently but softly. The word "Murderer!" is heard repeatedly, bitterly.]

Mattern [softly, trembling]. I never ill-used you; I clothed you; I fed you. [Turning insolently upon the Stranger.] What do you want with me? What have I to do with all this?

Stranger. Mattern, have you anything to say to me?

[The muttering among the mourners becomes ever more vehement and angry, and the word "Murderer!" "Murderer!" becomes more frequently audible.]

Stranger. Have you nothing to reproach yourself with? Have you never torn her from her bed by night? Has she never fallen as though dead under your blows?

Mattern [beside himself with rage]. Strike me dead if she has — here, on the spot! Heaven's lightning blast me if I'm to blame!

[A flash of pale-blue lightning, and distant thunder.]

All [speaking together]. There's a thunder-storm coming! Right in the middle of winter! — He's perjured himself! — The child-murderer has perjured himself!

Stranger [impressively but kindly.] Have you still nothing to say to me, Mattern?

Mattern [in pitiable terror]. Who loves his child chastens it. I've done nothing but good to the girl. I've kept her as my child. I can punish her when she does wrong.

The Women [advancing threateningly towards him]. Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

Mattern. She lied to me and cheated me. She robbed me day by day.

Stranger. Are you speaking the truth?

Mattern. God punish me —

[At this moment a cowslip, "the Key-of-Heaven," is seen in Hannele's folded hands, emitting a yellow-green radiance. Mattern stares at it as though out of his senses, trembling all over.]

Stranger. Mattern, you are lying!

All [in the greatest excitement]. A miracle! a miracle!

Pleschke. The girl — the girl — is a — a saint. He has — he has — sworn away — body — body and soul.

Mattern [*shrieks*]. I'll go and hang myself! [*Clasps his head between his hands and rushes off.*]

Stranger [*goes up to Hannele's coffin, and turns so as to face the others, who all draw back reverently from the Figure which now stands in full majesty, addressing them*]. Fear nothing. [*He bends down and takes hold of Hannele's hand. He speaks with the deepest tenderness.*] The maiden is not dead but sleepeth. [*With intensity and assured power.*] Johanna Mattern, arise!

[*A gold-green radiance fills the room. Hannele opens her eyes and raises herself by aid of the Stranger's hand, but without daring to look in his face. She steps out of the coffin, and at once sinks to the ground at the feet of the Awakener. Terror seizes upon all the others, and they flee. The Stranger and Hannele remain alone. The gray mantle has slipped from his shoulders, and he stands in a golden-white robe.*]

Stranger [*tenderly*]. Hannele!

Hannele [*in an ecstasy, her head bowed as low as possible*]. It is he.

Stranger. Who am I?

Hannele. Thou!

Stranger. Name my name.

Hannele [*whispers, trembling with awe*]. Holy! holy!

Stranger. I know all thy sorrows and thy sufferings.

Hannele. Thou dear, dear —

Stranger. Arise.

Hannele. Thy robe is spotless. I am full of stains.

Stranger [*laying his right hand on Hannele's head*]. Thus I take away all baseness from thee. [*Raising her face toward him with gentle force, he touches her eyes.*] Behold, I bestow on thine eyes eternal light. Let them be filled with the light of countless suns; with the light of endless day, from morning-glow to evening-glow, from evening-glow to morning-glow. Let them be filled with the brightness of all that shines: blue sea, blue sky, and green plains to eternity. [*He touches her ear.*] Behold, I give to thine ear to hear all the rejoicing of all the millions of angels in the million heavens of God. [*He touches her lips.*] Behold, I set free thy stammering tongue, and lay upon it thy soul, and my soul, and the soul of God in the highest.

[*Hannele, her whole body trembling, attempts to rise. As though weighed down by an infinite burden of rapture, she cannot do so. In a storm of sobs and tears, she buries her head on the Stranger's breast.*]

Stranger. With these tears I wash from thy soul all the dust and anguish of the world. I will exalt thy feet above the stars of God.

[*To soft music, and stroking Hannele's hair with his hand, the Stranger speaks as follows. As he is speaking Angelic Forms appear in the door-*

way, great and small, youths and maidens; they pause diffidently, then venture in, swinging censers and decorating the chamber with hangings and wreaths.}

The City of the Blessèd is marvelously fair,
And peace and utter happiness are never-ending there.

[Harps, at first played softly, gradually ring out loud and clear.]

The houses are of marble, the roofs of gold so fine,
And down their silver channels bubble brooks of ruby wine.
The streets that shine so white, so white, are all bestrewn with flowers,
And endless peals of wedding bells ring out from all the towers.
The pinnacles, as green as May, gleam in the morning light,
Beset with flickering butterflies, with rose-wreaths decked and dight.
Twelve milk-white swans fly round them in mazy circles wide,
And preen themselves, and ruffle up their plumage in their pride.
They soar aloft so bravely through the shining heavenly air,
With fragrance all a-quiver and with golden trumpet-blare;
In circle-sweeps majestic forever they are winging,
And the pulsing of their pinions is like harp-strings softly ringing.
They look abroad o'er Sion, on garden and on sea,
And green and filmy streamers behind them flutter free.
And underneath them wander, throughout the heavenly land,
The people in their feast array, forever hand in hand;
And then into the wide, wide sea filled with the red, red wine,
Behold! they plunge their bodies with glory all a-shine —
They plunge their shining bodies into the gleaming sea,
Till in the deep clear purple they're swallowed utterly;
And when again they leap aloft rejoicing from the flood,
Their sins have all been washed away in Jesus' blessèd blood.

THE ARTIST AND THE PRIEST

From 'The Sunken Bell'

HEINRICH. Who pays me for my work? Oh, Father! Father!
Would you give joy to joy — add gold to gold? . . .
If I so named it, and the name you love —
Call my great work — a chime! . . . But 'tis a chime
Such as no minster in the world has seen.
Loud and majestic is its mighty voice.
Even as the thunder of a storm it sounds,

Rolling and crashing o'er the meads in spring
 Ay, in the tumult of its trumpet-tones,
 All the church-bells on earth it shall strike dumb.
 All shall be hushed, as through the sky it rings
 The glad new Gospel of the new-born light!

Eternal Sun! ¹ Thy children, and my children,
 Know thee for Father, and proclaim thy power.
 Thou, aided by the kind and gentle rain,
 Didst raise them from the dust and give them health!
 So now — their joy triumphant they shall send
 Singing along thy clear, bright path to Heaven!
 And now, at last, like the gray wilderness
 That thou hast warmed, and mantled with thy green,
 Me thou hast kindled into sacrifice!
 I offer thee myself, and all I am! . . .
 O Day of Light — when, from the marble halls
 Of my fair Temple, the first waking peal
 Shall shake the skies — when, from the somber clouds
 That weighed upon us through the winter night,
 Rivers of jewels shall go rushing down
 Into a million hands outstretched to clutch!
 Then all who drooped, with sudden power inflamed,
 Shall bear their treasure homeward to their huts,
 There to unfurl, at last, the silken banners,
 Waiting — so long, so long — to be upraised,
 And, pilgrims of the Sun, draw near the Feast!
 O Father, that great Day! . . . You know the tale
 Of the lost Prodigal? . . . It is the Sun
 That bids his poor, lost children to my Feast.
 While rustling silken banners float above,
 The hosts draw ever nearer to my Temple.
 And now my wondrous chime again rings out,
 Filling the air with such sweet, passionate sound
 As makes each breast to sob with rapturous pain:
 It sings a song, long lost and long forgotten,
 A song of home — a childlike song of Love,
 Born in the waters of some fairy well —
 Known to all mortals, and yet heard of none!
 And as it rises, softly first, and low,
 The nightingale and dove seem singing, too;

¹ In the German the sun is feminine. The original passage has consequently been modified.

And all the ice in every human breast
Is melted, and the hate, and pain, and woe,
Stream out in tears.

Then shall we all draw nearer to the Cross,
And, still in tears, rejoice, until at last
The dead Redeemer, by the Sun set free,
His prisoned limbs shall stir from their long sleep,
And, radiant with the joy of endless youth,
Come down, Himself a youth, into the May!

[Heinrich's enthusiasm has swelled as he has spoken the foregoing speech, till at last it has become ecstatic. He walks to and fro. Rautendelein, who has been silently watching him all this time, showing her love and adoration by the changing expression of her face, now approaches Heinrich, with tears in her eyes, kneels beside him, and kisses his hand. The Vicar has listened to Heinrich with growing pain and horror. Towards the end of Heinrich's speech he has contained himself with difficulty. After a brief pause he answers. At first he speaks with enforced calm. Gradually, however, his feeling carries him away.]

The Vicar. And now, dear Master, I have heard you out:

Now every syllable those worthy men
Had told me of your state, alas, is proved.
Yea, e'en the story of this chime of bells.
I cannot tell you all the pain I feel! . . .
A truce to empty words! If here I stand,
'Tis not because I thirsted for your marvels.
No. 'Tis to help you in your hour of need!

Heinrich. My need? . . . And so you think I am in need?

The Vicar. Man! Man! Bestir yourself. Awake! You dream!

A dreadful dream, from which you'll surely wake
To everlasting sorrow. Should I fail
To rouse you with God's wise and holy words,
You are lost, ay, lost forever, Master Heinrich!

Heinrich. I think it not.

The Vicar. How runs the Bible word?

"Those whom He would destroy, He first doth blind."

Heinrich. If God so wills it — you resist in vain.

Yet, should I own to blindness,
Filled as I feel myself with pure, new life,
Bedded upon a glorious morning cloud,
Whence with new eyes I drink in all the heavens;

Why, then, indeed, I should deserve God's curse,
And endless Darkness.

The Vicar. Master Heinrich — friend,

I am too humble to keep pace with you.

A simple man am I — a child of Earth:

The superhuman lies beyond my grasp.

One thing I know, that you have now forgot:

Both right and wrong I know, both good and evil.

Heinrich. And Adam did not know so much in Eden!

The Vicar. Fine phrases, sounding well, but meaningless.

They will not serve to cloak your deadly sin.

It grieves me sore — I would have spared you this.

You have a wife, and children . . .

Heinrich. Well — what more?

The Vicar. You shun the church, take refuge in the mountains;

This many a month you have not seen the home

Where your poor wife sits sighing, while, each day,

Your children drink their lonely mother's tears!

[*A long pause.*]

Heinrich [*with emotion*].

Could I but wipe away those sorrowful tears,

How gladly would I do it! . . . But I cannot.

In my dark hours, I've digged into my soul,

Only to feel, I have no power to dry them.

I who am now all love, in love renewed,

Out of the overflowing wealth I own,

May not fill up her cup! For, lo, my wine

Would be to her but bitter gall and venom!

Should he whose hand is as the eagle's claw

Stroke a sick child's wet cheek? . . . Here none but God

Could help!

The Vicar. For this there is no name but madness,

And wicked madness. Yes. I call it so.

Here stand I, Master, overcome with horror

Before the cruel hardness of your heart.

Now Satan, aping God, hath dealt a blow —

Yes, I must speak my mind — a blow so dread

That even he must marvel at his triumph.

That work, Almighty God, whereof you prate —

Do I not know 't? . . . 'Tis the most awful crime

Ever was hatched within a heathen brain!

Far rather would I see the dreadful plagues

Wherewith the Lord once scourged rebellious Egypt
Threaten our Christendom, than watch your Temple
Rise to the glory of Beelzebub.

Turn back, come to your senses, come to Christ!

It is not yet too late. Cast out this witch!

Renounce this wanton hag — ay, cast her out!

This elf, this sorceress, this cursed spirit!

Then in a trice, the evil spell shall fade

And vanish into air. You shall be saved!

Heinrich. What time I fevered lay, a prey to death,

She came, and raised me up, and made me well.

The Vicar. 'Twere better you had died — than live like this!

Heinrich. Why, as to that, think even as you will.

But, as for me — I took life's burden up.

I live anew, and, till death comes, must thank

Her who did give me life.

The Vicar. Well — all is o'er.

Too deep, yea to the neck, you are sunk in sin!

Your Hell, decked out in beauty as high Heaven,

Doth hold you fast. — I will not waste more words.

Yet mark this, Master: witches make good fuel,

Even as heretics, for funeral-pyres.

Vox populi, vox Dei! Your ill deeds,

Heathen, and secret once, are now laid bare.

Horror they wake, and soon there shall come hate.

So it may happen that the storm, long curbed,

All bounds shall overleap, and that the people

Whom you have outraged in their holiest faith,

Shall rise against you in their own defense,

And crush you ruthlessly!

[*Pause.*]

Heinrich [*calmly*]. And now hear me:

I fear you not! Should they who parching lie,

When I with jugs of cooling wine approach them,

Dash from my hands the jug and goblet, both —

Well then: who dies of thirst, it is his will,

Perhaps his fate; but I am not to blame.

Nor am I longer thirsty: I have drunk.

But should it hap that who deceived himself

In blinded fury rages against me,

A guiltless cup-bearer — or that the slime

Of darkness seeks to smirch my spirit's light

And rises foully up to spatter me —
 Yet I am I; and know my will and skill.
 If I have shattered many a useless mold,
 Then I may lift my hammer once again:
 A bell that rudest art has baked and cast
 Of pride and malice, gall and all things evil —
 Perhaps its chime is ignorance itself —
 With one great master-stroke to crush to powder.

The Vicar. Then, go your way! Farewell. My task is done.
 The hemlock of your sins no man may hope
 To rid your soul of. May God pity you!
 But this remember! There's a word named rue!
 And some day, some day, as your dreams you dream,
 A sudden arrow, shot from out the blue,
 Shall pierce your breast! And yet you shall not die,
 Nor shall you live. In that dread day you'll curse
 All you now cherish — God, the world, your work,
 Your wretched self you'll curse. Then . . . think of me!

Heinrich. Had I a fancy to paint phantoms, Vicar,
 I'd be more skilful in the art than you.
 The things you rave of never shall come true,
 And I am guarded well against your arrow.
 No more it frets me, nor my heart can shake,
 As little does it even graze my skin
 As that old bell, which in the water rolled
 And lies there buried now, shall toll again.

The Vicar. That bell shall toll again! Then think of me!

The foregoing translations revised by Bayard Quincy Morgan

THE PRINCELY LEPER

From 'Henry of Auë'

HARTMANN. My lord and friend! My dear and gracious lord!
 Let me beseech thee to make clear thy thoughts.
 I beg of thee! If that some unknown grief
 Gnaws at thy heart in such mysterious wise,
 Then put an end to this secretiveness
 That I with thee, my friend and master, may
 Take up my arms against this hidden foe.
 What cruel blow was dealt thee?

Henry [*with a calming gesture, uttering the words with difficulty*].

Naught, my friend.

No blow was dealt me. Tell me: Was not Gehazi

A servant of Elisha?

Hartmann. My dear lord . . .

Henry. Dost thou know why I ask this of thee, Hartmann?

Hartmann. Nay, lord, I am unlearned in Holy Writ.

Henry. By Candlemas thou'lt know it well enough.

[*A silence.*]

Have patience with me, O my valiant friend!

'Tis a confessor's trade. Let it suffice thee

To know that I on pilgrimage am bound.

Swiftly like unto him who Mecca seeks,

But ask not to what stead.

Hartmann. Lord Henry, not

As friend should speak to friend, thy words to me.

But 'tis my duty still to search and ask,

Nor to desist while any way is left

Of questioning, to rest not till I learn

What gnaws in secret at thy health and heart.

What blow was it, what mischief dire that thrust

Thee sudden from thy chosen path? Thou stood'st

Magnificently in the triumphant light

Of joyance. Oh, thy foot did scarcely press

The earth on which thou trodest, and it seemed

As though an angel held his shield o'er thee

In joust and battle, in all trials and deeds.

Far faring in God's honor didst thou come

Homeward, thyself with honor richly deckt.

Fame heralded thy coming. But instead

Of gathering the glad harvest of thy deeds,

Thy golden ears rot in the abandoned field.

Was not the emperor's hand stretched out in grace

Above thee? Did not his full heart pour forth

Its gratitude? Did not his favor grant

Thee noblest meed — a daughter of the house

Of Hohenstaufen? Speak, oh, speak at last!

Why didst thou flee, in the high name of God,

Into this solitude, spurning thy fate,

And leaving that which nevermore returns.

Henry [*turns and looks at him with great and sorrowful eyes. When he begins to speak his voice is husky and he is forced to begin anew*].

Life is a brittle vessel, O my friend,
 The Koran saith, and look ye, it is true.
 And I have learned the truth. I would not live
 In a blown egg's void shell. Wouldst thou exalt
 The glory and the grandeur that are man,
 Or call him even in God's image made?
 Scratch him but with a tailor's shears — he bleeds!
 Prick him but gently with a cobbler's awl
 Where the pulse beats, or here, or there, or here,
 And swiftly, irresistibly, will gush
 Even like a liberated fountain, forth
 His pride, his joy, his noble soul and sense,
 Divine illusion, all his love and hate
 And wealth and glory and guerdon of his deeds —
 All, all, in brief, that he, blind error's slave,
 Did deem his very own! Be emperor, sultan, pope,
 A naked body huddled in a shroud
 Art thou — today, tomorrow, cold therein and still!

Hartmann. Thus speaks the darkest mood.

Henry.

Once it was light!

Ah, dancing, well-nigh I unlearned to walk;
 Echoing songs of praise, my lips forgot
 Almost the use of speech, and all my life
 Turned heavenward in unfaltering faith — one joy,
 One prayer, one brimming reverence to God!
 But faring home, home, in the idle dream
 Of divine nearness, my soul jubilant
 With song seraphic — with the exalted deed
 Behind me, with the consecrated sword —
 Afar, already, lay upon my track,
 Whining, the foul hounds of my fate, their maws
 Snapping the empty air in greed of blood.
 Find me the huntsman who did set them on,
 That I exact my vengeance!

[*He has arisen and walks about. Ottegebe brings in the parchments and waits in silence.*]

Henry.

Hear my words!

Hartmann. Henchman of priests I am not and not priest,

Thou knowest it. But into my soul thy words
 So strange, so dreadful, strike like living fire.
 Whatever fate has met thee, whatsoever

The Eternal Judge has unto thee decreed —
Bow in humility! Take up thy cross!

Henry. I am the emperor's vassal and with him
Once from the Cardinal of Ostia
Took the crusader's cross. It stayed with me.
Once it was only stitched upon my coat,
Since it has grown deep into flesh and blood,
And only death, some day — what wouldst thou more? —
Will cleave me and my cross asunder! Friend,
Spare me thy lamentations; they are lost
Upon me at this tide.

[*To Ottegebe.*]

Go, little spouse!

I thank thee but I do not need thee more.
If thou wouldst knit me gloves of snowy wool,
Haste thee! Easily may they come too late.
Go! What I must reveal unto this knight,
Is meet for his ears only, not for thine.

[*Exit Ottegebe.*]

'Tis well. This parchment from my table brought
Contains whatever Henry, Count of Auë,
May still desire in your world . . . Be still,
My friend, break not into my speech. Be wary
To give good heed to these last words of mine;
For thou shalt be my messenger and place
This script into my Uncle Bernard's hands:
'Tis my last will — be silent, O my friend!
Hasty and rash is man, the Koran saith. —
What has befallen me . . . what I have suffered . . .
Seek not to know. Think that new wisdom came
In vision to me; ask not what it was,
Nor how mine eyes waxed clear. Oh, take no thought!
Thy pious spirit cannot fare so far
Into life's waste, that thou canst fathom it.
Let be! Who loves me will no farther ask.
What knowledge will avail is here set down.
Leave me what mine is, and let that suffice!
But I will set forth on my wandering,
Freely, O friend, on the appointed way,
And without faltering, straight! — For that I should
Like other cripples, line the public streets,
Or writhe, another Lazarus, in the mire,

Flaunt high my shame and glory in my sores,
 And croak for dogs to lick them for mine ease,
 Is not recorded in the Book of Fate.
 And were it so, by God, I'd blot it out! —
 Farewell! And when a year hath passed away,
 Then is my sorrow dead by just that space,
 And o'er my lamentable grave the rain
 In many, many mild balsamic showers
 Has rustled gently down. — Farewell! Farewell!

[*After a brief unearthly pause, he breaks out.*]

But now I bid thee gather thy clean garb
 About thee, friend, and flee! I tell thee, flee!
 Shake from thy feet the poisoned dust and flee!
 And if a man would seize thee by the coat,
 Leave the rent raiment in his hand and flee
 And flee and flee!

Hartmann [*in utter consternation*].

What words are those, dear lord?

Henry. I tell thee, flee! Look not behind but flee!
 Touch not my hand, but flee! Touch not my hand!
 For I have been so blessèd by high heaven,
 That I must spew destruction round about!
 Oh, I am such a hero that brave men
 Flee my unweaponed hand; my very touch
 Breeds evil more detestable than death.
 The maiden whom my lightest glance has brushed
 Dies of the utter loathliness thereof!

[*Ottegebe has entered. Pale as a waxen image she follows Henry's wild outburst with quivering lips and fixed eyes.*]

Hartmann. Come to thy senses, lord! Thou ravest — mad!

Henry. Grasp a tree's heavy branch or thy sword's hilt,
 Whatever is at hand, and strike me down!
 Deliver thyself and me of me at once!
 What is't ye do when a mad, slaving cur
 Invades your courtyard in the light of the day?
 Why do ye linger? Haste ye! Oh, be brave!

[*Gottfried and Brigitta rush in.*]

Henry. All of ye, all of ye, come and behold:
 Henry of Auë, who thrice upon each day
 Bathed his white limbs, who blew each speck of dust
 From sleeve and collar — this proud prince and lord

purpose what they were for. So I suppose you haven't made much progress with them? Say: No, quite simply, please. Don't think of excuses. But how do you pass your time?

Arnold [*feigning astonishment*]. I work, father.

Kramer. What do you work at?

Arnold. I draw, I paint — the usual thing.

Kramer. I thought you were wasting your days. I am glad to know that I've been deceived. Furthermore, I won't keep watch on you any longer. I'm not your jailer. — And I want to take the opportunity of telling you that, if you have anything on your heart, I am, after all — if you don't mind my saying it — your father. Do you understand? Remember that, please.

Arnold. It doesn't much matter what I say, I believe . . .

Kramer. I didn't say you had. I made no such assertion. I said: *If* you have! In that case I might be of some little help to you. I know the world somewhat more thoroughly than you do. I was trying to take a precaution; do you understand? — You were away from home again last night. You are ruining yourself. You are making yourself ill. Take care of your health. A sound body means a sound spirit; a sound life means sound art. Where were you so long yesterday? Never mind; it doesn't concern me after all. I don't want to know what you don't care to tell me. Tell me voluntarily or be silent.

Arnold. I was out of town with Alfred Fränkel.

Kramer. Is that so? Where? In Pirscham, or where?

Arnold. No; over by Scheitnig and thereabouts.

Kramer. And you were both there all night?

Arnold. No, later we were at Fränkel's house.

Kramer. Until four o'clock in the morning?

Arnold. Yes, almost until four. Then we took a stroll through the streets.

Kramer. You and Fränkel? You two alone? Then you're very great friends indeed. And what do you do together when you sit there while other people are in their beds?

Arnold. We smoke and talk about art.

Kramer. Is that so? . . . Arnold, you're a lost soul!

Arnold. Why?

Kramer. You're a lost soul! You're depraved to the very core.

Arnold. You've said that more than once.

Kramer. Yes, yes; I have been forced to say it to you. I have been forced to say it a hundred times and, what is worse, I have felt it. Arnold. Prove to me that I am lying; prove to me that I am doing you wrong! I'll kiss your feet in gratitude.

Arnold. It doesn't much matter what I say, I believe . . .

Kramer. What? That you are rotten?

[*Arnold, very pale, shrugs his shoulders.*]

Kramer. And what's to be the end of it all, if that's true?

Arnold [*in a cold and hostile voice*]. I don't know that myself, father.

Kramer. But I know! You're going straight to your ruin!

[*He walks about violently, stops at the window, holding his hands behind him and tapping his foot nervously to the floor.*

Arnold, his face ashy pale and distorted, grasps his hat and moves toward the door. As he presses the knob, Kramer turns around.]

Kramer. Have you nothing else to say to me?

[*Arnold releases the knob. He has hardened himself and peers watchfully at his father.*]

Kramer. Arnold, does nothing stir in you at all this? Do you not feel how we are all in torment for your sake? Say something! Defend yourself! Speak to me as man to man! Or as friend to friend! I am willing! Do I wrong you? Teach me to deal more justly, then; but speak! You can speak out like the rest of us. Why do you always slink away from me? You know how I despise cowardice! Say: My father is a tyrant. My father torments me and worries me; my father is at me like a fiend! Say that, but say it out openly. Tell me how I can do better by you! I will try to improve, I give you my word of honor. Or do you think that I am in the right in all I say?

Arnold [*strangely unmoved and indifferent*]. Maybe it's true that you're right.

Kramer. Very well, if that is your opinion. Won't you, then, try to do better? Arnold, here I give you my hand. There; take it; I want to help you. Let me be your comrade; let me be your friend at the eleventh hour. But don't deceive yourself! The eleventh hour has come; it has come now! Pull yourself together; rise above yourself! You need only to will it and it can be done. Take the first step toward good; the second and the third will cost no effort. Will you? Won't you try to be better, Arnold?

Arnold [*with feigned surprise*]. Yes, but how? In what respect?

Kramer. In all respects . . .

Arnold [*bitterly and significantly*]. I don't object. Why should I? I'm not very comfortable in my own skin.

Kramer. I gladly believe that you're not comfortable. You haven't the blessing of labor. It is that blessing, Arnold, that you must strive for. You have alluded to your person! [*He takes down the death mask of Beethoven.*] Look, look at this mask! Child of God, dig for the treasures of your soul! Do you believe *he* was handsome? Is it your ambition to be a fop? Or do you believe that God withdraws himself from you because you are near-sighted and not straight? You can have so much beauty within you that the fops round about you must seem beggars in comparison. — Arnold, here is my hand. Do you hear? Confide in me this one time. Don't hide yourself from me; be open with me — for your own sake, Arnold! What do I care, after all, where you were

last night? But tell me, do you hear, tell me for your sake! Perhaps you will learn to see me as I truly am. Well, then: Where were you last night?

Arnold [after a pause, deathly pale, with visible struggles]. Why . . . I've told you already, father.

Kramer. I have forgotten what you said. So: Where were you? I don't ask you in order to punish you. I ask you for the sake of truth itself! Prove yourself truthful! That is all!

Arnold [with bold front, defiantly]. Why, I was with Alfred Fränkel.

Kramer. Is that so?

Arnold [wavering again]. Why, where should I have been?

Kramer. You are not my son! You can't be my son! Go! Go! My gorge rises at you! My gorge . . . !

[*Arnold slinks out at once.*]

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isohn's translation of Hauptmann, published by B. W. Huebsch. Copyright.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER was born in Vienna in 1862, the son of a distinguished physician. He himself studied medicine and practised until he was past thirty. The evidence of this training may be traced in all his works. He has the physician's firmness and tenderness, his insight and his sad detachment. He is not concerned — or only very rarely — with the accidents of existence: matters social or economic or political or racial. He speaks in that subdued and exquisite yet so telling way of his of but three things, and these three things are life and love and death. His light touch, his beautiful and apparently effortless art have often deceived critics as to the deep gravity of mood and import of his plays and stories.

He began his career with the famous series of one-act plays known as 'Anatol' (1889), scenes deftly written and with a light touch that are, in truth, a prelude to the spirit of even his most serious work. For what Anatol wants, trifle though he is, is to raise the hours into beauty and significance and to distil from life, that is so shadowy and brief, a touch of immortality. And that is the fundamental theme or *leit-motif* of Schnitzler both as a dramatic artist and as a writer of fiction. Life is transitory: of the beyond in any sense we have no certain message. To render permanent and touch with nobility the fleeting moments of this brief existence there are art and thought and love. Love, however, must not be tenacious and enslaving, but kind and full of subtle renunciations. It is useless to be pedantic about institutions or social conventions, for "the land of the soul" is a great land in which the strangest and most contradictory impulses can co-exist. It must not be thought that Schnitzler is absolutely careless of the immediately practical issues of life. In 'The Fairy-Tale' (1891), 'Free Game' (1896), 'The Legacy' (1897), and more recently in 'Professor Bernhardt' (1912), he has spoken with virile energy and pointedness on moral and social problems. But his plea has always been for tolerance, for kindness, for freedom. Why should men torment each other during their brief and perishable years, and enslave and judge harshly and condemn? Life is difficult and complex. To make it lovely and harmonious for even an hour, and to make it that at the expense of no pain to any other soul — such is, in many forms, the recurrent philosophy of Schnitzler's characters. They seem ever mindful of that great saying of the elder Goethe: "The world-spirit is far more tolerant than one thinks"

Aside from the one-act plays (a form of writing in which he easily ranks first among modern dramatists) Schnitzler's best dramas are probably 'Light o' Love' (1894), 'The Lonely Way' (1900), and 'The Land of the Soul' (1910). These are, at least, highly characteristic examples of his genius and his art. The plots are in all three cases of the highest interest. They have truth

and representative power. The characters are memorable. No one who has read or seen the plays is likely to forget Christine Weiring or Georg von Skala or Friedrich Hofreiter. Yet when all is said and done — and with this point one disengages the master quality of Schnitzler — it is neither of the story nor of the characters that one thinks longest or most deeply. It is of the dialogue. For Schnitzler's characters are chosen for the most part from among the most cultivated members of a very cultivated society. And it must be remembered that culture in Germany and German-Austria very seldom means a veneer of letters and art superimposed upon the most cheerless Philistinism of thought and feeling. Culture in Schnitzler's men and women means emotional richness and subtlety, boundless flexibility of mind, a searching, troubled philosophic vision that is alive to all points of view, to all the perplexities, dissonances, yearnings of our mortal lot. These people never fancy when they have approved or disapproved a thing or an action or a problem by some tribal rule of thumb that they have yet measurably approached it. Hence the mere dialogue of Schnitzler's dramas with its exquisite play of mind, its fine curiosity, its blending of complete naturalness with a constant plangency of rhythm, is one of the most remarkable and most moving artistic experiences of our age. To turn from the hurry and heat of life, from crude judgments and haphazard action into those Viennese gardens in which Schnitzler's men and women walk and discourse of love and life and death — this is, in truth, like the love of Steele's ideal lady, a liberal education.

All these qualities of Schnitzler's dialogue appear in an even higher degree in his stories. These are, unhappily, not nearly so well known in America as his plays. They are written with an air of detachment which is, however, neither cold nor hard. They are psychological in character — masterly analyses of modern souls. Yet again the highest beauty of these stories is in their style, if we use the word style in a broader than the merely technical sense. That style has infinite ease and grace, yet never a touch of the facile. It is a style in which every syllable has been weighed not only for its tone-color but also for its meaning: it is rich in implication without ever verging upon obscurity and constantly felicitous without a touch of the merely precious. The best of these stories are 'Dying,' 'Mrs. Bertha Garlan,' 'A Farewell,' 'The Dead are Silent,' 'The Stranger,' 'The New Song,' 'The Sage's Wife,' 'Lieutenant Gustel.' To convey a notion of the quality of these stories is difficult. But imagine a Henry James possessed of a warmer style, a richer rhythm, a Henry James, above all, who is not at all concerned for the manners but wholly for the souls of men, who has behind him no New England tradition that causes him to cling desperately to the mere periphery of the events of whose core he is so uncomfortably conscious. Schnitzler, with an equal fineness and keenness, exhausts his subjects and thus adds, in his stories not less than in his plays, a notable chapter to the spiritual history of his age.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE — Only two of Schnitzler's recent productions call for mention here: the novelette 'Casanova's Homecoming' (1918) and the comedy 'The Sisters' (1920), which likewise deals with Casanova, although both derive their plots not from the rich storehouse of Casanova's memoirs, but from the poet's fertile imagination. With Anatol at the beginning, and Casanova at the end of Schnitzler's literary career, we have a sort of cycle that circumscribes and defines the limits of his art.

CHRISTMAS PURCHASES

ANATOLE, HENRIETTA

[Six o'clock, Christmas eve. Light snowfall. In the streets of Vienna.]

ANATOLE. Madam, madam! . . .

Henrietta. What? . . . Ah, it is you!

Anatole. Yes! . . . I am pursuing you. — I can't bear to see you lugging all those things. — Do give me your bundles.

Henrietta. No, no, thank you. — I can carry them myself.

Anatole. Oh, I beg you, dear lady, don't make it so very hard for me when I am trying to be gallant for once —

Henrietta. Well — this one here. . . .

Anatole. Why, that's nothing at all. . . . Just give me. . . . There. . . . this. . . . and this. . . .

Henrietta. Enough, enough. — You are too kind.

Anatole. If only one is permitted to be — you know it's *so* pleasant.

Henrietta. But you only prove that on the street and — when it is snowing.

Anatole. And when it is late evening — and when it happens to be Christmas — hm?

Henrietta. Why, it's a sheer miracle that one gets even a sight of you.

Anatole. Yes, yes. . . . You mean I haven't even paid you my call this year —

Henrietta. Yes, something like that is what I mean.

Anatole. Dear lady — I am paying no calls this year — none at all. And — how is your husband? — And how are the dear little ones? —

Henrietta. You can spare yourself that question. — For I know that these matters don't interest you much.

Anatole. It is weird to meet such a judge of men.

Henrietta. I do know — you!

Anatole. Not as well as I should like.

Henrietta. No comments, please. Hm — ?

Anatole. Dear lady — I can't help it.

Henrietta. Give me back my bundles.

Anatole. Don't be angry — don't be angry! — I'm good again. . . . [*They walk along in silence.*]

Henrietta. You may say *something*.

Anatole. Something — yes — but your censorship is so strict. . . .

Henrietta. Tell me something or other. It's so long since we've seen each other. . . . What do you do, anyway? —

Anatole. I do nothing, as usual.

Henrietta. Nothing?

Anatole. Nothing at all.

Henrietta. It's really a perfect shame about you.

Anatole. Well. . . . That's quite indifferent to you.

Henrietta. How can you say that? —

Anatole. Why am I loafing away my life? — Who is to blame? — Who?

Henrietta. Give me the bundles! —

Anatole. Why, I haven't blamed anybody. . . . I merely put the general question. . . .

Henrietta. I suppose you go strolling continually?

Anatole. Strolling! You put such a contemptuous tone into the word. As if there were anything lovelier. — There's something so gloriously planless in the word. — Today, by the way, it doesn't fit my case at all — today I am busied, dear lady — just like you. —

Henrietta. How so?

Anatole. I am making Christmas purchases, too.

Henrietta. You!

Anatole. Only I can't find anything suitable. — And yet I've been standing every evening for weeks at all the show-windows in every street. — But the merchants have no taste and no inventiveness.

Henrietta. That's what the buyer has to have. When a person has as little to do as you, he thinks about it, invents something himself — and orders his gifts in the fall. —

Anatole. Alas, that's not my style. — Does one know in the fall, anyway, to whom he is going to give something for Christmas? — And here it is two hours before tree-time — and still I haven't any idea, not the faintest —!

Henrietta. Shall I help you?

Anatole. Dear lady . . . you are an angel — but don't take the bundles away from me. . . .

Henrietta. No, no. . . .

Anatole. So one is allowed to say Angel! — that is sweet — Angel! —

Henrietta. Will you kindly be still?

Anatole. I am perfectly quiet again.

Henrietta. Well then — give me some kind of a clue. . . . For whom is the gift?

Anatole. That is . . . really to say. . . .

Henrietta. For a lady of course?

Anatole. Well there — I've told you once today that you are a judge of men.

Henrietta. But what . . . sort of a lady? — A real lady?

Anatole. As to that, we must first agree on the concept. If you mean a lady of the great world — then it doesn't quite fit the case. . . .

Henrietta. So then . . . of the little world?

Anatole. Good — let's say of the little world. —

Henrietta. I might have guessed that . . . !

Anatole. Now, no sarcasm.

Henrietta. Of course I know your taste. . . . It's likely to be another of those from outside the line — thin and blond.

Anatole. Blond — I admit! . . .

Henrietta. . . . Yes, yes . . . blond . . . it is remarkable how you're always having dealings with those suburban ladies — always!

Anatole. Kind lady — it's not *my* fault.

Henrietta. Stop that — sir! — Oh, it's probably best for you to stick to your own style . . . it would be a grave injustice if you forsook the scene of your triumphs. . . .

Anatole. But what am I to do? — Out there is the only place I am loved. . . .

Henrietta. And are you understood . . . out there?

Anatole. Not in the least! — But you see . . . in the little world I am merely loved; in the great one — only understood — of course you know. . . .

Henrietta. I know nothing at all . . . and don't want to know any more. — Come . . . here is just the right shop . . . we'll buy your little one something in here. . . .

Anatole. My dear lady! —

Henrietta. Why, yes . . . look . . . here . . . this little casket with three different perfumes . . . or this one here with the six bars of soap . . . heliotrope . . . Duchess of Kent . . . Jockey Club — that might do, hm?

Anatole. Dear madam — this is not *handsome* of you!

Henrietta. Or wait, here! . . . — Just look. . . . This little brooch with six paste brilliants — imagine — six! — How it sparkles! — Or this charming little bracelet with the heavenly pendants . . . oh — one of them actually is a Moor's head! — That must surely be tremendously effective . . . in the suburbs! . . .

Anatole. My dear lady — you are mistaken. You do not know these girls — they are not as you imagine them. . . .

Henrietta. And here . . . oh, how enchanting! — Do come nearer — now — what do you say to this hat? — The shape was extremely modern two years ago. And the feathers — how they wave — don't they? That ought to create a tremendous sensation — in Flatbush!

Anatole. Dear madam . . . there has never been any mention of Flatbush . . . and besides, you probably underestimate even the Flatbush taste. . . .

Henrietta. Well . . . it is really difficult to suit you — then why don't you help me? — give me some hint —

Anatole. How should I . . . ? Of course you would smile a superior smile — no doubt.

Henrietta. Oh no, oh no! — Instruct me a little . . . ! Is she vain — or modest? — Is she tall or short? — Does she rave about gay colors . . . ?

Anatole. I should not have accepted your kindness. — You are merely mocking.

Henrietta. Oh no, I am listening. — Do tell me something about her.

Anatole. I do not venture —

Henrietta. Have no fear. . . . How long . . . ?

Anatole. Let's leave that out.

Henrietta. I insist. — How long have you known her?

Anatole. For — some time.

Henrietta. Don't make me drag it out of you like this. . . . Tell me the whole story.

Anatole. It isn't a story.

Henrietta. But, I mean where you met, and how and when, and what sort of a person she is, anyway — that's what I'd like to know.

Anatole. Very well — but it is tedious — I point that out to you.

Henrietta. It will interest me, anyway. I should really like to learn something about that world for once. — What sort of a world *is* it? — You see I know nothing about it.

Anatole. And you wouldn't understand it in the least.

Henrietta. My dear sir!

Anatole. You have such a summary contempt for everything that isn't in your set. — And very wrongly.

Henrietta. But you see how teachable I am! — No one tells me anything from that world. — How should I know it?

Anatole. But . . . you have a sort of vague feeling that — it is robbing you of something. Quiet enmity!

Henrietta. Pardon me — nobody robs me — of what I wish to retain.

Anatole. Yes . . . but if there is something you don't want yourself . . . it does vex you to have some one else get it? —

Henrietta. Oh — !

Anatole. Dear lady. . . . That is merely the strictly feminine of it. And as it is truly feminine — then it is probably also most distinguished and beautiful and deep . . . !

Henrietta. I just wonder where you get your irony!

Anatole. Where I get it? — I will tell you. I too was once good — and full

of confidence — and there was no mockery in my words . . . and I have borne many a wound in silence —

Henrietta. Now *don't* get romantic!

Anatole. The honest wounds — yes! — A “no” at the right time, even from the best loved lips — that I could get over. — But a “no,” when the lips had said a hundred times “perhaps” — when the lips had smiled a hundred “maybes” — when the tone of voice had sounded a hundred times like “surely” — such a “no” makes one —

Henrietta. We were going to buy something.

Anatole. Such a no makes a man a fool . . . or a cynic.

Henrietta. . . . You were going to . . . tell me —

Anatole. Very well — if you insist on having something told. . . .

Henrietta. Certainly I do. . . . How did you meet her . . . ?

Anatole. Dear me — the way you do meet any one. — On the street — at a dance — in a bus — under an umbrella —

Henrietta. But — you know — the special case interests me. For it is for the special case that we're buying something.

Anatole. There in the . . . “little world” there are no special cases — not really in the great one, either. . . . You are all so typical!

Henrietta. Sir! Now you are beginning —

Anatole. Why, that's no insult — not at all. — I'm a type myself.

Henrietta. What kind of a one?

Anatole. Frivolous melancholic.

Henrietta. . . . And . . . and I?

Anatole. You? — quite simple: *grande dame*.

Henrietta. Oh, I am . . . ! . . . And *she*?

Anatole. She . . . ? She . . . , the sweet little girl.

Henrietta. Sweet! “Sweet” right away? — And I — simply “*grande dame*” —

Anatole. Wicked *grande dame* — if you simply must. . . .

Henrietta. Well . . . do tell me about the . . . sweet little girl.

Anatole. She is not fascinatingly beautiful — she is not especially elegant — and she is not at all clever. . . .

Henrietta. Why, I don't care to know what she is not —

Anatole. But she has the soft charm of a spring evening . . . and the grace of an enchanted princess . . . and the mind of a girl that knows how to love.

Henrietta. That type of mind is said to be widely distributed . . . in your little world.

Anatole. You cannot put yourself into that frame of mind. . . . They have concealed too many things from you in your girlhood — and told you too much since you were a young wife. . . . That is what injures the naiveté of your observations —

Henrietta. But don't you hear — I am willing to be taught. . . . I'll believe

your "enchanted princess"! — Now tell me about the looks of the magic garden in which she rests —

Anatole. As to that, to be sure, you mustn't imagine a gleaming salon, where the heavy portieres fall — with Makart ornaments in the corners, rare bindings, candle-spires, dull velvet . . . and the affected twilight of a dying afternoon.

Henrietta. Why, I don't care to know what I am *not* to imagine. . . .

Anatole. Well then — imagine — a small dim room — this small — with painted walls — and a little too bright at that — a few inferior old etchings with faded superscriptions hang here and there. — A hanging lamp with a shade. — From the window, when evening comes, a view out upon roofs and chimneys that fade into the darkness. . . . And — when the spring comes, the garden across the way will blossom and be fragrant. . . .

Henrietta. How happy you must be, that at Christmas time you are already thinking of May!

Anatole. Yes — *there* I am happy at times.

Henrietta. Enough, enough! — It is growing late . . . we were going to buy her something. . . . Perhaps something for the room with the painted walls. . . .

Anatole. It lacks nothing.

Henrietta. Yes . . . to her! — I can believe that! — But for you — yes, for you! I'd like to decorate the room just as you would have it.

Anatole. For me? —

Henrietta. With Persian rugs. . . .

Anatole. But what are you saying — out there!

Henrietta. A suspended lamp of broken, reddish-green glass . . . ?

Anatole. Hm.

Henrietta. A few vases of fresh flowers?

Anatole. Yes . . . but I want to take *her* something —

Henrietta. Oh yes . . . that's true — we must make a decision — she's probably waiting for you now?

Anatole. Certainly.

Henrietta. She is waiting? — Tell me . . . how does she receive you? —

Anatole. Oh — just the way one does receive you. —

Henrietta. She hears your step on the stairs . . . doesn't she?

Anatole. Yes . . . sometimes. . . .

Henrietta. And stands by the door?

Anatole. Yes.

Henrietta. And throws her arms around you — and kisses you — and says . . . What does she say?

Anatole. Just what one does say in such cases. . . .

Henrietta. Well . . . for example!

Anatole. I don't know any example.

Henrietta. What did she say yesterday?

Anatole. Oh — nothing special . . . it sounds so silly when you can't hear the tone of the voice saying it . . . !

Henrietta. I'll imagine the voice: Well — what did she say?

Anatole. . . . "I'm so happy that I have you again!"

Henrietta. "I'm so happy" — what?

Anatole. "That I have you again!" . . .

Henrietta. . . . That is really pretty — very pretty! —

Anatole. Yes . . . it is heartfelt and true.

Henrietta. And she is . . . always alone? — You can enjoy each other undisturbed? —

Anatole. Oh yes — she lives all by herself — alone in the world — no father or mother . . . not even an aunt.

Henrietta. And you . . . are everything to her. . . ?

Anatole. . . . Possibly. . . . Today. . . . [*Silence.*]

Henrietta. . . . It is getting so late — see how empty the streets are. . . .

Anatole. Oh — I have been keeping you. — You must get home. —

Henrietta. Of course — of course. They'll be expecting me. — What shall we do about that gift . . . ?

Anatole. Oh — I'll find some little trifle! . . .

Henrietta. Who knows, who knows? — And I've just taken it into my head that I'd like to pick out something for your . . . for the . . . little girl. . . .

Anatole. But what are you thinking of, dear lady?

Henrietta. I'd so like to be there when you bring her the Christmas present. . . . I've taken such a desire to see the little room and the sweet little girl. — She doesn't know how happy she is.

Anatole. . . . !

Henrietta. But now give me the bundles. — It's getting so late. . . .

Anatole. Yes, yes. Here they are — but . . .

Henrietta. Please — beckon to that cab there, coming toward us. . . .

Anatole. Such haste all at once!

Henrietta. Please, please! [*He beckons.*] I thank you . . . ! But what shall we do now about the gift . . . ? [*The cab has stopped; they have both stopped, he is about to open the carriage door.*]

Henrietta. Wait. — I'd like to send her something myself.

Anatole. You? . . . Dear madam, you yourself. . . .

Henrietta. But what? — Here . . . take these . . . these flowers . . . quite simple, these flowers. . . . It must be nothing but a greeting, absolutely nothing more. . . . But . . . You must take her a message with them. —

Anatole. Dear lady — you are so kind —

Henrietta. Promise me, to say it to her . . . and in the words that I am going to tell you —

Anatole. Certainly.

Henrietta. You promise me? —

Anatole. Yes . . . with pleasure. Why not?

Henrietta [*has opened the carriage door*]. Then tell her . . .

Anatole. Well . . . ?

Henrietta. Tell her: "These flowers, my . . . sweet little girl, are sent you by a woman who can perhaps love just like you, and who did not have the courage. . . ."

Anatole. Dear . . . lady? —

[*She has climbed into the carriage. — It rolls away; the streets have grown almost empty.*

He looks long after the carriage, until it has turned a corner. . . .

He stands yet a little while; then looks at his watch and hurries away.]

CURTAIN

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

FROM 'LIGHT O' LOVE'

[If 'Anatol' gives a light-hearted picture of the young aristocrat and the suburban girl and their loves, 'Liebelei' paints the tragedy that occurs when there is genuine love on the part of the girl. Vyring is Christine's father, Toni her girl-friend, Theodore is Toni's present lover. We give the close of the play.]

CHRISTINE arranges the room, folds up her sewing, etc. Then she goes to the window and looks out. After a moment Vyring enters without her seeing him at first. He is in great excitement, looks anxiously at his daughter.]

Vyring. She knows nothing yet, nothing. [*He remains standing in the doorway and does not venture to take a step into the room.*]

[*Christine turns, sees him, starts.*]

Vyring [*tries to smile. He steps in*]. Well, Christine. . . . [*As if calling her to him.*]

[*Christine goes to him, as if to fall before him.*]

Vyring [*prevents her*]. Well . . . what are you thinking of, Christine? We . . . [*With a new resolve.*] We'll just forget it, shall we?

[*Christine raises her head.*]

Vyring. Why yes . . . I — and you!

Christine. Father, didn't you understand me this morning?

Vyring. Well, what would you have, Christine? . . . I surely must tell you what I think about it, don't you think so? Well, then. . . .

Christine. Father, what does this mean?

Vyring. Come here, my child. . . . Listen to me quietly. You know I listened quietly to you, when you told me. We must —

Christine. Oh, I beg you, don't speak to me so, father. If you have thought it over, and find that you can't forgive me, then drive me away — but don't speak that way.

Vyring. Just listen quietly to me, Christine. You can still do whatever you will. . . . See, Christine, you are so young. Haven't you ever thought . . . [*With great hesitation*] that the whole thing might be a mistake?

Christine. Why do you say that to me, father? I know so well what I have done — and I don't ask anything — not from you and not from anybody in the world, if it has been a mistake. . . . I just told you, drive me away, but . . .

Vyring. [*Interrupting.*] How can you talk so? . . . Even if it was a mistake, is that any reason for getting desperate right away, such a young creature as you are? Just think how beautiful, how wonderful life is. Just think how many things there are to give you joy, how much youth and how much happiness still lie before you. . . . See, I don't have much of the world any more, and even for me life is still beautiful — and I can still look forward to so many things. How we shall be together — how we shall plan our life, you and I — how you will begin to sing again, now that the beautiful days are here — and how we'll take a whole day off, when summer comes, and go out into the green country — Oh, there are so many lovely things . . . so many. It is silly to give up everything, because one must give up his first happiness, or anything that he thought was that.

Christine. Why . . . [*Anxiously.*] then must I give it up?

Vyring. Well, was it happiness? Do you really think, Christine, that you had to tell your father today? I have known it for a long time — and I knew too that you would tell me. No, it never was happiness for you. . . . Don't I know those eyes? There wouldn't have been tears in them so often, and those cheeks wouldn't have been pale so much, if you had loved a man who was worthy of it.

Christine. Why, how can you . . . what do you know . . . what have you heard?

Vyring. Nothing, nothing at all. . . . But you yourself told me what he is. . . . A young fellow like that — what does he know? Has he the faintest idea of what falls into his hands — does he know the difference between the true and the false — and all your mad love — did he ever understand that?

Christine. [*More and more alarmed.*] You and he . . . Were you at his house?

Vyring. Why, what are you thinking of! He went away, didn't he? But Christine, I still have a head on my shoulders, and my eyes in my head. Come, child, forget about it, do! Your future lies in an altogether different place. You can, you will still be as happy as you deserve. You will find a man some time who will know what a treasure he has in you.

[Christine has hurried to the chest of drawers to get her hat.]

Vyring. What are you doing?

Christine. I'm going out.

Vyring. Where to?

Christine. To him . . . to him.

Vyring. What are you thinking of?

Christine. You're keeping something from me — let me go.

Vyring [*holding her firmly*]. Come to your senses, child. He isn't there at all. Perhaps he's gone away for a very long time. . . . Stay here; what do you want there? . . . Tomorrow or this evening I'll go there with you. You can't go out on the street like that . . . do you know how you look?

Christine. You will go with me?

Vyring. I promise you I will. Only stay here now; sit down and come to your senses again. It's enough to make a man laugh, almost, to look at you . . . and all for nothing. Can't you stand it here with your father any more?

Christine. What is it you know?

Vyring [*more and more helpless*]. What should I know? . . . I know that I love you, that you are my only child, that you must stay with me — that you should have stayed with me all the time —

Christine. Enough — let me go. [*She wrests herself from him and opens the door; Toni appears in it.*]

Toni [*utters a little cry, as Christine rushes toward her*]. Why do you frighten me so?

[Christine steps back, seeing Theodore behind Toni.]

[Theodore remains in the doorway; he is dressed in black.]

Christine. What . . . what is . . . [*No answer. She looks Theodore in the face; he cannot meet her eyes.*] Where is he, where is he? . . . [*In the greatest terror. No answer; all faces are embarrassed and sad.*] Where is he? [*To Theodore.*] Speak, can't you?

[Theodore tries to speak.]

Christine [*looks at him wide-eyed, looks around her, comprehends the look on their faces, her face shows the dawn of this understanding, she utters a terrible cry*]. Theodore . . . he is. . . .

[Theodore nods.]

Christine [*seizes her forehead, cannot understand it; she goes to Theodore, takes him by the arm, as if demented*]. He is . . . dead? [*As if asking herself.*]

Vyring. My child —

Christine [*thrusting him away*]. Speak, Theodore, speak!

Theodore. You know all.

Christine. I know nothing. . . . I don't know what has happened . . . do you think . . . I can't hear everything now? . . . how did it happen . . . Father . . . Theodore . . . [*To Toni.*] You know it too.

Theodore. An unfortunate accident.

Christine. What, what?

Theodore. He fell.

Christine. What does that mean? He . . .

Theodore. He fell in a duel.

Christine [*shrieks. She is about to fall, Vyring sustains her, motions to Theodore to go. She notes it and seizes him*]. Stay here . . . I must know all. Do you think you can keep anything from me now?

Theodore. What else do you want to know?

Christine. Why — why did he fight a duel?

Theodore. I don't know the reason.

Christine. With whom, with whom? . . . You surely know who killed him? . . . Well, well, who . . .

Theodore. Nobody you know.

Christine. Who, who?

Toni. Christine!

Christine. Who? You tell me! [*To Toni.*] . . . Father, you tell me. . . . [*No answer. She starts to go out. Vyring holds her back.*] Can't I know who killed him, and for what cause?

Theodore. It was . . . a trivial cause. . . .

Christine. You're not telling the truth . . . why, why . . .

Theodore. Dear Christine. . . .

Christine [*as if about to interrupt, goes up to him; looks at him in silence, then suddenly shrieks*]. On account of a woman?

Theodore. No —

Christine. Yes — for a woman . . . [*Turning to Toni.*] for that woman — for *that* woman that he *loved*. And her husband — yes, yes, her husband killed him. . . . And I . . . what am I? What was I to him? . . . Theodore . . . haven't you anything for me at all . . . didn't he write down anything? . . . Didn't he tell you anything for me? Didn't you find anything . . . a letter . . . a note . . .

[*Theodore shakes his head.*]

Christine. And that evening . . . when he was here, when you came to get him . . . he knew it, he knew then that he perhaps would never . . . And he went away from here to be killed for another woman. No, no, it is not possible . . . didn't he know what he was to me . . . didn't . . .

Theodore. He did know. On the last morning, when we drove out together . . . he spoke of you too.

Christine. He spoke of me *too!* Of me *too!* And of what else? Of how many other people, of how many other things, that meant just as much to him as I did? Of me *too!* Oh, God! . . . And of his father and his mother and his room and of the springtime and of the city and of everything, everything that belonged to his life and that he had to give up just as much as he gave up me — of everything he talked to you . . . and of me *too.* . . .

Theodore [*moved*]. He surely loved you.

Christine. Love? He? I was nothing to him but a pastime — and he died for another woman! And I — I worshiped him! Didn't he know that? . . . That I gave him everything I could give, that I would have died for him — that he was my God and my bliss of Heaven — didn't he see that at all? He could go away from me with a smile, out of my room, and be shot down for another woman. . . . Father, father, can you understand that?

Vyring [*goes to her*]. Christine!

Theodore [*to Toni*]. Child, you might have spared me this.

[*Toni looks at him venomously.*]

Theodore. I have had enough distress . . . these last days. . . .

Christine [*with sudden resolve*]. Theodore, take me to him — I want to see him — once more I want to see him — his face — Theodore, take me to him.

Theodore [*with a gesture, hesitatingly*]. No. . . .

Christine. Why "no"? You can't refuse me that! Surely I can see him once more?

Theodore. It is too late.

Christine. Too late? To see his corpse . . . is it too late? Yes . . . yes . . . [*She does not understand.*]

Theodore. He was buried this morning.

Christine [*with the greatest horror*]. Buried . . . And I didn't know about it? They shot him . . . and put him in his coffin and carried him out and buried him down in the earth — and I couldn't even see him once more? He's been dead two days — and you didn't come and tell me?

Theodore [*much moved*]. In these two days I have . . . You cannot dream all that I . . . Consider that it was my duty to notify his parents — I had to think of many things — and then my own state of mind. . . .

Christine. Your . . .

Theodore. And then the . . . it was done very quietly. Only the closest relatives and friends. . . .

Christine. The closest — ? And I — ? . . . What am I?

Toni. They would have asked that.

Christine. What am I? Less than all the rest — ? Less than his relatives, less than — you?

Vyring. My child, my child. Come to me, to me. . . . [*He embraces her. To Theodore.*] Go . . . leave me alone with her.

Theodore. I am very . . . [*With tears in his voice.*] I never suspected. . . .

Christine. Never suspected what? That I loved him? [*Vyring draws her to him; Theodore looks down; Toni stands near Christine. Freeing herself.*]

Take me to his grave!

Vyring. No, no —

Toni. Don't go, Christine.

Theodore. Christine . . . later . . . tomorrow . . . when you are calmer —

Christine. Tomorrow? When I shall be calmer? And in a month completely consoled, eh? And in six months I can laugh again, can I? [*Laughing shrilly.*] And then when will the next lover come?

Vyring. Christine . . .

Christine. Stay here then . . . I can find the way alone. . . .

Vyring and Toni [together]. Don't go.

Christine. It's even better . . . if I . . . let me go, let me go.

Vyring. Christine, stay here.

Toni. Don't go! Perhaps you'll find the other one there — praying.

Christine [to herself, her eyes fixed]. I won't pray there . . . no . . .
[*She rushes out; the others speechless for the moment.*]

Vyring. Hurry after her.

[*Theodore and Toni exeunt.*]

Vyring. I can't, I can't . . . [*He goes painfully from the door to the window.*] What does she want . . . what does she want . . . [*He looks through the window.*] She won't come back — she won't come back. [*He sinks to the floor, sobbing loudly.*]

CURTAIN

Translation of Bayard Quincy Morgan, reprinted from 'The Drama,' 1912

RICHARD DEHMEL

THE extraordinarily high esteem in which the poet Richard Dehmel is held by his contemporaries is not wholly due to the esthetic power and charm of his lyrics. It is due, in an even higher degree, to the fact that these lyrics reveal, both consciously and unconsciously, the struggle and development of a type of personality supremely interesting to the German mind.

As the aim of all his struggle Dehmel sees a condition which he calls world-happiness. This he describes as the state in which the human personality would find itself in undisturbed harmony with its own self and also with the general life of man and of the world. This ideal, which is the Goethean one too, cannot of course be realized. And it is harder of realization, perhaps, by so tumultuous and subtle a soul as Dehmel's, than by some simpler and plainer one. For Dehmel will give up no portion of his large human heritage and explains his poetic activity as being identical with the "rhythmic taming" of all human passions. The whole matter can be made plain by a single illustration. The poet is, obviously, a man of powerful instincts. As a cure for this disharmony he rejects at once suppression, flight, or any ascetic method. The instincts must be disciplined by noble use and must be transmuted, through life and activity, into timeless and spiritual values. For thus only, Dehmel believes, will there come about that "steady, fundamental impulse to heighten all the creative powers" in which he sees man's will toward propagating a true humanity and not simply more meaningless life.

Such is, put in terms of critical interpretation, the spirit of Dehmel's poetry. It must not be supposed, however, that he very often expresses this spirit explicitly. In his poetry he rarely writes about his struggles and his ideals: he lives them — lives them on the concretest and therefore on the most poetical terms. The poems, to use his own words, "are not treatises, they are changes of the soul. In short, I have lived my poems." This statement at once gives one a clue to Dehmel's strength — the remarkable "thickness" (to use William James's term) of the world in which he lives. And this world, it must be remembered, is that modern world in which we all live — not an idealized, not a poeticized world at all. The protagonists in his great story in verse, 'Two Souls,' communicate by telephone, they walk the ordinary city streets; the woman in one of his most tragic lyrics plays the piano and the poet hears her from the next room and the scene is an apartment in Berlin. Yet Dehmel is perhaps nothing so little as a *doctrinaire* of naturalism. It is simply his immense sincerity that forces him to embody his spiritual struggles in terms of actuality. The burning experiences came first and only later the reflection that

it is wrong and stupid to brand any aspects of our modern life as "unnatural" or unfit for artistic treatment. Since our souls *are* in travail amid this complex civilization and we instinctively accept it in experience as natural and necessary, it is a barren affectation to exclude that civilization from our art.

It must now be clear why Dehmel has come to seem so important a poet to his countrymen and why they regard his work as having such significant and tonic qualities. For in it he portrays, in all its moods and phases, that striving for freedom of personality which is their highest ideal, and he portrays it amid the scenes and the things which are the immediate realities of their lives. All these virtues of his would be futile, of course, were it not for the poet's art. But Dehmel is a very notable master of language and an even more notable master of the music of verse. His diction is extraordinarily concrete, but the richness and energy of his rhythms give the majority of his poems a touch of the sumptuous and splendid. He has constantly invented his own stanzaic forms and thus, through their modulations, expresses in the most intimate way the spirit of his moods and aspirations. Yet it must not be imagined that this poet, so modern, so complex, and so troubled, is wholly alienated from the traditional notes of his people's verse. In such a poem as 'The Silent City' he has caught the haunting imagery, the grave and wondering vision, the strange simplicity of the folk-song. Nor has he ever expressed more completely all that seems to him the deepest meaning of his life and art than in the utterly plain and unadorned verses called 'A Song of Freedom.'

This is the way o' the world,
As all men born shall find;
The flowers blossom wild and gay,
But we build walls of mortar
Against the wind.

Thus it will ever be,
As we in death shall find;
Then blossom the flowers as of old,
While over our chill mortar
Laughs the wind.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE — Born November 18, 1863, the son of a forester in the village of Hermsdorf in the March of Brandenburg, the boy Richard grew up in the midst of the great woods, and inherited at the same time the strength and stature of his father. Also he probably derived from him a certain primitive strain of character, which brought him into conflict with his father, and flung him for a time upon the world, homeless and without means of subsistence.

Lyric poetry, as I have pointed out elsewhere, is primarily a product of youth, and Dehmel's 'Zwei Menschen,' published in his fortieth year, marks

the climax of his productive genius. Nevertheless, he continued to revise his earlier poems and to write additional ones, some of them of supreme quality. He also wrote a drama, 'The Philanthropists,' which was performed in 1917 and at once achieved notable success. But his chief work henceforth was the impress of his personality on his age and his contemporaries. Dehmel enlisted at the opening of the World War, and served through much of it, but brought out of it an affection of the leg which, recurring, caused his death on February 8, 1920.

B. Q. M.

VIGIL

THE crimson roses burn and glow,
Softly the dark leaves stir and shake,
And I am in the grass awake.
Oh, wert thou here,
For soon the mid of night will break.

Into the lake the moonbeams flow,
The garden gate hides her from view,
The moveless willows stand a-row,
My burning forehead seeks the dew;
Oh, I have never loved thee so!

Oh, I have never so deeply known
As often as our close embrace
Made each the other, why thy face
Grew pallid and thy heart made moan
When all my being sought thy grace.

And now — oh, hadst thou seen how there
Two little fireflies crept a-low;
I never more from thee will fare,
Oh, wert thou here . . .
For still the crimson roses glow. . . .

SUDDEN HOPE

OVER this our love is wound
Many-branched a weeping willow,
Night and shadow are our pillow
And our foreheads touch the ground.

We sit silent, somber, darkling.
Once a river here rushed by,
Once we saw the starlight sparkling.

Are we stricken by a blight?
Hark — from the cathedral high
Choral bells . . . and love . . . and night.

BEFORE THE STORM

THE sky grew darker with each minute
Outside my room, I felt within it
The clouds, disconsolate and gray.
The ash-tree yonder moved its crown
With heavy creaking up and down,
The dead leaves whirled across the way.

Then ticked, through the close room, unhurried
(As in still vaults where men are buried
The woodworm gnaws and ticks), my watch.
And through the open door close by
Wailed the piano, thin and shy,
Beneath her touch.

Slate-like upon us weighed the heaven,
Her playing grew more sorrow-riven,
I saw her form.
Sharp gusts upon the ash-tree beat,
The air, aflame with dust and heat,
Sighed for the storm.

Pale through the walls the sounds came sobbing,
Her blind, tear-wasted hands passed throbbing
Across the keys.
Crouching she sang that song of May
That once had sung my heart away,
She panted lest the song should cease.

In the dull clouds no shadow shivered,
 The aching music moaned and quivered
 Like dull knives in me, stroke on stroke —
 And in that song of love was blent
 Two children's voices' loud lament —
 Then first the lightning broke.

Translations by Ludwig Lewisohn

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS

IN darkness somewhere is a plaint.
 I fain would know what it may be.
 Perhaps the wind doth chide the night.

But no, the wind is not so near.
 The wind wails ever in the night.
 My blood is wailing in my ears,
 Ay, that's it.

But not so strangely wails my blood.
 My blood is quiet as the night.
 I think somewhere a heart complains.

THROUGH THE NIGHT

AND ever this mysterious You,
 And through the night this hollow zumming;
 On high the copper wires are humming,
 And home I stride the darkness through.

And step by step this darksome You,
 From pole to pole I hear it zumming;
 A thousand words the wires are humming,
 While mute I stride the darkness through.

ANNO DOMINI 1812

OVER Russia's dread, corpse-littered waste
 Night her pallid hands on high is folding;
 Sparkling-eyed throughout the white and tingling
 Vasty stillness stares the night and listens.
 Shrill there comes a jingling.

Hollow thumping of hooves, pale fluttering frost.
A sleigh-shoe creaks, the runner plows
Snow-shedding furrows, the whiplash cracks,
The horses are steaming, their breath outflows;
Flickering quiver the birches.

"Say — what news have you of Bonaparte?" —
And the peasant hears and will not credit
That behind him there the stony, rigid
Stranger with the lips of iron
Spoke a word so full of woe.

Answer seeks the greybeard, seeks and stops,
Stops aghast with pious, fearful gesture:
From the cloud-lined far horizon,
Flame-red from a bank of black,
Rises high the hornèd moon.

Gloomy as with blood-snow gleams the lengthy highway,
Pearls of blood-frost hang upon the birches,
Dripping as with blood the driver sits there.
"Man, what *say* they of the great Napoleon?"
Darkly sounds the jingling.

The sleigh-bells rattle; they clink, they wail;
The peasant harks, deep whispers the snow.
And gravely, with solemn tone and frail,
Like ancient lay of heavy woe
Sounds his voice through the desert:

"Huge in the heavens hung the darkling storm-cloud,
Fain to swallow up the hallowed moon;
Yet the hallowed moon still rides the heavens,
Burst asunder is the darkling storm-cloud.
Folk, why weepst?"

"Drove a tempest cold and proud the storm-cloud,
Sent to swallow up the quiet stars,
But eternal bloom the quiet stars,
For the tempest only rent the storm-cloud,
And itself the distance swallows.

"And there was a huge and darkling host,
 And there was a proud and cold commander;
 But our motherkin, our hallowed Russia,
 Many thousand warm and quiet hearts possesses —
 Lo, eternal blooms the folk!"

Night engulfs with hollow mouth the saying,
 Far off echo the hooves, the sleigh-bells jingle;
 On the naked birches flickers
 Red the frost, in moonlight swaying.
 Napoleon shivers.

Through the empty plain his glances stray:
 Over Russia's dread, corpse-littered waste
 Night her pallid hands on high is folding,
 Hangs and gleams on high the dark-red moon,
 A bloody scythe of God.

THE WORKING MAN

WE have a bed, we have a child,
 My wife!
 And both together we work and climb,
 And we've wind and rain and sunshine mild,
 And all we lack is a bit of time,
 To be as free as the birds, my child:
 Just time.

When on Sundays we stroll through fields and grass,
 My child,
 And o'er the cornfields in their prime
 We see the swallows dart and pass,
 O then, it is not our rags and grime:
 We need, to be fair as the birds, my child,
 Just time.

We sniff the gale — clouds banked and piled —
 We folk.
 Just a wee eternity of time;
 For we nothing lack, my wife, my child,
 Save all that through us comes to the prime,
 To be as bold as the birds, my child,
 Just time!

THE GOLDFINCH

THE sunlight burns; a thistle-plot
Gleams in the noonday still and hot.
A sea of leaves, stiff-jaggèd, where
Glow purple-petaled here and there
The nodding blossoms.

And through the steel-gray thistle-bush:
A wee gay birdling — hop, hop, push! —
Hops through the bristling thicket there
As if nor thorn nor spine it bare:
A little goldfinch.

How mazed, how queerly curved the sprays!
A playful zephyr comes and sways
From the thorny spear to blossom fair
And casts the shadows here and there;
Gone is the goldfinch.

Now I will calmly go my ways,
While on the sunlit world I gaze.
And back and forth through life I'll fare.
As if nor thorn nor spine it bare:
O life, I love it.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

FROM 'TWO LIVES' — SECOND GROUP

BLISS

I

TWO lovers ride through the spring-lit clime,
they gallop, gallop, from shade to sunshine;
all the leaves are like flames of green.
When the sky appears, when the horses neigh,
with shouting eyes at each other, they
cross the spaces between
and toss up their heads like the steeds.

Now and ever sprawls through the golden rays
 on the way's
 narrow moss in the lofty glade
 then a phantom shade
 half chimera half dragon,
 four legs like reeds.
 That stirs them to laughter,
 they kiss their hands to the monstrous beast.
 And the woman's joy must at last be released,
 loud rings her cry through the midday peace:

¹ Echo, Echo! chime in, chime in —
 a soul its freedom would fain begin,
 then joy its hands was binding.
 O Lover, help me my arms make wide,
 hold me a captive, with never an ending!
 ah could I thus endlessly ride and ride!
 And the man sudden his horse has spurred,
 in his pocket he feels, in his stirrups he stands,
 then he speeds o'er the land:

Come, abide by your word!
 And though my own freedom I lose thereby:
 here — hurrah for a deed — is the money we need!
voilà, madame: bank-notes! — say I,
 these are worth more than a title-deed?

He waves the greenbacks in the shining sun;
 he laughs till echo almost frightened cries.
 So great her joy, his words unheeded run.
 Her black horse rears, all gleaming in the sun;
 two lovers ride where life before them lies.

2

And they make a halt and bend their brows.
 There stands, with ivy overrun,
 amid the lofty pines a tiny house;
 a shady clearing; steps arouse
 the cooling fragrance of the morning dew.

¹ Part of the charm of Dehmel's superb narrative poem lies in the distribution of feminine rhymes, whereby it becomes almost untranslatable; a few lines are here given, however, to afford the reader a faint flavor of the original.

Long looks the man the lindens twain upon,
beside the moss-grown fence his childhood knew.
Then at his horse's mane he tugs to find
a hair and gives it to the sweeping wind:
Look, Dearest, thus I cast behind all trace
of memories that part us, grief or joy.
There Two enfold each other in embrace
who dream perhaps this moment of their boy,
how he adores his child, born of their race.

They nurtured all in me, with patient care,
whereby men's souls are happy in their pride;
but if they knew the joys that now I share,
what grief I'm causing other men to bear,
before their son they would stand horrified.

He looks away, cold, with embarrassed smile.
She softly lifts from saddle-bow her hand.
She catches up the hair, and for a while
her fingers seem to break the slender strand.
With shivering cheeks she puts it in his hand:

No, Love: one does not lightly cast away.
What though you smile — your true face says you nay;
what does not join us, parts your soul from me;
you'd help me feel whate'er my lot enhances;
'tis well! then show to me with ever warmer glances
dispelled this world's disharmony!

A light is then across the heather flung:
the sun shines through the wood. A hound gives tongue;
a call resounds beyond the hedge of bay.
The hair blows off. The threatening antlers lower
from the gray ridge-pole of the forester's bower;
two lovers ride in haste away.

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

GUSTAV FRENSSEN

GUSTAV FRENSSEN was born at Barlt, in South Dithmarsch, on October 19, 1863. After attending the *gymnasien* in Meldorf and Husum, he studied theology at the universities of Tübingen, Berlin, and Kiel. In 1892 he was appointed pastor in the village of Hemme. Two years later, after the success of 'Jörn Uhl,' he resigned his charge and went to live at Blankenese, near Hamburg.

Frenssen belongs to that group of Schleswig-Holsteiners who draw their real strength from the soil of their native district. His stories are full of the sea and the moor, and of the quiet, reserved men and women that live half-isolated there, wresting a hard-won living from sea and shore. As he pictures them, they are hard, bitterly earnest, and stubborn, yet they can be soft and mild. Born and brought up among them, and then working among them, this Holstein country parson knows to the backbone the people he tells us about, and sets them before his readers, a real world.

His claim to fame rests mainly on his longest novel, 'Jörn Uhl,' which was published in 1901. It quickly became the most widely-read book of the time in Germany, and ran into two hundred editions in ten years. Its theme is the moral force that can be derived only from hard work — and the healing, elevating influence of severe sustained effort. The story is simple. The Uhls live on a large, pretentious farm, and consider themselves better than their neighbors. The father is easy-going and wasteful, and spoils his two oldest sons by letting them swagger around without working, wheedling money out of him for their dissipations. Jörn, the youngest, is slow and rather stolid: he is the only one that cares how things are going, and by and by is drafted into working like a hired man on the farm. The father is crippled by an accident just as a heavy mortgage falls due, and the burden of retrieving the family fortunes falls on Jörn. He puts in years of bitter toil in the vain endeavor to build up the run-down farm — or rather the run-down farm and family, for in 'Jörn Uhl,' as in 'Frau Sorge,' the family and the soil are the two elements out of which life is made. Frenssen, like Sudermann, makes everything grow out of these two things. Jörn leads a life full of toil and despair: he has one misfortune after another, as long as he feels like the lord of the manor. All his troubles, however, cannot break his Frisian peasant spirit, and at last he sees that he has made a mistake in trying to begin at the top, and that he must begin over again at the bottom.

Frenssen's strength and his weakness as a writer are both clearly disclosed in 'Jörn Uhl.' It has been called the work of a village pastor whose moralizing

tendency is stronger than his artistic impulse. It is long, and not of equal merit throughout, and there are parts that a greater artist would have pared away. It tells, however, the story of a strong, vigorous, straight, and simple man trying to hammer out some conception of God and of life that will work. And it is told with a remarkable power of making the scenes and the people live before the reader's eyes.

'Hilligenlei,' Frenssen's next book, shows the same thing even more clearly. *Hilligenlei* — "the holy land" — is a little village on the coast of the North Sea. The belief some of the villagers have, that their town is to be the true Holy Land out of which the Saviour will one day come to lead the world to higher things, runs all through the story, and finds its culmination in a sort of essay on the life of Jesus with which the book closes. Incomplete from the point of view of its construction, it nevertheless holds picture after picture of real people, people as they really are, that stick in the reader's mind because they give the same sense of verisimilitude as an old Dutch portrait; the observer knows that he is looking at a faithful portrayal of some one who looked precisely like that, so pitiless and yet so amused is the painter's manner.

In 'Klaus Hinrich Baas,' published in 1909, Frenssen gives us the type of the Germans who have built up German commerce in foreign lands. Klaus is another peasant's son who works his way up from the very beginning till he becomes a Hamburg business man. He is dominated throughout by the grim Baas need for genuineness and truth that he inherits from his severe but warm-hearted mother, Antje Baas. This book deals with a theme common in many American novels — the rise of a man from poverty to wealth during a period of commercial expansion.

Frenssen is sometimes charged with too frank an acceptance of the physical side of life. What he really stands for, however, is that one must not be afraid of life: "Feigheit vor dem Leben" [fear of life] is to him the one irremediable mistake. Everything that is a part of life, of nature, must be met fearlessly and welcomed. The Christianity he preaches is joyous, not penitential.

Frenssen's published works include: 'The Sand Countess' (1896); 'The Three Comrades' (1898); 'Village Sermons' (1899); 'Jörn Uhl' (1901); 'Hilligenlei' (1906); 'Peter Moor's Journey to the Southwest' (1907); 'Klaus Hinrich Baas' (1909); 'The Loss of the Anna Hollmann' (1911); 'Sönke Ericksen' (1913); 'Bismarck' (1914).

ESTHER E. LAPE

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE — New evidence of Frenssen's real power as a creative artist was furnished by his remarkable story 'Peter Moor's Journey to the Southwest,' in which he made the South African scene present to the reader with the same vividness — although Frenssen had never been there — as his native landscape. Critics who had scoffed at 'Hilligenlei' were forced into reluctant admiration of this little masterpiece.

Frenssen continues to be a popular writer, in the best sense of the term, and his creative freshness remains seemingly unimpaired. When the government called upon him for a story that should show the bearing of the German people during the World War, Frenssen responded with 'The Brothers' (1917), in which a noble message to humanity is clothed in a work of true narrative art. Four years later came 'The Pastor of Poggsee,' in which a post-war problem—that of the women for whom there are no husbands—elicits words of deep philosophy and wisdom, and whose basic note is an affirmation of life derived from sympathy and understanding. His latest work, 'Lütte Witt' (1924), deals with the deep distress of the Ruhr district as a result of the French occupation of that region, and contains passages which remind the critics of 'Jörn Uhl.'

B. Q. M.

FROM 'KLAUS HINRICH BAAS'

Authorized translation by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read.
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CHAPTER V

ONE afternoon soon after this, when Klaus came home from school, he found his father lying on his bed asleep. He went back to the kitchen, where his mother was sitting at her sewing-machine, and asked, in great surprise, "What's the matter?"

Without looking up from her work, she said curtly, "Father's side hurts."

"Do you think it'll get better?" said Klaus, in sudden anxiety.

"Don't ask such stupid questions," she answered, with a frown. "How do I know?"

He went back to the room, and sat down with his slate at the window, where there was still a little bit of daylight; but he kept looking at his father, who was lying with his face to the wall, sometimes groaning in pain. What if father should die! But he had always been such a strong man. It wasn't likely—at least, he had never seen or heard of a strong man like his father dying. But if it should happen—well, it would be a dreary prospect, and he could never be a teacher.

After a little while his father turned toward him. "Tell me, Klaus," he said, in a tired voice, "have you thought again about what you want to be?"

Klaus was startled, because that was what he himself had just been thinking. "If it's possible, father," he said, "I want to be a teacher."

Jan Baas was silent for a while. "If I don't get really well again, my boy," he said, finally, "it won't be possible. Of course Mother will work like a

horse, and you won't be absolutely poverty-stricken; but she won't be able to accomplish that."

Klaus, in the hard, matter-of-fact way of our people, let the supposition stand. "If that happens," he said softly, "I'll have to be something else."

"Well, what else, my boy?"

"Well," said Klaus, after a few moments of thinking, "I'll be a store-keeper."

"Mother can probably manage that," his father said. "You must say that you don't care about teaching, and that you positively want to be a store-keeper. If you don't, Klaus, she'll sew all night so that you can be a teacher. You know how she is."

"Yes, father."

"I guess it would be better for you to tell her that now whenever you get the chance. And you'd better be confirmed next Easter."

"Yes, father."

"Well, then that's all right now, Klaus."

"Yes, father." Then he went on, in a courageous voice, "Do you know, father, I really think it's much better for me to work with my hands. Being busy around the store will be fun. I believe I'd like a hardware store best."

"Well, then you do that, Klaus. And now that's all settled."

They looked at each other uncertainly, and each saw plainly that the other was hiding his real feelings. But they did not speak of it again.

A week later his father was sick in bed again. And he was in bed every few days from now on. He came home pale and cold, with the sweat standing out on his brow, and lay for hours in dreadful pain, with his face turned to the wall so that they couldn't see it. When the pain became a little easier he turned from the wall, and in spite of the clatter of the machine in the kitchen, talked away cheerfully to the children, sitting or standing in a little group by the window. Once in a while as he talked his face would contract with pain. Then he would begin to joke with them in his own fashion somewhat clumsily and lopsidedly, simple day-laborer that he was, and mostly by praising them to the skies. But it was always effective, because his face and voice laughed and livened up as he did it. "Now Fritz and Ernst there," he would say to the little ones, "there's a couple of strong fellows. They could tear up trees by the roots. And if they both took hold together and gave themselves up to it, they could break down a wall!" And he laughed his hearty laugh when they believed it, and swelled out their little bellies proudly and cried, "Shall we, father?" To little tow-headed Hanna, who now took Lotte's place in looking after the house, and who was exactly like himself in her cheery friendliness, he said, "Hanna's the girl! When she's grown up and married she'll make the finest kind of soup out of shavings! And dresses — why she'll make them right on the women!" Cute little Hanna laughed. "I'll go right down and get some shavings, father," she said, "and make you some soup."

To Klaus he said, "That Klaus, now — there's a fellow that will make a cashier — and a cashier's a pretty kind of a fellow. When he's a storekeeper one of these days, and wants to get some syrup, he'll dip into the tar-barrel; and when the boss is trying to pack up herring, he'll put his apprentice in by mistake." "Oh, you mean because I'm so thin, father," laughed Klaus; "but I'm not weak for all that — I'm quick in gymnastics, I can just tell you. Just you keep on teasing; you'll see some day what kind of a storekeeper I'll be."

In the following week, Klaus woke one night and heard the rattle of the sewing-machine. He thought it must be after midnight, and he lay there breathless, thinking about all kinds of marvelous creatures — elves and goblins and such. Then, with his heart thumping hard, he got up, went through the kitchen, and looked into the living-room. His mother was sitting at the machine sewing, and her face looked tired.

He went back to bed, and lay awake, thinking hard. So far, his mother's ability and careful management had kept away the signs of poverty; but now he could see them. His father was bringing in almost nothing, and rent, coal, and food all had to be paid for. And on the chest stood all kinds of salves and medicines for his father. Klaus realized more and more what money costs, and he grew hot with fear.

He couldn't fully get to sleep again. Early in the morning he got up and went straight to Kalli Dau to ask him whether he didn't know of some work he could get to do, as errand boy or something of that sort. He had so much free time, he said, that he really didn't know what to do with it. . . .

[Klaus obtained work at first for a drayman; and then as boy of all work for Laura Morgenstern, an artist who sometimes used Klaus as a model for a picture of the prophets which she was painting.]

CHAPTER VI

And now, from early morning on, Klaus was longing for the moment to come when school would be out and he could put on his best coat and go to the artist's. He didn't notice that his father was at home almost every day now, sitting, pale and dull, by the kitchen window, with a quilt over his thin, sharp knees. When he handed over to his mother the three marks that Laura Morgenstern gave him every Saturday, he didn't notice how eagerly she seized them, or how thin her hand was. His very life was bound up in the keen joy he felt in those three hours every day that he could spend in the same room with the big, growling woman and the pretty, pert girl in the red mantle and the black wig.

Laura Morgenstern droned along about everything that came into her head, either from the questions they asked or from what was read aloud.

"Now I'm finding out at last what's in the Bible," she said, "and I must say there's a lot of nonsense in it. Take this Obadiah, for instance. Can you understand how he can help us nowadays? What has he got to do with my sins or my worries?"

"Have you any worries, Aunt Laura?" asked the girl in the black wig.

"Of course I have," she growled. "Everybody has."

Klaus stared at her. "Why should she have any worries?" he wondered. "She is well, and she has money. What's she talking about worries for?"

Sometimes, lost in thought, the artist worked away eagerly, her face set and earnest. It was easy to see that her thoughts were far away; usually she was thinking about her old home and her childhood. She seemed to be brooding and pondering over some difficulty or trouble, and to want to hold Christianity responsible for it.

"My father was a teacher, Klaus," she said; "he was earnest and industrious, and I tell you, he was pious, but all those Bible lessons, the texts and the hymns, and all the Christian beatings that we got besides: all that didn't do us any good at all. We children turned out just the way we would have without all those thousand Bible lessons; one of us — I mean myself — became a whimsical, grumbling old creature; another —" she straightened up a little and looked more sharply at the small, fine face under the black wig — "Klaus, do you think that religion can change a person's real nature?"

"Yes," Klaus said, "we are told that about Paul."

"Get away with your Paul!" she said. "Talk about Laura Morgenstern and Klaus Baas and Löscher the teamster, and people like that."

Klaus frowned. "Well," he said, seriously, "if you read the most beautiful things in the Bible out loud to somebody, he'll get more pious and earnest, that's what I believe."

"Oh, really," she said, "you think so." She bent clear back and said, "Nice eyes you're making, Tuddi! I imagine Obadiah's eyes looked just like that when he was preaching hell-fire to his people."

"Yes," the girl said angrily, "why do you keep talking to that stupid boy as if I wasn't here? Does he know more than I do?"

The girl in the black wig — her curly light hair crept out from under it sometimes — was always cross at him; her anger, however, made him feel vigorous and cheerful, and to be mocked at by her made his heart beat faster.

"He's awfully tiresome today, auntie!" she said. "He's fairly run down! Do wind him up again!"

He looked at her scornfully.

Then she looked back "with saintly eyes" at the artist. After a while she looked at Klaus and said imperiously, "Bring me the footstool!"

He brought the stool and put it under her feet, saying in a low, defiant tone, "If you weren't being painted, I wouldn't have brought it."

The artist heard him. "Don't you mind about her being painted, Klaus! If she doesn't ask you politely, don't you do it. At home she can boss the maid around; but here she's got to be polite."

The next day the little hypocrite said, "Please bring me the footstool." When he went to put it under her feet — she was staring at the painter with great soulful eyes — she put her foot down, not on the stool, but on his neck, and pushed it down. He seized her foot in his thin hand, set it firmly on the stool, and held it there a while.

Then she wholly forgot her sanctified pose. She stuck out her head and hissed at him furiously. She called this "showing her teeth like a tiger." It seemed to be her last weapon.

But he calmly looked her straight in the eye, angry and yet delighted that her face was so near.

One day, when he was in the kitchen before the sitting had begun, the door-bell rang without his hearing it. Hearing a light step behind him, he turned around and saw a little six-year-old girl. He recognized her at once as Tuddi's sister; she had the same delicate body and finely cut head, and her upper lip, too, was too short to cover her teeth. Without saying a word, she held out a little white milk bottle, with a rubber nipple on it. He looked at the delicate little creature in amazement, and asked what she wanted him to do.

Then it was her turn to be surprised. She shook her head at such a stupid Jack, and held out the bottle again, saying, "Warm it." Then he understood. He put the bottle in warm water and stood looking down at the little thing beside him, so delicate, and so finely finished. Surprised, and entirely unsuspecting, Klaus asked, "Who's to have the milk?"

She looked up at him with great questioning eyes. Then she said, in a tone of conviction, "You really are as stupid as Tuddi says you are!"

He said no more, but stood there wondering whether young ones in the city were kept on the bottle so long. He could hardly wait till the milk was warm. He gave her the bottle and followed her into the studio, where work had already begun.

The artist, leaning back in her big chair, was looking sharply over her spectacles at the model, and then putting cautious strokes on the canvas with a straight stiff arm. Obadiah, in the red mantle, sat with her legs crossed, her gray eyes fixed on the artist. The child was sitting at a low table on one side, on which were a lot of loose blue beads, and a long black string on which they were to be strung. She hadn't begun her work yet, but sat there sucking at her bottle, leaning back in her chair with her legs crossed, just like her sister, and looking at Klaus earnestly.

Now it was even more pleasant in the bright, clean studio. The friendly

clatter didn't stop for a moment. Sometimes, if she were once urged to it, the artist drawled on and on.

"Did you use to play, Aunt Laura," the children asked, "when you were as old as we are? Tell us about it."

"Play?" she said. "Of course!" It seemed as if a soft hand had passed over her gruff old face. "Did we play! — we lived next to the minister's, and we could play all we wanted to in his old, overgrown garden. At the far end of it there was a grassy mound. From it we could see away off into the country. This mound was our brother's exclusive property" — she looked scrutinizingly at the work on the canvas; then she went on in a softened voice, "We had a little brother, a pretty, light-haired youngster; he was a jolly one, and clever, too. He always wore a very soft velvety brown suit — the cloth caught the light a good deal; I don't know what kind it was, I've never seen cloth like it since. He wore a broad, snow-white frill around his neck, and his pretty hair hung down over his collar. He was very vain about his fine clothes, and yet he was untidy, and didn't bother at all when he got them spoiled. And we didn't scold him for it, either: we never scolded him, he was too handsome for that, and too gay. We three girls were all ugly; we had to go around all wearing the same kind of rough gray that mother used to buy by the piece for us. And we were naturally peevish and heavy. And just because we were so peevish and heavy and envious, just on that account he seemed so wonderfully handsome and bright and equable."

She was silent for a while, as if she were thinking of the last thing she had said. Then she went on, deep in recollection: "The mound at the end of the garden belonged to him alone; his kingdom, he called it. He sat on a little chair he had up there, with his legs crossed, turning his dainty neck in all directions and saying foolish things, as if he were giving commands or pronouncing sentence or the like. We three were his retinue; one of us cleaned the little wooden steps that led up to the hill; another knelt and mowed the grass on its slope; and the third one, bending low, brought him his meals. Toward evening, when the sun shone on his fine features, and made his silky hair shine, we used to say 'How handsome you are! How handsome you are;' He pretended not to care anything about our praises, but he noticed who laid it on the thickest. Then our father would call us, in his curt, gruff voice, and we had to go in and study hard — principally texts and hymns. Our brother learned things easily and quickly, but he forgot them quickly, too. He was too easy-going to hold anything firmly. When it was time for him to go to bed, we used to quarrel about who should undress him and put him to bed; finally he would let the one do it that had flattered him the most during the day. And we ugly gray crows envied the lucky one horribly — sometimes we got into each other's hair over it."

She sat idle for a while, lost in gloomy thoughts, looking now at the canvas, now at the black wig. Then she drew herself up again and set to work with

renewed energy. "Now, Tuddi, look just as proud as you can! Just imagine that Klaus Baas wants to run the paint-brush over your saucy little nose! Turn your head a little to the left—that's it! Your face is proudest when you're looking a little to one side. That's good. Now Klaus is coming with the brush—very good! Just imagine he's doing it—the shameless cub! Yes, you've plenty of imagination! After this we'll paint little Sanna. What do you want to sit for, Sanna?"

The little one looked up from the beads she was stringing. Her full lips, which had parted in the intensity of her work, closed again over her big white teeth.

"I think she ought to be Zephaniah," Tuddi said. "It doesn't matter what he wrote. You're going to be Zephaniah."

The child nodded, and repeated the name to herself several times. "I'll wear this chain," she said.

Now and then Tuddi talked about her home—about her mother, who was "just too dear and funny"; about her father, who had been in India and had come home an invalid; about her brothers, most of whom were unendurable; about the rooms upstairs and downstairs; about girls and a garden; about some school where studying was carried on as if it were a sort of pleasant game, and where the teachers were either "hideous" or "heavenly"; and about verses in foreign languages, that were horribly hard to learn. Once she was asking for help on a composition. She had to write an essay on "The High Moments of Life." What the teacher meant by high moments was baptism, confirmation, taking the sacrament; but Tuddi thought they were things like taking a trip to Sylt, going skating in the winter, and getting married.

Sometimes Klaus Baas took the center of the stage. He had to tell about the village, and their games, about the pond and the churchyard, the sea-shore and the sand. He was always very much afraid of using the wrong case, for High German was still a foreign, acquired speech for him. So he talked along somewhat like a schoolmaster, distinctly and slowly. Sometimes he was troubled about what he was telling; he wasn't sure whether it was all right to tell some of the things; he would hesitate about using some expression, and get stuck entirely.

Then Tuddi had a chance to make fun of him again. "Go over and wind him up again, Sanna," she would say. Then he didn't know what else to do but make the story move on in some other way, and so he had to make up a little. And as lies and fiction are a pretty risky business, his cheeks grew red and his eyes bright. But he had the satisfaction of hearing little Sanna say, in her gentle voice, "He's running again now, Tuddi."

Sometimes the black wig monopolized the conversation entirely; she gave them her representations of the grinning tiger, the hungry hyena, the languid lion—about half the zoölogical garden, in fact. Then she gave a "nigger show," as she called it. She stood little Sanna in front of Klaus, and said,

"Look, ladies and gentlemen! here is the negro prince Jumbo! Jumbo, show the ladies and gentlemen your teeth!" Then Sanna showed her teeth and tried to look fierce at Klaus. They were particularly fond of this scene, and gave it often. Klaus drank it in so with his eyes, with all his senses, as they stood fine and delicate at his very feet, that one day, twenty years later, when he met little Sanna in the hall of the house on Fähr Strasse in Uhlenhorst, he said the old words again — "Jumbo, show your teeth!" And it really cheered her up, worried and sad though she was.

When Obadiah was finished, Klaus Baas had to take his turn. He was to sit for Daniel, and he was supposed to look as Daniel did in the lions' den. "For that's all those Hogetrup people know about him, Klaus!"

How happy Klaus was while they were decking him out! How embarrassed he felt, and how honored, when the artist put the green mantle around him! What terrible den-of-lions eyes Tuddi made right in front of him! How gently and cheerily Sanna hung her string of blue beads around his neck, as he knelt in front of her! How his heart did jump when she stroked his hair hesitatingly and said, "Oh, Tuddi, just look, he has a moleskin cap on!"

But the next day, when life was as beautiful as it could possibly be, the two children did not come. The artist said that they had gone to their country home, near Hammer, earlier than usual that year, because their father was sick. He asked a few questions timidly and learned that their father was a merchant who traded with India, and that he had caught some disease on one of his trips there. "It's a distinguished old family, Klaus," she said. "They used to be well off, and they aren't really poor now; but what good does their money do them, when their father is sick? There's nothing but misery in this world."

Today she was painting the red mantle, which she had hanging over a chair. She worked on for a while, breathing heavily. Then she said, "Last evening I was looking in the Bible, Klaus, for the best places in it. My father was always praising the Psalms; he used to quote something Luther said about them; but Heaven help me, I can't find much of anything that would really help a person. And I don't remember that my father used to read it. It's my belief that people praise or blame a thing on hearsay for centuries; one man repeats it after another without thinking."

"Our teacher says," said Klaus, in his distinct, careful High German, "that the sermon on the mount, and then the sufferings of our Saviour, and then the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, are the best."

"Is that so?" she said. "Well, you're coming back again tomorrow, Klaus. Come back tomorrow!"

The next day, when he went into the flat, she came out of the studio, and said, in her surly yet friendly way, "We're going to leave Daniel out today, Klaus; I've got my brother in there — he happens to be in Hamburg for a

few days—and he's to sit to me for an apostle. I must get on first of all with those apostles. I thought you might read aloud to me now and then, so that I'd get into the right mood; I haven't any imagination at all. You've got to read slowly, though; my brother's a simple soul, and he hasn't had anything to do with books for a long time."

Then she went back into the studio, and Klaus went first to clean up the kitchen.

When he went into the studio and looked curiously at the brother, he was horror-struck to see that he was the loafer to whom he had boasted so six months before at the corner of the Grossneumarkt. Although the man had a new suit on, and had had his hair cut, Klaus recognized him at once by his beautiful eyes and by his beard with two shades in it. The loafer acted as if he didn't know Klaus; but once, when the artist looked away, he gave Klaus a confidential wink.

"What do you want to read today?" the artist said. "I have somebody read to me while I work, Jacob, so as to get into the right mood."

Klaus understood. He opened to the sermon on the mount, and read out the weighty passages sentence after sentence, in a slow, measured voice. The brother did not say anything; the sister painted on with real zeal and with almost a physical strain. The sweat stood out on her furrowed brow and between the gray hairs on her temples. She said nothing, except that now and then she commented on what was read: "That's good, Klaus! that's the way it ought to be!"

They worked on in this way for three or four days. On the fourth day, when Klaus was setting the picture to one side, he marveled to see how far on it was, and how clear and smooth the face stood out.

The next day, while Klaus was still at work in the kitchen, the outside door opened. Klaus thought nothing of it, because he thought it was the brother. But when he heard heavy groping and stumbling, he looked out the door. It certainly was the brother; but his clothes were dirty, his hair unkempt, and he was quite drunk. He nodded to Klaus Baas in sly embarrassment. Klaus hurried out of the kitchen and said softly, "Go away! get out of here!" but the artist had heard him. She opened the door and saw him. She did not say anything; but she waved him away with a stiff, helpless gesture. He turned around abashed, looked at her again in a stupid, embarrassed way, and then went out.

When Klaus got done in the kitchen and went into the studio, she was sitting all huddled up in her old place before the picture, with her palette and brushes in her hands, staring straight in front of her. When she heard him come in, she pulled herself together and began to work again. Looking over at her timidly, he saw her looking intently over toward the place where her brother had sat, as if she were painting on from the image of him she had in her mind. She was quite absorbed. Gradually the strained look passed

out of her firm old face, and she painted for hours with particularly keen, strong inspiration.

Klaus went back and forth, and finally went to the table to wash the brushes. She looked over at him once, and was sorry for him, standing so quietly at his work. "We'll ask the children over for Saturday, Klaus," she said; "then it will be cheerful here again."

She worked on uninterruptedly for three hours, until the daylight was gone. Then she got up, and found that she was tired. "Take the picture off and turn it toward the wall," she said. Then she went as usual into the kitchen to wash her hands.

Klaus went up and looked at the picture. He recognized the brother; but whereas the face of the real man was corrupted with mean vices, the face on the canvas was full of the noblest of all passions, the grief and enthusiasm of a great, pure cause; dreadful suffering showed in the mouth, and the eyes were drawn together, as if anxiously trying to discover aid. Klaus began to cry violently, still staring at the picture through his tears.

Coming back, she found him crying. She put her arm around him awkwardly, and walked up and down the room with him, while he wept bitterly.

"It didn't do us any good, Klaus," she said. "The thing goes too deep for that. I thought it would turn out this way; but I wanted to try once more."

He wanted to comfort her somehow, so he said — calling her "du" in his warm sympathy — "But you have imagination, after all, Aunt Laura!"

"Oh, yes, Klaus," she said, "when a person is in such grief! But you see for yourself now, it's all no good."

The next day, when Klaus went home at noon, and was going to hurry off again to the artist's, he saw that his father was neither in the kitchen nor in bed. Klaus was glad; he turned on his heel briskly and said, "Has father gone out?"

Then his mother came out of the bedroom. Turning away from him, she said, in a low, hard voice, "Father has been taken to the hospital. He's to be operated on."

Klaus stared at her, and saw the infinite suffering in her eyes. It shook him so that he could not say a single word. "I haven't bothered myself about him. I haven't bothered myself about him," rang in his ears. He asked his mother what hospital it was, snatched up his cap, and ran out without another word.

In the vestibule of the hospital, he asked about his father in his clear, excited voice. A doctor came along just then and heard him. "You've come at just the right time," he said. "Come along."

As they went up the stairs, the doctor put his arm around Klaus's shoulders and said, "You're a lively youngster! Where are you from? Holstein, eh? Well — it may turn out that you won't keep your father much longer; then you'll have to be a stout youngster and help your mother! Don't stay with your father very long; go back and tell your mother to come."

Klaus, breathing hard, silently followed the man into the ward full of small, mean beds, in one of which lay his father. His face was sunken, and white as death, and there were blue rings around his sunken eyes.

He opened his tired eyes with difficulty and looked up blankly. Then he recognized his son, and tried to force himself out of his stupor. "Are you there, my boy?" he said in a low voice. "I borrowed ninety marks from Timmermann on the quiet, a little at a time — when we hadn't anything in the house — you must pay him back, when you get to earning something yourself. Mother mustn't know anything about it — she'd be ashamed and work herself to death. Then there's sixty-seven marks more, that mother had to borrow from the storekeeper. As soon as I'm tended to, you go back home right away, and you see to getting that sixty-seven marks somewhere. Mother's so straight and honest that she can't stand being in debt. But you mustn't tell her you're going, or she wouldn't let you go. Then come right back and keep a good watch on her, and keep her from hurting herself — you know what she's like. You must pet the little ones now and then, Klaus; only don't you let her see you."

Klaus kept nodding, with the tears running down his cheeks. He waited for his father to say something more, but he lay there, dead white, his whole forehead covered with drops of sweat, breathing irregularly. Klaus was too shy to think of saying to the doctor, "Let me stay here! Don't send me away from my father's death-bed to carry a message!" He turned away and hurried home.

He didn't find his mother in the flat; she had started to the hospital already. He cheered up the children, put them to bed, and talked to little Hanna, who was crying, asking where her father was, and listening on the stairs for her mother to come back. At dusk their mother did come. "Father is dead," she said to Klaus, in a low cold tone. "Go to bed; I'm going to work."

He went out, crying gently, and stood in the hall. He gulped down his sobs so as not to wake Hanna, who had just gone to sleep.

Suddenly he heard his mother cry out — madly, like a wild beast.

He stood there listening in terrible anxiety, hearing her strike her head and her elbows against the table, uttering wild, grief-stricken cries. He fastened the hall door softly, so that she could not get out. Then looking through the keyhole into the kitchen he saw her lying among the dirty dishes on the hearth, in front of the wooden chair that Jan Baas used to sit in, groaning in a tortured, choking voice: "God, you're crazy — God, you're a — don't you want anything more? Come and take your pick! My dear husband! My handsome, dear, cheerful, good husband! So dear — so handsome — so good! What do you want, God? Do you want me to pray to you to help me take care of the children? Ha! I laugh at you! I can take care of the children myself! And if I couldn't, I wouldn't pray to you or anybody else about it! I'd take them and jump into the Elbe with them. Pray to you? to you? ha!"

Her son knelt outside the door, in deadly anxiety, his hair standing on end. He wondered what he ought to do, if she should rush out suddenly; he would hang on to her clothes and not let her go!

And so he spent the hours of that night, until finally only a dull groaning came from the kitchen. Then, overcome, he fell asleep, curled up like a dog against the door.

Toward morning he woke up freezing. He put on his good suit, and wrote on a scrap of paper: —

“Father was talking to me. I have to go back home. I have my good suit on and I have some clean handkerchiefs and three marks. You must keep up. I’ll stand by you like a hero. From your loyal son,

KLAUS HINRICH BAAS”

He peeped through the keyhole once more. She was sitting on the hearth, with her elbows up, holding one hand over her mouth, as if to keep it still, and staring straight at the wall. Then he left the flat, and went down the dark stairs. It was still dark outside. He went along the Langereihe toward Altona.

Gradually the sky grew lighter, and the streets gray. Part of the time Klaus’s soul was with his father, who was being carried home now by strangers’ hands; part of the time it was in the kitchen, where his mother was sitting on the cold hearth in the gray dawn. Part of the time he was thinking of their old home. Where would he ever get the money! Sixty-seven marks! Sixty-seven!

One day, ten years later, when he was sitting in his office on the shore of the Indian Ocean, thousands of miles away from home, he happened to hear that number again; and this sad morning and his bitter need rose up before him again, so deeply had that number stamped itself upon his soul.

Translation revised by Bayard Quincy Morgan

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

BORN in 1874 into a wealthy Jewish family, and surrounded from childhood with the peculiar cultural influences of the Austrian capital — an age-long civilization, an almost Italian love of beauty, a truly Southern lightheartedness in facing the problems of life — Hofmannsthal remained wholly untouched by the wave of naturalism that swept over North Germany in the early nineties. Indeed, his own literary beginnings were made in an exclusive circle of very eager young *précieux*, with the poet Stefan George as their chief mentor, whose entire work represented the most emphatic protest against the principles of the naturalistic school. "True poetry," they insisted, "does not describe: it merely awakens or suggests with the aid of indispensable words." Hofmannsthal himself stresses "words," and asserts that "a new and bold combination of words is the most wondrous of gifts for the soul." So these literary goldsmiths, as they have been called, have carried almost to its highest perfection the art of linking human speech, and Hofmannsthal is by many regarded as the greatest living exponent of exquisiteness in German style. Perhaps no other writer of German could have equalled his *tour de force* in the adaptation of the old English morality play 'Everyman,' for which he created a most fitting linguistic dress by combining with the phraseology of Luther's Bible certain Austrian dialect forms. Always he has a sure instinct for the correct word or phrase, and his prose and verse are alike characterized by flawless form, beauty of imagery, and perfect euphony. His style has the quality that distinguishes Kipling at his best, a felicity that causes us to linger over his sentences as the gourmet allows some particularly delicious tidbit to melt on his tongue. Such an art has its finest fruition in the lyric, and although Hofmannsthal's production in this field is not large, he has written almost nothing that is not of distinguished excellence. Unlike many ultra-moderns, he employs no unusual means in his lyrics, but secures his effects by the perfect symmetry and balance of simple elements in euphonious combination.

The bulk of Hofmannsthal's work is in the field of drama, where he evinces a considerable versatility. Two tendencies, however, can be traced through all his dramatic works. His fellow-craftsmen had once declared: "We purpose not the invention of stories, but the reproduction of moods, not contemplation but delineation, and we desire not to entertain but to leave an impression." This is essentially the function of the lyric poet, and Hofmannsthal's plays abound in passages which are essentially lyric in spirit if not in form, and which alone give these works their permanence. Such a classic

as 'Death and the Fool,' for example, which still perhaps represents the high-water mark of his achievement, is but little more than a series of lyric moods of great beauty and charm.

The other tendency may be gathered from Hofmannsthal's remark that "no direct road leads from poetry into life, none from life into poetry." So we find him, like the Romanticists with whom his spirit most closely allies him, choosing his themes by preference in a far-away age or clime. Now it is classic Greece that attracts him, as in 'Œdipus and the Sphinx'—a superb study of a man born to rule—and 'Electra'—a particularly vivid, yet gruesome and overdrawn, psychological picture. Again, it is Italy of the sensuous beauty that he uses for background, in an adaptation of Otway's 'Venice Preserved'—where he attempts a psychological interpretation of the hero-traitor, Jaffier—in 'Christina's Homeward Journey,' a comedy, and in 'The Adventurer and the Singer.' For 'The Marriage of Sobeide' he chooses ancient Persia for his romantic setting, while his 'Rose Cavalier'—a brilliant comedy, chiefly known through Richard Strauss's use of it as a libretto—gains color from the courtly costumes of an earlier day.

Dramatically, Hofmannsthal's greatest successes so far are perhaps 'The Marriage of Sobeide' and 'The Adventurer and the Singer.' The former just falls short of greatness by a straining both of probability and poetic truth in the second act, yet has lines of imperishable beauty, and the third act is quite perfect in its kind. The other verse-drama, founded on an episode in the life of Casanova, succeeds to an extraordinary degree in re-creating the atmosphere of luxury-loving Venice; and the chief figures are poignantly true.

Hofmannsthal matured very early, and his first published work, a dramatic sketch written at the age of seventeen and entitled 'Yesterday,' seemed to promise a career of unexampled greatness. This promise, it must be admitted, has not been realized, and it is doubtful whether he will even surpass his earlier efforts. On the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, many German critics reviewed his life-work, and while one of them expressed the confident hope that he might strike a new vein in the light and brilliant comedy of Austrian life—a field which he has recently entered—the general consensus was clearly that Hofmannsthal has now achieved his permanent place in twentieth century German literature, and that no further surprises or even advances are to be expected. A master of verbal imagery and perfect diction he remains, a master of lyric expression and metrical form, a master of style and beauty; but great creative genius is not ordinarily paired with Romantic temper and technique, and Hofmannsthal is no exception to the rule.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

THE MEETING

From 'The Adventurer and the Singer'

[Baron Weidenstamm, the adventurer, returns to Venice after long years of absence, and is recognized in the opera-house by Vittoria, the opera-singer, who has loved him and has a son by him. After the performance she finds her way to him.]

BARON. Tell more about thyself, yet more.
Vittoria [with growing animation].
 Hast thou not heard

Me sing? They say the air grows darker
 And lighter in the largest churches
 When I am singing.

They say my voice is like a singing bird
 That sits upon a twig in heavenly glory.
 They say that when I sing, there mingle joyful
 Two streams, the golden stream of sweet oblivion,
 The silver stream of blissful recollection.
 Within my voice there floats the highest rapture
 On golden summits; and the golden chasm
 Of deepest anguish quivers in my singing.
 This is my all, for I am just as hollow
 As any vaulted body of a lute,
 A nothing, that but harbors worlds of dreams:
 And all of it's from thee, thine own, thy splendor. . . .

Baron. How should I be the cause of all these wonders?

Vittoria. O, simply love. For this is how it came:

When thou forsookst me, in my utter darkness
 Just like a bird that flutters on dark branches
 My voice sped out and searched the world for thee.
 Thou wast alive, that was enough for me.
 I sang and thou wast near, I know not how,
 And oft and oft I thought thou wast quite near
 And that my voice could fetch thee from the air
 As if it had the talons of the eagle.
 I 'stablished islands in the air, and it was here
 Thou layest when I sang. And always, always
 I felt as if I clamored: It is he
 Inspiring all these raptures, all these torments!
 Heed not my voice! 'Tis he that moves you so!

And my complaints descended far and far
 Like endless stairways, gates beneath me thundered
 And closed with distant rumbling, all the world
 My voice embraced, the world and more: thyself —
 Thou wast in it.

Baron. Be mine again, Vittoria.

Vittoria. I cannot. No. I will not!

Baron. Who forbids it?

Vittoria. Who? [*Pauses.*] Oh, people — too.

Baron. Thy husband?

Vittoria. My whole fate

Forbids it utterly. Dost thou not feel it? . . .

Baron. Belong to me again! Recall the past!

Vittoria. I do recall it. There's no fiber in me

But knows it well. And therefore let me be.

But thou recall. Think how the horror came,

When we had fain, with sinful, impious finger,

Stirred up the dying flame. . . .

Baron. Oh, what a fool

Was I, to torture thee, what miscreant

And fool! And all about the presents!

Vittoria [*quite perplexed*].

The presents?

Baron. Which the marquis —

Vittoria [*repeats*]. Marquis — me?

Baron. Grimaldi —

Vittoria [*dully*]. What?

Baron. Who built your country-house —

Vittoria. My country-house?

Baron. Yes, with the nut-pine grove.

Vittoria. I know no country-house, and there was never

A present that could make thee torture me!

The name Grimaldi never touched my ear!

No word of him!

Baron. And could I have confounded

So much at once, the place and person both?

Vittoria. He has confounded it! he could forget it,

As 'twere the content of a wretched farce,

As 'twere a tavern's name, a dancer's face!

[*She weeps.*]

And if so much he could forget, then what

Forgot he not? [*Pauses.*]

He has forgot! — Fool, fool! So this is life. —

Now I am calm. Before, seest thou, I was
Just like a silly child, and so have spoiled
Our pleasant chat, thy quiet narrative.

THE FAREWELL

Closing scene of the same play

[The Baron is introduced into Vittoria's house by her husband, whom he has met by chance, and sees there his son, her supposed brother Cesarino. But being warned of danger if he remains in Venice, he takes hurried leave in order to enjoy one more amour before his time in Venice is up. The closing lines follow.]

BARON. Farewell.
Vittoria.
Farewell.

[*She turns once more, advances to him; with altered voice.*]

Antonio, thou knowst how yesternight
I came to thee? That memory shall be thine:
I came, so much the slave of an enchantment
That issued from thee — and yet not from thee —
That I was scarce the mother of thy child,
No longer I myself, the prima donna,
But thine to hold, thy silly artless creature,
The little, long since dead Vittoria.
How glad I am that thou perceived it not,
And now hast giv'n me to myself again.
I might be grateful too, that, thanks to thee,
Once more I still could feel so —

Baron [*advancing*].

O Vittoria!

Vittoria [*rebuffing him with a slight gesture, softly*].

Too late.

[*The servant comes from the rear.*]

Vittoria [*nodding to the servant, with a smile, aloud*].

Your gondola, I see, is waiting,
Sir Baron!

[She bends her head, the Baron bows low. Both pass off. The Baron disappears in the background with the servant. Vittoria remains standing at the door and looks after him until he disappears.]

Vittoria. What, really going? Can he? Yes, he's going!
 He's going. Why should I weep? A kindly fate
 Is bringing all things to a gentle ending,
 And I keep all I have, for he is going
 From out whose mouth the lightning might have fallen:
 For now he's prancing to a dancer's piping,
 Aye, and the lodestone, where his rotten bark
 Will one day yield its bolts and go to pieces,
 Is any dwelling from whose open windows
 Thin, painted lips smile down upon the pavements.

[She sits in a chair, claps her hands to her face, and weeps. After a time she rises and walks up and down.]

He goes and does not even turn his head
 To see the house in which his child is dwelling.
 Methinks I wished that it might happen so!
 Or have I lied and duped my very self?
 How lightly, gayly all this found its end!
 Had I not seen him as I did yestreen,
 I never could have played my part this morning.
 And then again: were something of that ore
 That in the title "Father" peals and rings
 But mingled with his nature's plastic clay,
 He had not thus departed from this threshold.
 Upon what cobweb or what heavy chain
 Of iron dost thou hang our little fates,
 O Master? *[Pause.]*

Well, I see that this is so.
 The streams of life, they take a certain course,
 And who made music — soon there comes a day
 When he knows her no more, and turns away
 And leaves her: even so it happened here.
 Am I then not the music that he made,
 I and my child? Is there no fire in us,
 That once was flaming fire in his soul?
 Whatever kindling set the fire to burning:
 The flame's from God, to God returning!

[With light tread she passes from the stage. The stage remains empty a moment. Then Cesarino enters. He calls.]

Cesarino. Vittoria! Vittoria!

[*He stands listening with growing intentness in the middle of the stage.
Then he runs to the door, listens, and cries with quivering voice:*]

Lorenzo, quick! she's singing wondrously,
It makes my blood stand still in every vein!
She's singing Ariadne's glorious song,
That she would never sing for years and years:
The lovely aria, you know, where she is standing
On Bacchus' chariot! Come, Lorenzo, come!

CURTAIN

DAWN OF SPRING

THERE floats the breath of spring
Through desolate trees;
Many a strange thing
Is in his breeze.

He gently lingers
Mid tears and care,
And wreathes his fingers
In disheveled hair.

He lavishly spreads
Acacia bloom
And cools the heads
That burn in the gloom.

Through the sighing
Desolate trees
Sends the breeze
Shadows flying,

And the scent
Is wafted light
From whence he came
Since yesternight.

Faces smiling
He has caressed,
And waked the beguiling
Meads in his quest.

He sped through the flute
As a sob and a cry,
And the red dawn was mute
As he flitted by.

In silence he came
Through the murmuring hall,
And blew to its fall
The slender flame.

BALLAD OF THE OUTER LIFE

AND children wake to life in deep-eyed wonder,
And ignorant in living as in dying,
And all we men our several ways must travel.

And bitter fruits are turned to sweet, and flying
Like stricken birds they fall on earth, to cheer it,
But spoil ungathered in a few days lying.

And evermore the zephyr blows, we hear it
And ceaseless speak with all our little graces,
And feel both joy and weariness of spirit.

And pathways wander through the grass, and places
With trees and ponds, where torches oft assemble;
With threatening, or deathly withered faces. . . .

Why are so many built, and why resemble
Each other never, countless and unending?
Why alternately weep and laugh and tremble?

What profits us all this and such contending,
Since lifelong loneliness our manhood grips,
And to no goal our erring feet are wending?

What profits us such life, though far we roam?
And yet how much he says, who "Evening" says:
A word whence pensiveness and sadness drips
Like heavy honey from the hollow comb.

FROM 'DEATH AND THE FOOL'

[Claudio, alone in his study reflects on his past, and concludes that he has been in life, but not of it:]

TO artifice I have myself been giving,
 That I beheld the sun with eyes unseeing,
 And heard with ears that were not truly living:
 This curse obscure I ever with me took,
 Not consciously, not quite unconsciously.
 With petty pain and shallow glee
 I lived my life as if it were a book —
 One half not clear, the other half forgot —
 In which the mind sought life, and found it not.

[The servant announces the presence of strangers in the garden; he is fearful and says they are not human. Now the sound of a violin is heard approaching: Claudio is strangely stirred, and carried back to his childhood. Seeking the hidden player, he sees Death standing before him, and in his first horror he collapses, then begs for a reprieve, saying that he has not yet lived. Death retorts that this is his own fault:]

Thou fool! thou wretched fool! then I will teach thee
 To honor Life, ere thy last moment reach thee.
 Stand yonder and be silent; hither stare
 And learn, the dust composing all thy brothers
 Was full with love of earth and love of others,
 And thou alone wert noisy, empty, bare.

[With a few strokes of his bow he calls forth three shades: Claudio's mother, a young girl whom he has loved and tossed aside, lastly a man, once his friend. Each has known grief and tragedy, yet each has had more of life than Claudio, who says:]

As on the stage a wretched, paltry player
 Comes at his cue, and speaks his lines and goes,
 Indifferent to all the rest, and dull,
 Unmoved by what his own lips have to say
 Nor touching others by his empty voice:
 Thus o'er the stage of life I bent my steps
 And made my journey without force or worth.

.

Could I be with thee, hearing nought but thee;
 Confusion, pettiness, both far from me!
 I can! Fulfil the promise threatened by thy breath:
 My life is dead, be thou my life, O Death!
 Why must, to unknown forces titles giving,
 I call thee Death, and call that other "living"?
 Into an hour thou hast more "living" gotten
 Than I have known in all my previous hours.
 The shadows of the past shall be forgotten
 In yielding to thy wonders and thy powers. —

[*He ponders a moment.*]

May be, this is but dying recollection,
 Washed upward by my death-foreboding blood;
 Yet have I ne'er, with all my life's reflection,
 Perceived so much, and so I'll call it good.
 If now, extinguished, Claudio must die,
 Thus full of this last hour, I will not sigh:
 Aye, let that old life vanish, pale and thin,
 Now that I die, I know that I have been.
 As when one dreams and wakes — the overflow
 Of dreamed emotion slumber's fetters breaking —
 Perhaps with feeling I'm o'ercharged, and so
 I wake from dream of life in death's awaking.

[*He drops dead at the feet of Death.*]

Death [exit slowly, shaking his head].

How wonderful this mortal leaning:
 No thing obscure, but they'll seek its meaning;
 They read such things as ne'er were written,
 Combine and master all confusion,
 And in Eternal Dark find ways to a conclusion.

[*He disappears, his words die away.*]

[*All remains still in the room. Through the window one sees Death go by playing his violin, behind him come the mother and the maiden, and close to them a form that resembles Claudio.*]

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan

THOMAS MANN

IT is not easy to pick out, from among the literary celebrities of one's own day, those figures who are destined to stand out above the horizon after the common mortality of us all has leveled the then distant landscape. But Thomas Mann already has so much really distinguished work to his credit, and his latest great production reveals such surpassing breadth and power — qualities that outlive the triumphs of the day — that it seems safe to predict a lasting place for him among the German novelists of the twentieth century. Still anything but an old man, Mann's recent work shows not the least sign of flagging zeal or waning force, and we may expect still more significant children to spring from his brain.

Thomas Mann was born June 6, 1875, the son of a leading citizen (senator and assistant mayor) of Lübeck who had married Julia Bruhn-Da Silva, born in Brazil to a German planter and a Creole girl. Much of the history and traditions of the family is set forth in Mann's first great novel, 'Buddenbrooks' (1901), which made him famous at once, and which has sold over 160,000 copies — no small achievement for a book of two stout volumes. His subtitle gives the essential plan of the story: 'The Downfall of a Family.' The idea itself — that of following the fortunes of one family through several generations, and watching its original ability and power dwindle and wane by a sort of fatality — was not a new one: it had been attempted by Balzac and Zola in France, by Alexis and Freytag in Germany. The book does represent, nevertheless, a new age and a new technique in the energy of its realism. The rise and decline of this mercantile family is not caused by "fate," not by "tragic guilt," not even by the development of general affairs, as for example in Spielhagen's 'Sturmflut'; what Mann does is to take a group of personalities, carefully visualized and fully understood, and permit them to be affected by three great forces — their physical constitution, their financial vicissitudes, and "society." The progress of the story, marked by a skill and delicacy in the representation of atmosphere and mood that is Mann's heritage from the school of Maupassant, appears then not as willed by the author, but as brought about by life itself. Noteworthy from the technical standpoint is an adaptation of Wagner's "leitmotiv" to the novelist's problem: like a Homeric epithet, the same phrase recurs in connection with a given character, or the same episode is alluded to over and over, precisely as we associate in life certain turns of speech or certain incidents with each friend or acquaintance. Not a book for a summer afternoon, 'Buddenbrooks' can be dipped into over and over again without surfeit, with ever renewed enjoyment.

Blood brother to Hanno Buddenbrook, the last member of that expiring race, is Tonio Kröger, the hero of one of Mann's most brilliant short stories (1903), whose philosophizing epitomizes Mann's own character and thought. Born in Lübeck of a patrician father and a dark and passionate mother, Tonio loves his mother for her emotional appeal, but the father in him disapproves of her lack of strength and order. So he goes through life, his spirit at odds with itself. Again we have the autobiographical note: Mann's own arrest at Lübeck, under suspicion of being a swindling "individual" wanted by the police, is transferred to the story of Tonio, who likewise legitimates himself by displaying the proof-sheets of his latest work. But if this satisfies the police, it does not satisfy the author, who in a later work examines the relationship between swindler and artist and finds that there is something in both of which the good citizen had best beware.

Upon the appearance of 'Tonio Kröger,' a painter sent Mann a drawing: a king in a Spanish cloak sitting solitary on his high throne and sobbing into his hands. It was a forerunner of Mann's second novel, 'Royal Highness' (1909), in which his own happy marriage is reflected. He has written: "I cherish the faith that I only need to tell of myself in order to loosen the tongue of my age and of all men, and without this faith I might abstain from the labor of production. 'Royal Highness' is not an arbitrarily chosen subject in which my 'virtuosity' set its teeth and to which my ignorance had no claim. But in participating, so far as my powers extend, in the effort of some few to ennoble and exalt the German novel as a form of art, I again narrated some part of my own life." Thomas Mann, writes Arthur Eloesser in his biographical study, "tries to descend from the isolation of artistry, lighter than air, into the community of mankind, by weighting himself down with responsibility, by following the downfall of one family with the establishment of a new one." The book is an instructive fairy tale, says another critic. It was joyously written, and its restrained yet grotesque humor bears witness to this happy mood. Nevertheless, the critics and the public did not quite know what to make of this book, and it almost seemed as if no real successor to the 'Buddenbrooks' was to be written.

Then came, growing out of a personal experience that antedated the World War, ripened by the great fermentations of that terrible period, a new revelation of Mann's deepened and tempered power, 'The Magic Mountain' (1923). Like his first novel, this had been conceived as a fairly brief and crisp study, only to develop almost of itself, once the writing of it began, into a great panorama of life and death, especially the latter. For the magic mountain is the location of a famous sanitarium for sufferers from tuberculosis, where the reader, like the son of Hamburg around whom the action centers, Hans Castorp, is held spellbound by the magic of the writer for seven long years, watching the come-and-go of patients and lifeless bodies, following the rise and fall of the fever-curve, listening to the quixotic eloquence of Settem-

brini, the pitiless logic of the Jesuit Leo Naphtha, the brutal kindness of the physician Behrens, and the inarticulate but primitively powerful utterances of Mynheer Peter Peeperkorn, and living with Hans Castorp his unachieved yet somehow satisfying love for Claudia Chauchat, the mysterious Russian with the beautiful arms. That Hans is the victim of a psychosis, of which his fever is merely the manifestation, and that the spell can only be broken by that earthquake, the World War, whose shocks rock the remotest refuge, is not definitely stated, but clearly implicit in the narrative, and gives this book something of an epoch-making value. But its deeper importance derives from the profound wisdom, the ripe understanding, the keen insight of that mature observer and counselor Thomas Mann, whose productive vein, we may confidently hope, is not yet exhausted.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

CHRISTIAN BUDDENBROOK

From 'Buddenbrooks'

CHRISTIAN BUDDENBROOK, proprietor of the firm of H. C. F. Burmeister and Co. in Hamburg, with his stylish gray hat and his yellow cane surmounted with the nun's bust in his hand, came into the living-room of his brother, who sat there reading with Gerda. It was half past nine on the evening of the christening.

"Good evening," said Christian. "Oh Thomas, I have something urgent to discuss with you. . . . Excuse me, Gerda. . . . It cannot wait, Thomas."

They went over into the dark dining-room, where the Consul lighted one of the gas-lamps on the wall and surveyed his brother. He had a presentiment of evil. Apart from the first salutation, he had not yet had an opportunity to talk with Christian; but he had watched him attentively during the ceremony and had observed that he was uncommonly serious and restless, in fact that during the course of Pastor Pringsheim's speech he had even left the room for several minutes for some reason or other. . . . Thomas had not written him another line since that day in Hamburg on which Christian had received from his hands ten thousand marks cash, as an advance from his patrimony, to cover his debts. "Just keep on like that!" the Consul had said. "Then your pennies will soon be spent. As for me, I hope your ways will cross mine very little in future. You have put my friendship to too severe tests all these years." . . . Why had he come now? Something urgent must be impelling him. . . .

"Well?" asked the Consul.

"I can't go on," answered Christian, sitting down sidewise, with hat and cane between his lean knees, on one of the high-backed chairs that stood around the table.

"May I ask what you can't go on with, and what brings you to me?" said the Consul, who remained standing.

"I can't go on," repeated Christian, twisting his head back and forth in fearfully restless seriousness and letting his small round deep-set eyes rove about. He was now thirty-three years old, but he looked much older. His reddish-blond hair was so thin that almost the whole cranium was exposed. Over the deeply sunken cheeks the bones stood out sharply; and between them hunched, naked, fleshless, gaunt, the monstrous bulge of his great nose. . . .

"If that were all," he continued, sliding his hand down his left side without touching his body. . . . "It is not a pain, it is a torment, you see, a constant, vague torment. Dr. Drögemüller in Hamburg tells me that all the nerves are too short on that side. . . . Just imagine, on the whole left side all my nerves are too short! It is so strange . . . sometimes I feel as if some cramp or paralysis must set in here in my side, a permanent paralysis. . . . You have no idea. . . . I never go to sleep properly in the evening. I start up because all of a sudden my heart is not beating and I get a perfectly terrible fright. . . . That will happen not once but ten times before I fall asleep. I don't know whether you know what it is. . . . I will describe it to you quite closely. . . . It is. . . ."

"Never mind," said the Consul coldly. "I don't assume that you came here to tell me that?"

"No, Thomas, if that were all; but that's not the only thing. It's the business. . . . I can't go on."

"You're in difficulty again?" The Consul did not even flare up, he did not raise his voice any more. He put the question quite calmly, looking askance at his brother with a weary frigidity.

"No, Thomas. And to tell the truth — for it's all the same now — I never really got out of difficulty, not even with the help of that ten thousand, as you know yourself. . . . All the good they really did was to keep me from having to close my doors at once. The thing is this. . . . I had other losses right after that, in coffee . . . and then through the bankruptcy in Antwerp. . . . That is true. But then I really didn't do anything more and just kept still. But a man has to live . . . and now there are bills of exchange and other debts . . . five thousand talers. . . . Oh, you don't know how down and out I am! And on top of it all, this torment. . . ."

"So you kept still!" shrieked the Consul, beside himself. At this moment he did lose his composure. "You left the cart in the mire and amused yourself elsewhere. Do you think I don't fairly see how you've been living, theater and the circus and clubs and inferior women? . . ."

"You mean Aline. . . . Yes, you take little interest in these things, Thomas, and it is perhaps my misfortune that I take too much; for in one respect you are right, that it has cost me too much and will continue to cost me a good deal, for I must tell you one thing . . . as between brothers. . . ."

The third child, the little girl that was born six months ago . . . that is mine."

"Ass."

"Don't say that, Thomas. You must be just, even in anger, to me and to . . . why shouldn't it be mine? But as for Aline, she is absolutely not inferior; you mustn't say that. It is by no means indifferent to her with whom she lives, and she broke with Consul Holm for my sake, and he has much more money than I, that shows how good her nature is. . . . No, you have no idea, Thomas, what a superb creature she is. She is so healthy . . . so healthy. . . ." repeated Christian, holding up one hand before his face with the fingers crooked, much as he was wont to do when he told about "That's Maria" and the vice in London. "You just ought to see her teeth when she laughs! I have never seen such teeth in the whole world, not in Valparaiso and not in London. . . . I shall never forget the evening when I first met her . . . in Uhlich's oyster-room. . . . She was then the friend of Consul Holm; but I talked a bit and was a little nice to her. . . . And then when she afterwards came to me. . . . I tell you, Thomas, that's a wholly different feeling from doing a good stroke of business. . . . But you don't like to hear about such things, I can see that now again in your face, and anyway I'm done. I shall bid her farewell now, although of course I shall keep in connection with her on account of the child. . . . I want to pay up everything in Hamburg, all my debts, you know, and then wind up. I can't go on. I have talked to Mother, and she will advance me the five thousand so that I can straighten things out, and you will probably approve of that, for it's surely better to say simply: Christian Buddenbrook is settling up and is going abroad . . . than if I go bankrupt, you'll concede me that. You see, I want to go back to London, Thomas, and take a position there. Independence is not the right thing for me, I see that more and more. This responsibility. . . . As employee you go home at night free of care. . . . And I enjoyed living in London. . . . Have you any objection?"

During this whole explanation the Consul had kept his back turned to his brother, with his hands in his trousers pockets, describing figures on the floor with one foot.

"All right, go to London," he said quite simply. And without even making a half turn towards Christian, he left him there and stalked back to the living-room.

But Christian followed him. He went up to Gerda, who was sitting there alone with her book, and held out his hand.

"Good night, Gerda. Well, now I'm soon going back to London. Strange how a man is tossed about. Now off I go again into the dark, you know, into one of those big cities where you meet with an adventure at every third step and where you can have so many experiences. Strange . . . do you know the feeling? It's located here, about in the stomach . . . quite strange. . . ."

HANNO AT THE SHORE

From 'Buddenbrooks'

[Little Johann Buddenbrooks, son of Consul Thomas Buddenbrooks, and the last male representative of the once flourishing family, is marked for destruction from his birth. The following passage is chosen as an example of the novelist's style and technique.]

SUMMER vacation by the sea! Was there a single living soul who understood what happiness that meant? After the sluggish and oppressive monotony of countless school-days, four long weeks of peaceful and untroubled seclusion, filled with the smell of seaweed and the quiet murmur of the surf. . . . Four weeks, a period which, when it began, seemed endless and immeasurable, whose end was not to be believed in, and to speak of whose end was a blasphemous brutality. Never did little Johann understand how this or that teacher had the heart to utter phrases such as this at the end of the term: "At this point we shall continue after the vacation, and pass on to this and this. . . ." After the vacation! He even seemed to look forward to that, this incomprehensible man in his shiny worsted coat. After the vacation! What sort of an idea, anyway! So wonderfully removed to the dim distance was everything that lay beyond those four weeks.

In one of the two Swiss chalets which, joined by a narrow central building, formed a straight line with the pastry-cook's and the main structure of the Casino: what an awakening on the first morning, after the displaying of the report card had been gone through with on the preceding day in some fashion or other, and the journey to the shore had been made in the loaded hack! A vague feeling of happiness, that rose up in his body and made his heart contract, woke him with a start . . . he opened his eyes and embraced with a greedy and rapturous glance the old-fashioned furniture of the neat little room. . . . A second of sleep-drunk, blissful confusion — and then he knew that he was in Travemünde, spending four immeasurable weeks in Travemünde! He did not stir; he lay still on his back in the narrow, yellow wooden bed, whose covers were extraordinarily thin and soft with age, closed his eyes again now and then, and felt how his breast quivered in deep, slow breaths of happiness and impatience.

The room lay in the yellowish light of day, that was already coming through the striped shade, although as yet everything was still all around him, and Ida Jungmann and Mama were both sleeping. Nothing was to be heard but the uniform and peaceful sound with which the man was raking the gravel of the Casino garden down below, and the buzzings of a fly which, hovering between shade and window, persistently attacked the window-pane, so that its shadow

could be seen shooting about on the striped linen in long zigzag lines. . . . Stillness! The solitary noise of the rake and monotonous buzzing. And this gently animated peace filled little Johann at once with the delicious sensation of that quiet, well-cared-for, and distinguished seclusion of the bathing-place that he loved so much more than anything else. No, God be praised, none of the shiny worsted coats came here, representing upon earth grammar and the rule of three, not here, for it was rather expensive to stay out here. . . .

An access of joy made him jump out of bed and run to the window in bare feet. He drew up the shade, opened one half of the window by freeing the white enameled hook, and looked after the fly as it shot off over the gravel walks and the rose-bushes of the garden. The music pavilion, with a semi-circular hedge of box around it, stood still and empty in the face of the hotel buildings. The "light-field," which took its name from the lighthouse that towered up somewhere to the right, extended along under the whitish sky until its short grass, interspersed with bald patches of earth, gave place to tall hard shore-growths and then to sand, at the point where one could distinguish the rows of small private bath-houses, and the bath-chairs that looked out upon the sea. There it lay, the sea, in peace and morning light, in bottle-green and blue, in smooth and wrinkled streaks, and a steamer was coming along from Copenhagen between the red-painted casks that marked the channel, without your needing to know whether her name was the "Naiad" or the "Friederike Oeverdieck." And Hanno Buddenbrook again drew in deeply and in quiet delight the aromatic air that the sea sent over to him, and saluted it affectionately with his eyes, with a mute, grateful, and loving greeting.

And then began the day, the first of those pitiful twenty-eight days, which at first seemed like everlasting bliss and, when the first were over, flowed away so desperately fast. . . . Breakfast was eaten on the balcony or under the great chestnut-tree that stood in front of the children's playground, where the great swing hung — and everything, the smell that emanated from the hastily washed tablecloth when the waiter spread it out, the tissue-paper napkins, the strange bread, the circumstance that you didn't eat your eggs with bone spoons, as at home, but with ordinary tea-spoons and out of metal cups — everything delighted little Johann.

And what followed was all so freely and easily ordered, a wonderfully leisurely and cultivated life of ease, that was spent without disturbance or trouble: the forenoon on the shore, while the casino band was going through its morning program up in the garden, this lying and resting at the foot of the bath-chair, this affectionate and dreamy playing with the soft sand that never made you dirty, this effortless and painless roving and straying of the eyes out over the green infinitude from which, freely and without impediment, there came with gentle murmur a strong breath of air, smelling fresh, wild, and glorious, which enveloped your ears and produced an agreeable vertigo, a muffled stupefaction, in which the consciousness of time and space and all

limited concepts was buried in quiet rapture. . . . Then the bathing . . . the bright-green, crystal-clear water foamed for a long distance when you stirred it up . . . the gently undulating sand-bottom felt good to your feet. . . . A walk along the shore to warm you up, as far as the "gull-rock" or the "temple of the sea," a lunch by the bath-chair — and the hour approached when you went up into your rooms in order to rest for an hour before dressing for table d'hôte dinner. The dinner was jolly, the resort was at its height, many people, families that were friends of the Buddenbrooks, as well as Hamburg and even English and Russian aristocrats, filled the great hall of the Casino; at a festive little table a gentleman dressed in black served the soup from a shining silver tureen; there were four courses which were prepared more tastily, more piquantly, or at any rate in some more festive fashion than at home, and at many points down the long tables champagne was drunk. Often there came single gentlemen from the city, who did not allow themselves to be tied down by business during the whole week, and who wanted to amuse themselves and set the roulette wheel going for a while after the meal: Consul Peter Döhlmann, who had left his daughters at home and told in Low German and with resounding voice such unabashed stories that the Hamburg ladies laughed till they coughed and begged for a moment's respite; Senator Cremer, the old chief of police; Uncle Christian and his school-friend, Senator Giseke, who was likewise without his family and paid everything for Christian Buddenbrook. . . . Later, when the adults were drinking coffee under the pastry-cook's tent to the strains of music, Hanno would sit unweariedly on a chair before the steps of the temple and listen. . . . Provision was made for the afternoon. There was a shooting-gallery in the garden, and to the right of the Swiss chalets stood the stables with horses, donkeys, and the cows whose milk, warm, foamy, and fragrant, one drank at the vesper hour. One could take a walk, into the town, along the "front row"; one could ferry from there with a boat across to the "Priwal," on the shore of which there used to be amber to pick up; one could take part in a game of croquet on the playground; or one could be read to by Ida Jungmann on a bench of the wooded hillock that lay behind the hotel, where the great table d'hôte bell hung. . . . And yet the wisest thing was always to return to the sea and even in the twilight, with your face turned toward the open horizon, to sit on the peak of the bulwark, wave your handkerchief at the great ships that glided by, and to hear how the little waves slapped with soft plashing against the blocks of stone, so that the whole expanse round about was filled with this gentle and magnificent murmur, which spoke to little Johann most kindly and persuaded him to close his eyes in monstrous content. But then Ida Jungmann would say, "Come, Hanno; got to go; supper-time; take your death if you try to sleep out here. . . ." What a calmed, contented heart, working with beneficent regularity, he always brought home from the ocean! And when he had eaten his bread-and-butter with milk or heavily malted brown beer in his room, while

his mother dined later with many others in the glassed-in veranda of the Casino, then he scarcely lay once more between the age-worn covers of his bed before sleep, to the soft and vigorous beating of that same contented heart and the muffled rhythms of the evening concert, descended over him quite without fear or fever. . . .

On Sunday, together with other gentlemen who had been kept in town during the week by their affairs, the Senator joined his family and remained until Monday morning. But although ice-cream and champagne were then served at the table d'hôte meal, although donkey-rides and sailing parties out into the open sea were arranged, little Johann did not like these Sundays very well. The peace and seclusion of the resort were disturbed. A crowd of townspeople who didn't belong there at all, "One-day flies from the good middle-class," as Ida Jungmann called them with benevolent disdain, peopled the garden and the shore in the afternoon, drinking coffee, listening to music, and bathing, and Hanno would have preferred to await behind closed doors the ebbing of these gaily dressed intruders. . . . No, he was glad on Monday when everything returned to the accustomed ways, when the eyes of his father, too, those eyes from which he had been withdrawn for six whole days and which, as he had clearly felt, had again been fixed upon him critically and searchingly during the whole Sunday, were no longer there. . . .

And two weeks had passed, and Hanno told himself and assured everybody who would listen that there would still be as much time as at Michaelmas. But that was a false comfort, for when the peak of the vacation had been reached, then things went downhill and to an end, fast, so fearfully fast that he would have liked to cling to every hour to keep it from passing, and slow down every breath of sea-air, so as not to squander his happiness heedlessly.

But the time went by irresistibly in alternate rain and sunshine, sea-breeze and land-breeze, still, brooding heat and noisy thunder-storms that could not cross the water and threatened never to end. There were days when the northeaster filled the bay with a black-green tide that covered the shore with seaweed, shells, and jelly-fish, and threatened the bath-houses. Then the churned and turbid sea was covered far and wide with foam. Great, powerful billows rolled onward with an inexorable and fear-inspiring calm, bowed majestically, as they formed a dark-green, metallicly shining arc, and then fell upon the sand, raging, crashing, hissing, thundering. . . . There were other days on which the west wind drove the sea back, so that the daintily undulated bottom was bared for a long distance and naked sandbars were visible everywhere, while the rain came down in torrents, sky, earth, and water were fused into a single flood, and the squalls dashed against the rain and drove it against the window-panes, so that it was not drops but brooklets that ran down them and made them opaque. Then Hanno stayed mostly in the Casino at the upright piano, which to be sure was rather savagely pounded with waltzes and schottisches at the season-dances, and on which one could not improvise so melliflu-

ously as on the grand piano at home, but with whose muffled and cackling tone very entertaining effects could be secured, after all. . . . And then came other days, dreamy, blue-skyed, quite wind-still and of sultry heat, when the blue flies hovered buzzing in the sunshine over the "light-field" and the sea lay silent and like a mirror, without breath or motion. And when there were still three days left, Hanno told himself and made it clear to everyone that there was still as much time as the entire Whitsuntide holidays. But indisputable as this reckoning was, he did not even believe in it himself, and his heart had long since been possessed by the acknowledgment that the man in the shiny worsted coat had actually been right, that the four weeks did actually come to an end, and that now they actually would continue where they had stopped and pass on to that and that. . . .

The loaded cab stopped in front of the Casino, the day had come. Hanno had said good-by to the sea and the shore in the early morning; now he said it to the waiters, who were receiving their tips, to the temple of music, to the rose-bushes, to this whole summer season. And then, amid the bowing of the hotel staff, the vehicle started off.

It traversed the avenue that led to the town and bowled along the "front row" . . . Hanno pressed his head against the corner cushions and looked out of the window past Ida Jungmann who, bright-eyed, white-haired, and bony, sat facing him on the back seat. The morning sky was overspread with white, and the Trave threw up little waves that hurried rapidly along before the wind. Now and then raindrops pattered against the panes. At the further end of the "front row" people were sitting in front of their doors and mending nets; barefooted children came running up and surveyed the carriage curiously. *They were staying here.* . . .

When the carriage left the last houses behind, Hanno bent forward in order to see the lighthouse once more; then he leaned back and closed his eyes. "Next year, Hanno," said Ida Jungmann with deep, comforting voice; but this cheering word was the very thing to put his chin in quivering motion and make the tears well out from beneath his long lashes.

His face and his hands were tanned by the sea-air; but if the purpose of this stay at the shore had been to make him harder, fresher, more energetic and resistant, it was a pitiable failure; with this hopeless truth he was filled through and through. As a result of these four weeks of ocean-worship and cloistered peace his heart had only grown all the softer, dreamier, more spoiled and sensitive, all the more incapable of keeping up its courage in the face of Mr. Tiedge's rule of three and of not despairing utterly at the thought of the memorization of the history dates and the rule of grammar, of the desperately frivolous throwing aside of one's books and the deep sleep that helped you escape from it all, of the fear in the morning and before lessons, the catastrophes, the hostile Hagenströms, and the demands his father made of him.

But then the morning journey encouraged him a little, as it proceeded amid

the twitter of birds and through the flooded ruts of the highway. He thought of Kai and their reunion, of Mr. Pfühl, the piano lessons, the grand piano and his harmonium. Besides, tomorrow was Sunday, and the first school-day, Monday, held no threat. Oh, he could still feel a little of the beach-sand in his button shoes . . . he would beg old Grobleben always to leave it in them. . . . Well, let everything begin again, including the worsted coats and the Hagenströms and the rest. He had what he had. He would remember the sea and the Casino when everything began to deluge him again, and the merest thought of the sound with which in the stillness of evening the little waves, coming from afar out of the mysterious slumbering distance, had slapped against the breakwater, should make him so reconciled, so inaccessible to all vexation. . . .

Then came the ferry, the avenue of Israelsdorf, Jerusalem Hill, Burgfeld, the carriage came to the Burgtor, beside which rose at the right the walls of the prison where Uncle Weinschenk was serving his sentence, it bowled down Burgstrasse and over Koberg, left Broad Street behind and put on the brakes as it went down the sharp descent of Fish Lane. . . . There was the red façade with the oriel and the white caryatides, and when they stepped from the mid-day warmth of the street into the cool of the stone vestibule, the Senator came out of his office, pen in hand, to welcome them. . . .

And slowly, slowly, with secret tears, little Johann once more learned to do without the sea, to be frightened and monstrously bored, always to be on the watch for the Hagenströms, and to console himself with Kai, Mr. Pfühl, and his music.

The Buddenbrook ladies from Broad Street and Aunt Clothilde, as soon as they caught sight of him, asked him how school tasted after his vacation — with a mocking wink that pretended to a superior understanding of his situation, and with that strange adult arrogance that treats everything in connection with children as superficially and jokingly as possible; and Hanno met these questions stoutly.

Three or four days after their return to the city, the family physician, Dr. Langhals, appeared in Fish Lane to determine the effects of the seashore. After he had had a long conference with the Senator's wife, Hanno was brought in and subjected, half stripped, to a searching examination — as to his *status præsens*, as Dr. Langhals said, inspecting his finger-nails. He examined Hanno's scanty muscles, the breadth of his chest, and the functioning of his heart, asked for a report on all his vital processes, finally took a drop of blood from Hanno's slender arm with the aid of a hypodermic syringe, in order to make a blood-test at home, and once more seemed in general to be not wholly satisfied.

"We have got fairly brown," said he, as he embraced Hanno, who stood before him, contracted the small, black-haired hand on his shoulder, and looked up at his mother and Ida Jungmann, "but we still wear far too sad an expression."

"He is homesick for the sea," remarked Gerda Buddenbrook.

"Ah ha . . . so you like it there!" asked Dr. Langhals, as his vain eyes looked little Johann in the face . . . Hanno colored. What was the significance of this question, to which Dr. Langhals visibly awaited an answer? A mad and fantastic hope rose up in him, made possible by the visionary conviction that, despite all the worsted coats in the world, nothing was impossible in the eyes of God.

"Yes . . ." he managed to say, his widened eyes staring at the doctor. But Dr. Langhals had had nothing particular in mind.

"Well, the good effect of the sea-bathing and the healthy air will soon show . . . will soon show!" said he, as he patted little Johann on the shoulder, pushed him away, and with a nod of the head towards the mother and Ida Jungmann — that superior, benevolent, and encouraging nod of the knowing physician on whose eyes and lips all looks hang — rose and ended the consultation. . . .

The readiest understanding for his grief over the sea, that wound that healed so slowly and, when touched by the slightest roughness of every-day life, again began to burn and bleed, was found by Hanno in his Aunt Antonia, who listened with visible pleasure to his accounts of life at Travemünde and entered into his yearning eulogies with lively interest.

"Yes, Hanno," said she, "whatever is true remains eternally true, and Travemünde is a lovely resort. Until I set my foot in the grave, you know, I shall remember with joy the summer weeks that I once spent there as a silly young girl. I lived with people I liked and who liked me too, apparently, for I was a pretty tomboy in those days — I can say that now, old woman that I am — and almost always full of high spirits. They were fine people, I want to tell you, substantial, good-hearted, and upright, and moreover they were clever, learned, and enthusiastic, and I have never found their equal then or since. Yes, the intercourse with them was extraordinarily stimulating. I learned then very much, enough for my whole life, as far as knowledge and philosophy is concerned, you know, and if other things hadn't interfered, all sorts of happenings . . . in short, as life so often goes . . . then the silly girl I was might have drawn much profit from it. Do you want to know how stupid I was then? I wanted to get the bright-colored stars out of the jelly-fish. I carried a whole mass of jelly-fish home in my handkerchief and put them carefully in the sun on the balcony, so that they would dry up. . . . Then surely the stars would remain! All right . . . when I went to look, there was only a fairly large wet spot. It only smelled a little like decayed seaweed. . . ."

Translated for this series by Bayard Quincy Morgan



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